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THIRD SERIES.

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THE
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THIRD SERIES.

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THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THIRD SERIES.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

It is nearly twenty years since the first impulse was given to the general intellect of this country, by the introduction of a new mechanical system for teaching reading and writing, by cheaper and more efficacious methods than those previously in use. It would be beside our purpose, at this period, when elementary education has become an established object with all the respectable and benevolent portion of society, whatever be their political party or religious denomination, to attempt to discuss the relative merits of either of those systems, which were originally so formidably opposed to each other. To us, so long as the children of the labourer and the mechanic are taught to read and write,—are imbued with the principles of ordinary knowledge,—and are impressed with a strong and permanent conviction of their duties to themselves and to society, and of their obligations as rational and responsible beings,—to us it is of little import whether that knowledge be imparted, or those duties enforced, under the peculiar forms of the Church of England, or with the sanction of those general tenets to which all classes of Christians may subscribe. It is enough for us that the children thus educated are well disciplined; that the key of the treasures of wisdom is put into their hands; that their intellectual faculties are developed, so that, making allowances for all the temptations of individual frailty, the mass of the population may be directed to those pure gratifications of the understanding upon which their own self respect may be established. It is indifferent to us which system was first perfected, or which party had the purest motives in establishing schools for the poor. The education of the youth of these realms *must* now be universal; it has become independent of the caprice of patronage, or the fluctuations of benevolence. We must now carry our ideas beyond the Boys and Girls of Lancastrian, or of National, schools. We have now to see what provision has been made, and is making, for satisfying the demands for cheap and wholesome literature, which the general ability to unlock the stores of knowledge has created in the new generation around us.

It is somewhat remarkable, that those who were most laudably and rationally anxious for the education of the people, do not appear to

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have formed any thing like a correct estimate of what remained to be done, after some thousands of their fellow subjects had gone forth into society, all with their newly acquired ability to read, many with the most anxious desire not to let that ability sleep. Before these young persons, not the less ardent because they were almost wholly uninformed, were spread the vast fields of inaccessible learning.

“The world was all before them, where to choose.”

On one side they were surrounded by the well-meaning but tasteless and almost revolting puerilities of the Tract Societies; on the other, they were sorely tempted by the coarse stimulants of those writers who knew how to administer to ignorant enthusiasm all the incentives to political discontent. The times were favourable to the latter class of “blind guides.” The existence of positive suffering was great amongst the manufacturing portion of the community; and the government evinced no temper which might mitigate the evil, or allay its exasperation of the spirit. To such of the instructed poor as turned aside from the excitements of political speculations, there were presented, as the only fountains of knowledge, the tedious columns of the provincial journal, or the dismal casualties of the village book-stall. Who has not had his pity moved to behold some persevering artisan, in the brief and hard-earned hours of repose, wasting his energies of thought upon some outworn polemic, or miserable novelist; or perchance mastering, as he believed, many of the difficulties of science, through some wretched compilation which chance had thrown in his way, leaving it a problem whether, except in the mere intellectual exertion, the errors he had fixed in his memory had not more than counterbalanced the few truths he had picked up along with them? If, devoting himself to the acquisition of knowledge, and resisting all the temptations to expend his surplus earnings upon the fleeting pleasures of the social hour, the mechanic of seven years since resolved to dedicate all the money he could afford from absolute necessities to the purchase of books, where was his mart, and what were the wares which were offered to him? The hawker of numbers, technically called a canvasser, was ready with his attractive stores; and thereout might he select, at a price not much exceeding that of the luxuries of circulating libraries, Geographical descriptions, containing no discovery since the days of Anson,—Annals of Newgate, minutely technical in all the details of violence and fraud,—Lives of Highwaymen—Histories of Witchcraft—Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress—Fatherless Fanny—and Fox’s Book of Martyrs. With a few, a very few, additions, these works comprised (and grieve we to say, still comprise) the whole stock of publishers who have made enormous fortunes out of the popular avidity to read. Would such meagre, and often worse than useless productions, satisfy the intellectual cravings of one sincerely desirous of improvement? The power of reading thus employing itself could only prove a perpetual irritation, and a disappointment to its possessor.

An attempt was made, about the beginning of the present reign, to follow up the elementary education of the people, by publishing a

monthly miscellany for their use, entitled "The Plain Englishman." The period chosen for this attempt was unfortunate, as the nation was distracted by violent politics;—and, though a great body of valuable knowledge was got together, the publication was never sufficiently encouraged, either by the class to whom it was addressed, or by those who affected to take an interest in the diffusion of sound principles amongst the general community. We have reason to know that a society of great wealth and influence not only withheld their encouragement from this work, but absolutely attempted to nip it in the bud, by the most chilling and heartless exercise of their power. We mention this only to shew, that no scheme for the diffusion of popular knowledge can be successful which is not immediately addressed to the people themselves, without in any degree depending upon the patronage of gratuitous, and therefore suspicious distribution, by the superiors of those for whose perusal works of a popular character are devised.

The first systematic attempt to provide adequate excitements, and reasonable gratifications, for the intellectual activity of the working classes, is certainly to be found in the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions. These led the way to cheap weekly publications,—some of a highly useful, many of a very frivolous, but almost all of an innocuous character. About four years since we had the curiosity to ascertain the number of these various tracts published in a given week,—and we collected upwards of forty sheets, some sold at two-pence, others at three-pence. The success of the "Mechanics' Magazine," and of "the Mirror" (publications which still hold their place as instructive and agreeable miscellanies) had called these summer-flies into a brief existence. The greater number of these have perished;—but the circumstance of their publication at all is an evidence that some new and extraordinary demand had arisen for cheap reading;—and that there was a hasty and eager competition to supply this demand, which did not wait to institute any very accurate inquiries into the wants of the consumers, or to direct those wants into advantageous and permanent channels.

A review of what has been accomplished for the supply of cheap popular literature, by the ordinary efforts of the publishing trade, has satisfied us that no great and satisfactory improvement can be effected, through the unassisted results of trading competition. It is true that many of the standard works of our literature—those of the Essayists, the Historians, the Novelists, the Poets—can be reprinted, and indeed, have been, at sufficiently cheap rates. But it is evident that the very extent and variety of such miscellaneous reading are embarrassing;—and that all the dominions of Science and Literature have yet to be *mapped-out* as it were, before the popular mind can range in them with ease and freedom. We are just arrived at that period of our civilization, when it is impossible for us to remain contented with heaping more bricks and more straw upon the enormous heap of old materials, whether in legislation or letters. The piles of antiquity must be re-sorted,—the rubbish thrown out,—the profitable stock well *compacted*. We have begun this process with our laws; and we have begun it successfully. Even the men of the present generation may live to see the thousand and one folios of Statutes and Reports handed over, without a sigh, to the trunk-maker. The same salutary course must necessarily be pursued with our

literature; and this proceeds from our larger opportunities of comparison. The manhood of the world can afford to supersede the clumsy experiments of its childhood, by well arranged contrivances and finer mechanism.

In a pleasant little book (the *Memoirs of the Year Two Thousand Five Hundred*) published in the early part of the French Revolution, before the horrors of a subsequent period had darkened the rational prospects of peace and liberty, which the best and wisest saw developing in the first stages of that mighty contest, we recollect a sensible description of the process by which, in an improved state of society, men would apply themselves, not to multiply books, but to gather together knowledge. If we remember rightly, the sages of the political millenium of M. Mercier, (the author of this agreeable piece of enthusiasm) exhibited all their stores of useful learning in a cabinet containing a few hundred volumes;—and they represented themselves as industrious bees, that had collected in their little cells the concentrated sweets of a thousand flowers. All the lumber of letters had perished; or was preserved only in one or two public libraries, for the gratification of a few harmless dreamers, that were tolerated in their laborious idleness. The rest of mankind were contented to drink of the essence which had been carefully prepared for them;—and whilst in that draught they abundantly slaked their thirst for knowledge, they went about their worldly duties with high hopes and vigorous intellects, and with that conscious equality which distinguishes the free citizen, where knowledge is the common possession of every class of mankind.

And this description is not an idle vision! It is being realized in the very age in which we live. It is a natural consequence of the progress of education; because, as the wide fields of knowledge become the inheritance of all, ceasing to be the exclusive property of the professional student, or the peculiar luxury of the great and wealthy, their cultivation must be adapted to the wants of the immense multitude who come therein to fill their garner. For them will the good seed be sown, and plenteous will be the harvest. The progress of civilization will accomplish for the intellectual world something like what it has done and is doing for the physical. In the domains of learning there are immense forests to be cleared—rich indeed with magnificent trees, and fertile in a prodigious undergrowth of weeds and brambles. The light of day is beginning to pierce the inaccessible wood;—the decayed and useless trunks fall before the axe of him who there desires an abiding place; the thriving and vigorous plants have then space and free-air;—the earth beneath is rich with fruit and beauteous with flowers. That region which was once abandoned to the predatory hunter, or the proud and solitary chieftain, becomes the abode of life and joy;—and amongst all mankind are distributed the blessings which industry has planted, upon the site of a gloomy wilderness or an impervious desert. The vineyards are now smiling upon spots of France which Cæsar describes as inaccessible to his legions. The vines and fig-trees of knowledge will shoot up, in the place of those forests of pedantry, where common sense could never pierce.

We have already expressed our belief that this process of clearing the back-woods of learning, and of breaking-up new ground for the new race of readers, cannot be successfully accomplished by the mere

dealers and chapmen of literature. The work must be performed upon a large principle of co-operation ; it must be undertaken by men who have given surety to the world, by their talents, their attainments ; and their station in society, that their duties will not be neglected, nor their opportunities misapplied. The influence and authority of such men must necessarily ensure that confidence in their intentions and performances, which is worth a hundred-fold all the attractions which the genius of puffing has invented. A society so constituted, let it do ever so little, must command an enormous quantity of readers ; and having thus the advantage of the market over every individual speculator, it may go on gradually multiplying the *best* as well as the *cheapest* books, without any limit to its power of doing good to the great body of mankind.

It was, doubtless, with some such convictions as these that, in the beginning of 1827, "the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" was established. As the success of the society is no longer doubtful, and as its proceedings must necessarily form a very important, perhaps the most important, feature in the history of the literature of the nineteenth century, we shall feel it our duty, not only in this particular article, but as the case may require, from time to time, to bestow a very marked and attentive consideration upon its proceedings.

Referring to the original prospectus issued by the Society, under the sanction of Mr. Brougham, as chairman, and some of the most distinguished men in the country, as Members of the Committee, we find the "Object" of the Society very distinctly stated :—

"The object of the Society is strictly limited to what its title imports, namely, the imparting useful information to all classes of the community, particularly to such as are unable to avail themselves of experienced teachers, or may prefer learning by themselves."

The Society has been in active, though limited operation for about a year ; and we may fairly congratulate them upon having applied themselves, during that period, to the discharge of their new, and therefore peculiarly arduous duties, with a proportionate degree of talent and learning ; and, with what is better in our eyes, a judicious, prudent, unpretending temper ; acquiring friends on every side, disarming enemies, and uprooting the lurking prejudices which must exist against education in genera and the operations of such a Society in particular. This vigorous shoot has manifestly taken root in the public mind.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has, since the date of its formation, published about twenty Treatises on matters of Science. We have heard it objected to many of these, that they are *too* scientific ; assume a knowledge in their readers which cannot exist ; and, without imparting any thing new to the learned, are not entirely adequate to the wants of the uninstructed. There may be something in this objection ; but we think it has been rather too much insisted on. It is manifestly impossible to deal with scientific subjects without, in some degree, using the language of science ; and certainly no precision of language can render a train of mathematical reasoning clear, or the account of a philosophical experiment convincing, unless

the mind of the reader is ready to pursue, step by step, the demonstration and the description. If, however, there be any principles laid down in technical terms, which may be as clearly explained in ordinary words, let the technicalities for the future be abandoned; and let them be weeded out of any succeeding editions of these treatises.

We apprehend that this objection has in great part arisen from a belief that the Society ought to have addressed their productions to those who, in the delicate phraseology of the last age, are called the *lower classes*. We think the Society, in pursuing a widely different course, have done exceeding well. This habit of talking to thinking beings, and, for the most part, to very acute thinking beings, in the language of the nursery, has been the besetting weakness of the learned and the aristocratic, from the very first moment that they began to prattle about bestowing the blessings of education. Did our ancestors talk thus? We apprehend that there was as large a proportion of uneducated persons, and perhaps much larger, in the congregations of Hooker, and Hall, and Taylor, and Barrow, as amongst those who follow the Cunninghams and Irvings of our own day. Did these great divines talk to their auditors as children?—did they blink every objection which their reason might start?—did they hedge themselves round with commonplaces and fallacies? They unquestionably fell into the opposite extreme of wielding all the subtleties of their logic, and gathering up all the splendours of their eloquence, in the presence of those who had no intellectual weapons, but the strong good sense which has ever distinguished the people of this country. How do we find that people addressed in the next century? Bishop Wilson, a learned and amiable prelate, writes a *Book of Evidences*, for the peculiar use of his own diocese, in which he rates the intellectual power of the English people so low, that he calls his book, "*Instructions for the Indians*." And then succeed legions of tracts, which, up to the present hour, persevere in talking to grown men and women, as if, pretty dears, they were as innocent of all knowledge, both of good and evil, as in the days when their pains-taking mothers committed them to the edifying instruction of the village schoolmistress, to be taught to sit still and hold their tongues, forty in a close room for three hours together, at the small price of two pence each per week. With one or two exceptions, every thing that has been addressed to the working population, by the constituted authorities for making them wiser and better, has always gone upon the principle, that a great and learned writer has come down from his natural elevation to impart a small portion of his wisdom to persons of exceedingly inferior understandings. And then these good people wonder that the working population laugh at them, and prefer Cobbett!

Now, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, being composed of men of the world as well as men of the schools, at once perceived that this assumption of the mental imbecility of the labouring classes was not true, either in fact or philosophy. The admirable Preliminary Treatise of the great master-spirit of the Society gave the tone to their general manner of addressing the popular understanding. It was simple, manly, argumentative, full of facts. The language was

strong and idiomatic ; the arrangement was natural and lucid. What need was there of making plain things obscure, and obscure things darker, by affected puerilities of thought or style ? And, besides, nothing but a very narrow view of the actual state of intelligence amongst the British people would limit any scheme of popular instruction to the labouring classes only. It is true, that the majority of these have been educated in the National, or Lancastrian, or old Free Schools, and that there they have learned little beyond a pretty general acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, writing, and the commonest elements of arithmetic. But they are thrown into the world, and they find they must *think*, either to rise out of their own rank, or to be respectable amongst the class in which they were born. And how much better off, in point of real knowledge, are the sons of the middle classes, who at fifteen are placed in attorney's offices, or behind the counters of the draper or the druggist ? They have been taught to write and read ; they have fagged at arithmetic for seven years, under the wretched old boarding-school system, without having attained the remotest conception of its philosophy ; they are worse than ignorant of History and Geography ; of Science they never heard, except when they saw Mr. Walker's Eidouranian in the Christmas holidays ; their literature is confined to a few corrupting novels, the bequest of the Minerva press to the circulating library of the last age. Shall we say that the children of the rich and the noble—*par excellence*, the *educated* classes—have nothing to learn ? Beyond his inapplicable Prosody, his cricketing, and his boating, can an Eton boy be said to know positively any thing ? "What is the best system of education in Europe ?" said an anxious enquirer to Talleyrand. "The public education of England—*elle est exécration*,"—was the answer. Why then should we talk of addressing Popular Literature to the *working Classes* only ? We *all* want Popular Literature—we all want to get at real and substantial knowledge by the most compendious processes. We are all too ignorant, (except those with whom learning is the business of life,) of the wonders of Nature which we see around us—of the discoveries of Science and Philosophy—of our own minds—of the real History of past Ages—of the manners and political condition of the other members of the great human family. But we are all tasked, some by our worthless ambitions and engrossing pleasures—most by our necessary duties—by our daily labour whether in professions, or trades, or handicraft. We are ashamed of our ignorance—we cannot remain in it ; but we have not time to attain any sound knowledge upon the ancient principle of reading doggedly through a miscellaneous library, even if we had the opportunity. The problem now to be solved is, how to accommodate the insatiate desire of all persons for solid information, to the overwhelming necessity which presses upon all persons to labour, almost to the utmost stretch of their faculties, in their peculiar vocations. This is the problem which the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has undertaken to grapple with, in their OBJECT of "imparting useful information to ALL classes of the Community."

The first Annual Report of the Society appears to us conceived in a spirit admirably calculated to propitiate the general approbation of the public. It announces, with a modest confidence, the extraordinary success which has attended the infant exertions of the Society :

and it receives, from that success, the surest encouragement to enter upon the wide field of duties which the growth of popular intelligence presents. The circulation of this Report has, we apprehend, been somewhat too limited; and we may therefore, with the more propriety, present a rather long extract to our readers, expressive of the future hopes and intentions of the Society:—

“The success which has attended the endeavours of the Committee, to make the most useful and the most exalted truths of science easily and generally accessible, great as it has been, was not unexpected by any who reflected upon the desire of knowledge, happily so signal a characteristic of this age. It has encouraged them to extend their efforts, and to leave nothing undone, until knowledge shall become as plentiful and as universally diffused as the air we breathe. Subjects of more general interest than pure science will very shortly be presented to the public; and a series of works, embracing History and Biography, is about to be commenced. In these publications truth will be the primary object; and from the acknowledged talents which are employed in this department, the Committee have just ground to expect that vague and diffuse generality, as well as minute and uninformative detail, will be avoided, and the true spirit of history effectually preserved.

“In these Treatises, however, relating as some of them will to subjects on which every shade and degree of opinion may be entertained, the duty of the Committee will be very different from that which they have had to perform, with regard to those already published on scientific subjects, where, generally speaking, the only question is between absolute truth and falsehood; and they are, therefore, desirous of at once explaining the degree of superintendence which they think that they ought to exercise with respect to the historical and biographical publications. It will of course be their duty not to sanction any publication inconsistent with the general principles of the Society, or with that love of peace and freedom which it is one of its first objects to promote. Subject, however, to this general superintendence, the Committee feel that the objects of the Society will be better forwarded by placing before the readers of its Treatises the sentiments of able and liberal men, and thus enabling them to form their own conclusions, as well from the difference as from the agreement of the writers, than by proposing to them, as if from authority, any fixed rule of judgement, or one uniform set of opinions. It would also be inconsistent with the respect which the Committee entertain for the able and accomplished persons engaged in the preparation of these Treatises, were they to require them strictly to submit their own opinions to any rule that should be prescribed to them. If, therefore, the general effect of a Treatise be favourable to the objects of the Society, the Committee will feel themselves at liberty to direct its publication: the details must be the author's alone, and the opinions expressed on each particular question must be considered as his, and not those of the Committee. As they do not profess to make themselves answerable for the details of each particular Treatise of this class, they cannot, of course, undertake for the exact conformity of the representations which different authors may make of the same historical periods or characters; nor, indeed, do they, for the reasons already given, feel that such conformity is requisite.

“Much of the reading usually gone through for mere amusement, might be made a source of great improvement: a series of works is therefore preparing, to be called *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. It will combine the two objects of instruction and amusement, comprising as much entertaining matter as can be given along with useful knowledge, and as much knowledge as can be conveyed in an amusing form.

“Those who are acquainted with the practical management of children, know how extremely imperfect, and indeed pernicious, are most of the books thus put into their hands;—at a time when the understanding is forming,

as well as the character, everything seems in many of those books to be contrived for weakening the faculties, and perverting the feelings. The most silly and unmeaning, the most false and miserable things are to be learnt at an age when the memory most easily receives impressions ; and the season is lost for imprinting on it useful lessons which might last for ever. The tales of horror so constantly taught belong to a worse class ; their effects upon the future happiness, and even character of men, and still more of women, can hardly be exaggerated. To say of most children's books that they teach nothing, would not be a very great, but assuredly it would be an undeserved, praise. To remedy this serious evil, and greatly to multiply the few good and wholesome books now in use for children, among which Mrs. Barbauld's, Dr. Aikin's, and especially Miss Edgeworth's, occupy by far the first rank, is one of the objects to which the attention of the Committee is directed. Limited as is the supply of such books, the disposition to use them is still more so ; and it is in contemplation to pursue measures for the more general diffusion of right principles upon this very important branch of education.

"The extraordinary circulation of the Almanacs yearly issued from London, one of which is sold, notwithstanding a heavy stamp duty, to the extent of nearly half a million of copies, naturally attracted the Society's attention, the rather that gross errors, prophecies, and ribald and absurd matter form a part of them ; it was manifestly desirable to publish a work of this kind which might at once be freed from such defects, and contain useful and valuable information. The Committee have, therefore, prepared the *BRITISH ALMANAC*, which is now before the public, and a *Companion* to it is in the press, which will treat of many important branches of knowledge.

"The further extension of circulation by correspondence, agency, auxiliary societies, and reading associations in the country, has occupied the Committee's anxious attention ; and they appeal to all the friends of general improvement, for their aid in this important branch of their labours. In foreign parts, the friends of Education have been found ready to unite their efforts with those of the Society. A member of the Committee now in the United States gives the most favourable account of the progress made there by the *Library* ; and in France it is translated regularly.

"Such are the past labours of the Committee, such its intentions ; and they cannot contemplate the task they have undertaken, without a firm and gratifying conviction of its beneficial effects on all classes, by the indefinite increase of mental enjoyment, the proportionate diminution of gross and degrading indulgences, and the consequent advancement of morality and religion. On this latter subject, the Committee, pursuant to the original rule of the Society, abstain from publishing, convinced that the numerous Institutions already existing for the diffusion of religious knowledge in every shape, will best advance that momentous end. The object of all good works is the happiness of the community—its first constituents, are morality and religion ; next in the scale may be placed science and useful information ; by the very constitution of our nature, the improvement in any one branch facilitates the growth of all others ; and the Committee are fully persuaded, that the publications of this Society, by opening the mind, and giving exercise to the reasoning faculties, will, indirectly indeed, but most powerfully, co-operate in improving moral character, without which all intellectual attainments are vain, and all accession of worldly prosperity worthless and unstable."

It might appear that we should weaken the force of these highly judicious observations, by offering any comment upon them. We cannot forbear, however, from particularly directing the public attention to the proposed "*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*," upon which the Report, we think, speaks somewhat too concisely.

The materials for "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," are stored up in the thousands of volumes which constitute a complete English, Classical, and Foreign Library. For popular purposes, these materials are utterly lost, overlaid with the immense bulk of words by which they are surrounded; and, if found at all, even in the most detached portions, requiring an enormous expenditure of time to produce a very unsatisfactory selection. Every now and then some acute thinker has started up to devote himself to the business of condensation and arrangement. Such a man was Paley. In his "Natural Theology" he left us an almost perfect specimen of the rare alchemy by which the base metals, and the ponderous ores of *learning*, may be converted into the "fine gold" of *knowledge*, and become current through all divisions of society. Paley was not a discoverer—a hunter after new stores—a pioneer of literature. He took what was ready to his hand—he purified it—he re-cast it. It is true that we have compilers in abundance—but how do they compile? The publishers, whose largest profits are derived from elementary books, select some unfortunate day-labourer to break down the large masses of science, or philosophy, or history, into the nice little angular stones that will form the highway of boarding-school education; just upon the same principle, and at pretty much the same rate of wages, as M'Adam selects and pays the breakers of granite for his turnpike roads. The principle is that of task-work. It is a good principle for road-making, but a very indifferent one for Literature; and one of the least evil consequences to Literature is, that the large body of labourers for the trade never do any new work at all, but steal the materials ready broken, to the end of time. The well-known dialogue between two broom-sellers is a pretty accurate illustration of the processes of Paternoster-row. "Why how is it, Jack, that you sell your wares cheaper than I do, for I steal the handles and heath, and only put them together?"—"Pooh, Tom, you fool, I steal them ready made." To one of these two classes of ingenious men, the great body of Compilers belong; and it will ever be the case, till Compilers are paid at the rate at which Scholars, and Men of Talent, ought to be paid. This the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge will accomplish, because its great hold upon the popular mind will ensure an enormous sale for its productions; and the chances of loss being thus extinguished, Booksellers will find their true policy in securing the advantage of publishing for the Society, by a large and liberal venture.

It is difficult to estimate the services which may be rendered to mankind, by the successful excitement of men of real talent, to the task of popular compilation. The enchantress, who injected new and vigorous blood into the veins of the decrepid old man—who gave his rigid limbs pliancy—his feeble step strength and steadiness—his pale and inexpressive features beauty and animation—is a type of what genius may effect for all that is antiquated, and cumbrous, and practically useless, in our Literature:—

"abeunt pallorque situsque;
Adjectoque cavæ suppletur sanguine venæ;
Membræque luxuriant."

But still there *must* be the wand of the magician to realize these wonders. The daughters of Pelias boiled their father's flesh in a cauldron

—but no life was there ;—there remained the body of the old man, but the spirit, *even of the old man*, was gone. So is it, with our old literature, when the journeymen of letters undertake its revival. But the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has the power of calling forth better things. Let it not be satisfied with mediocrity. It has renounced the spirit of party ;—it claims no alliance, either with the intolerance of bigotry or the presumption of unbelief. It wisely leaves the exhibition of the evidences of revealed religion, and the enforcement of particular tenets and modes of faith, to those who are called to that labour by the sacred duties of their profession ;—to those who have abundant influence over the minds of a population who have never been slow to bow before the altars of a pure faith, and who will never turn aside from the consolations of that faith, for the gratifications of mere human learning, as long as the ministers of truth, whatever be their sect, enforce its lessons with energy, with simplicity, with the example of pure and unspotted lives. Being then catholic in its objects, and independent of all petty desires in its mode of realizing them, let the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge confidently ask the assistance of every man of high talent and worthy acquirements, wherever he is to be found—whether in the retirement of the Church, or the anxious toil of the Bar—the privacy of the College, or the glare of the City. Let the Society excite such men to the task of looking into the voluminous records of Creation, which the experimental philosophers and the natural historians, of every age, have gathered together ; thence to stimulate the curiosity to range through all the wonders of animal and vegetable life ; and there, as they find evidences of *design* at every step, to lift the mind by details infinitely more entertaining than the inventions of romance, to the constant feeling of the presence of the Living Principle of all things. Let the Society spread before such men the Chronicles of past ages, and say,—here are storehouses of the most amusing exhibitions of human actions and motives, which it will be your duty to divest of the veil which the prejudices and passions of their narrators have thrown around them :—here are relations of wars “ which stir the spirit as with a trumpet,”—but let not the love of peace and freedom, which we inculcate, be forgotten in the shewy excitements of the courage and constancy of blood-thirsty and oppressive heroes :—here are masterly delineations of the characters of bold and vigorous and crafty and intellectual statesmen,—but let not your love of intellect and energy lead you to forget that integrity is the jewel above all price, and that simplicity of mind and purity of life are of infinitely higher use than all the intrigues of all the state-craft which the world ever bowed before. Let the Society point to the almost countless volumes of Voyages and Travels, and instruct their workmen thence to select the narratives of all that is brilliant in enterprize, encouraging in perseverance, and instructive in the contemplation of humanity under the infinite diversities of soil, climate, manners, and institutions. —In this department regard is still to be had to the moral uses of all travel : we are not to look at foreign nations to fortify our own self-complacency ;—but to take a large and benevolent view of the whole great family of mankind,—and, wherever there be wretchedness and imbecility, still to perceive that every condition has its compensations, and that no blessing of civilization, whether of sound knowledge, or

free institutions (the product of sound knowledge) can be imparted without receiving reciprocal benefits. These are a few, that are hastily presented to our minds, of the large class of subjects that come within the comprehensive name of "Entertaining Knowledge;" and if the Society accomplish this new labour with the success which we anticipate from the very nature and condition of its power and influence, it will have done more for the benefit of the great mass of mankind, than has ever been accomplished by literature since the invention of printing.

And here we might conclude, were we not called to answer a few of the trite and hacknied objections that have been made to this Education of the People. We call it Education advisedly; because, very blind are those views which would confine the Education of the mass of mankind to the acquirements of the arts of reading and writing. It has been said, fifty times over, and it ought to be repeated fifty thousand times, till it make an impression, that there is a *new power* in society. This power is the power of the working people to read, *and, therefore, to think*. If it were desirable (which we utterly deny) we cannot stop the progress of this power; *we may give it a direction*. Can there be a better mode of conducting it to useful and innocent ends, than by endeavouring to make useful and innocent knowledge universal? But, then, say the advocates of ignorance, knowledge amongst the people will produce discontent with the institutions under which we live. Be it so. If there be any matters in those institutions which are bottomed upon *ignorance*, let them perish! But we will impart to the timid *one* word of sure consolation. An *ignorant* people will *pull down* their institutions; an *instructed* people will *repair* them. Amidst the uncertainties and changes of events—amidst the doubts, and fears, and restless hopes, and all the passions which politics excite,—there is one immutable standard to which we may refer for lessons of consistency; and that is, the constitution of the human mind, in all the modifications and all the convulsions of society, *unceasingly progressing to its own improvement*. A French writer has well described this never-failing and all-powerful influence:—

'De la réunion des hommes en nation, de leur communication habituelle, naît une certaine progression de sentimens, d'idées, de raisonnemens, que rien ne peut suspendre. C'est ce qu'on nomme la marche de la civilisation; elle amène, tantôt des époques paisibles et vertueuses, tantôt criminelles et agitées; quelquefois la gloire, d'autres fois l'opprobre; et suivant que la Providence nous a jetés dans un temps ou dans un autre, nous recueillons le bonheur ou le malheur attaché à l'époque où nous vivons. Nos goûts, nos opinions, nos impressions habituelles en dependent en grande partie. Nulle chose ne peut soustraire la société à cette variation progressive.*

It is this truth which always gives us hope, when we behold the triumphs of despotism. Evil governments produce the same debilitating effect upon the mental powers of their subjects, as evil passions do upon the reasoning faculties of individuals. The sense of right and wrong—the perception of beauty and deformity—in either case are deadened. And, thus, vice and despotism are to be hated, not so much for the immediate evils of which they are the cause, as for their systematic degradation of the individual or the public mind upon which they fasten. But the

* *Tableau de la Littérature Française pendant le 18me Siècle.*

elasticity of our powers—the constant progress towards improvement,—which no self-abasement, and no external oppression, can wholly destroy, makes the ultimate amelioration of the human race quite certain. “The alliance of education and government,” so exquisitely painted by Gray, in his fragment of a philosophical poem, cannot be dissevered. The brute force may for a time conquer the mind; but the mind will, eventually, be too strong for the brute force. Other countries *must* still be revolutionized by mind; but England has passed *that phase*. Wise will be her rulers, if they neither drag too far behind, nor run too eagerly before, public opinion. In that middle course is safety. That public opinion may not be the rash and almost frantic impulse which pulls down the good as well as the evil, it should be built upon knowledge. We feel that knowledge is power; but, like all *real* power (not the power of passion, or of chance), knowledge is calm, considerate, prudent. It knows its own strength, and it abides its time.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

“Every path has its flower, if we would but stoop to pull it.”

To most human beings, the title of this article suggests the ideas of pain and horror. These unpleasant associations are of two kinds—physical and mental; and they sometimes come singly, and sometimes together. Inability to sleep is so often occasioned by a diseased state of the body, by the racking of decided and defined pain, or that more dreadful affliction which is occasioned by a deranged state of the digestive organs—where all is wrong, and the unhappy sufferer can neither name nor alleviate that which tortures him—that these modifications of restlessness, or rather peculiar cases of it, being those which have the most powerful effect upon the mind, become the attributes upon which the definition of it is founded, and thus throw their gloom over the whole.

The circumstances, and also the sense which, by the oblivion of the others, then becomes painfully delicate, conduce not a little to this effect. The darkness, the desolation, the feeling of utter helplessness, to a human being laid in a recumbent posture, and uncertain who may come upon him, or for what purpose—the silence, and the intense acuteness of the ear, to which the booming of the wind through the trees is “as the sound of many waters,” the rush of an overwhelming flood, the slap of a door or a shutter, are as the peal of thunder, and the slow and measured clicking of the clock, echoing through the stilly passages as the tread of an armed man, the foot-falling of a plunderer or assassin;—these, and many other circumstances which belong to the state itself, and which, though they belong not to, may be modified by, the constitution and present condition of the person who is in it, tend to produce a disquietude which it is difficult to resist.

Gloomy things too, both of simple and of superstitious fear, come across one; and though we arm ourselves against the latter, with all the force of our philosophy, we cannot entirely prevent ourselves from thinking with Hamlet, that there are, shrouded up in the black mantle of the night, things of which that philosophy is afraid to dream.

Even the most simple kind of inability to sleep—that which springs from no disease of the body or disquietude of the mind, but is the listlessness of the idle—that resistance of repose which one feels when the bodily or the mental exercise that alone can render repose sweet has been neglected, is by no means pleasant. This listlessness can happen only to one whose mental powers are weak or uncultivated, or have been neglected for the time; and where the deeper powers, those with which listlessness cannot associate, are not roused, irritation is sure to be active—just as water, which is too shallow for the swell and majesty of a wave, vexes itself in ripple and spray. This irritation, like an unbred cur, drives away the game which it is directed to seize; and, finding it worse than useless, we have recourse to those expedients which are supposed to gag the attention, without awakening either the reason or the imagination.

We repeat the numbers or the letters of the alphabet to the slow and dropping cadence of a dead march; or, better still, if we have accustomed ourselves to the task, we make rhymes, or perform operations in arithmetic or algebra. Sometimes these succeed; but very often when we are just at the point of success, and that at which we had been fagging is sliding away from us, the raw material of a dream, that loosening of the fancy which often precedes sleep, creeps into the field of our observation, coming, we know not whence, and composed of we know not what. As is so beautifully expressed by Eliphaz the Temanite—"a vision is before our face, but we cannot discern the form thereof;" we start, the effect of our labour is gone, and we are as much awake as ever. So struggle we out the weary hours, till the blue light and increasing cold of the dawn throw us into a broken and unsatisfactory slumber, full of dreams of mental terror and worldly disappointment, from which we at last awake, wearied rather than refreshed.

Even this is painful and perplexing enough; but it is nothing compared with the suffering of those who are under the infliction of that undefinable malady, which pains all the mind without piercing any part of the body. It is no mitigation of the anguish, though it should be a caveat against it, to say that it is generally the wages of dissipation, of sensual dissipation in many, of mental dissipation in more, and of the two combined in not a few. The anguish is not the less severe that the feeling of it may be dashed with the idea that it might have been avoided; and not the least vexatious part of the case is, that it falls heaviest upon those who have the most merit; is the affliction, not of the sot, but of the man of sensibility; and indeed, as it is a mental affliction, it cannot exist but where there is mind, and the depth and delicacy of that mind are the measures of its morbidity.

To such a one, the head is no sooner laid on the pillow, than the "spectre things" are around it. There is no need of slumber to make us dream, or of straining of the invention to find the terrific. The wildest conceits of those sons of the brush, who torture nature and their own imaginations, and combine the most incongruous productions of this world with the most grotesque conceptions of fancy, in order to learn the likenesses of the beings of another—the most magic productions of phantasmagoria, and of those illusions of vision, which the science of Optics has at once disclosed and explained—all that nature, in her "march of monstrosity," can produce, or that the most servid

and whimsical fancy can create, waking, and with the light of day,—are nothing to those marvellous things that come to the couch of the hypochondriac unbidden, and in the dark. Imagine the whole of the living things, on the earth, in the waters, or in the air, to be hewed into shreds, without being in the least deprived of their vitality, and that these shreds are reeling like leaves and dust in a whirlwind, and constantly changing their forms, their magnitudes, and their combinations, and you have some faint, but very faint, representation of the armies that invade the sleepless couch of this unhappy person. If he could contemplate them as a mere spectator, and with calmness, he might, odd and out of nature as they are, derive some pleasure from the contemplation; but they move *at* him and not *past* him. Sometimes they come rolling in heaps; and he starts and shudders at the idea of being buried under a spiritual avalanche; at other times, there opens a vista into the palpable gloom, at the end of which a moving thing makes its appearance. At first, it is small and distant; but it approaches and enlarges, and changes from deformity to deformity every instant. Now it is a thing with horns and claws—anon it is a face of the most distorted features, and the most wild and irregular expression—then it passes into a single feature, as an eye which, with nothing but darkness for its socket, fills up half the horizon—and again it is that chaos, which gives the feeling of dissolution; and just as the forehead comes moist with cold drops, and the horror of annihilation is begun, the tormentor changes to a new monster, or vanishes in thick darkness.

If the latter should be the alternative—and over that the victim has no controul—it is an escape, no doubt, but it is not an escape from misery. Reality comes in the room of fiction, and the fevered imagination runs over all the events, and occurrences, and relations of life, consuming merit, rooting out pleasure, and extinguishing hope. The sufferer resembles a mariner, who is awakening to recollection on the top of a foam-surrounded rock, to which he has been tossed by the power of the billow;—he is hemmed in, and all around is wreck and desolation;—the present is nothing, and, to him, there are no bright points in the past or the future; Conscience stands over the former with whips, and Despair over the latter with scorpions; in the path which he has travelled, he sees his own foot-prints in all the dark and difficult by-ways, while, at every turning, the clear and broad and pleasant way opens for a little, glowing with beauty, and gay with gladness, to the hand that he did not take. To all his friends, he feels that he has been an ingrate, and they appear to have been the same to him; all that has been done seems wrong, and all that is projected useless;—backward there is no consolation, and forward there is no hope;—he feels that he had better not have been, and wishes—and resolves not to be.

If the strength of the constitution can so “wrestle with the fiend,” as that one hour or two of such sleep as one in this mood of mind is capable of, can be obtained, the phantoms may vanish, the facts may recover from their distortion, and the sufferer may wake again to a world worth the having; but the exhaustion is great, and if the visitations be frequent, they consume the body and wear out the mind. But should that not be the case,—should the torment last out the night, and the spectres not quit the pillow till the patient gets out of bed, the

agony continues ;—nor is there any doubt that many of those melancholy “leaps out of life,” which are generally supposed to come from an overflowing of passion, and which the Dracos of the dark ages construed into crimes, and made the subjects of punishment—to the poor cold clay ! are the results of the agony of that sleepless night which is produced by indigestion, often recurring, and unannealed by slumber.

All that has been here described, and much more which no words can depict, has been felt, in countless instances, by those who were both *well* and *good* in the world,—who had no misfortunes to bar, and no “twitches of the worm” to embitter, their pleasures ;—but to whom the cup of enjoyment was full, and the moral appetite uncorrupted. When, however, the agony of real guilt mingles with the anguish of the disordered frame,—when “the arrow of the Almighty is within,” and “the poison thereof drinketh up the spirit,” the uttermost bourne of human woe is touched—there is a torment of which no man, even of ordinary immorality, can guess the depth ; and one moment of which is dearly purchased by all the fruits of the most extensive and successful villany that ever was perpetrated.

But this darkness and desolation, which annoy the restless, turn disease into gall, and crime into final retribution, may be, and often are, the sources of profit and pleasure. If there be no anxiety for sleep to irritate, no superstitious fear to alarm, no derangement of the system to agonize, and no guilt in the mind to torture, then the sleepless night may become a source of more exquisite intellectual enjoyment than the best selected library, or even the choicest pages in the volume of nature herself.

In those creations, elaborations, or workings, whether in the sciences, literature, the inventive part of the arts, or the arrangements of the business of life, in which the materials are all in the mind itself, and where there needs no reference to external things, the silence, the solitude, and the abstraction of the chamber, offer facilities and securities which cannot be obtained during the day ; and if recollection will but bring the materials, and remembrance preserve the work, a man may really do more for the furtherance of any purpose that requires thought, in a few quiet hours in bed, than in double the number of bustling days. During the day, you cannot shut out the world ; and though you could, you would not then be secure against the interruption of your own senses. Hearing, smell, the taste, and the touch, you may controul,—they are passive, as it were, and do not go out after their objects, but wait till these objects come to them. The eye, however, is an active and a wayward thing,—it will look in spite of you, and in spite of you it will sometimes make you abandon your own object, and attend to that which it has selected. It is true that a well-disciplined eye can never seduce us from the *action* which we are performing, and on the progress and completion of which we are bent ; but as we have no material controul over our *thoughts*—cannot hold *them* with our fingers, or run after them with our feet—no training of the eye can give us so much command of it as to prevent it from at times stealing us from the current of our thoughts.

But the temptations of our senses—of the eye in a peculiar and pre-eminent manner and degree, are not the only enemies of continued thought to which we are exposed during the day,—they are found in

every person or thing in which we have any interest or concern. One may have issued the usual and justifiable equivocal, by which the harshness of a blunt denial is taken off, "not at home to anybody;" the jingle may have come to the bell, or the rat-tat-tat to the knocker, as it happened; and the voice, though second-hand through the medium of either of these instruments, may be that of "the dearest friend we have." We half open the door, in order that we may certify ourself by the sound of his real voice. "Not at home, Sir." "Not at home!" reiterates that mournful tone, which comes for pleasure but finds disappointment; and we cannot resist peeping out by the side of the window blind, to see how it is borne. The very first object we see is the face of "the dearest friend that we have," looking full upon us, with that strange mixture of supplication and pity, and reproof and laughter, which so few have the power of resisting. Cogitation is thrown to the dogs. "Life let us cherish;" and farewell to our plans for the day, and to the same train of thought for ever. Should the resolution be able to resist this, and we allow our friend to go, half the mind goes after him, and pulls the resisting half with a force so equal to the resistance, that we are unable to think, and, in all probability, go in quest of him to whom we have been denied.

Even if no friend should break in for the generous purpose of driving away the "blue devils"—to make room for "the black," day may be still fraught with annoyance. The soft voice, or the other voice, of your wife—if you happen to have one—the prattle on the part of your children,—the horrible news or accident,—the music of the knife-grinder or the hurdy-gurdy,—a hundred things which you know, and a hundred others that you dream not of, may, each singly, or in all their combinations, drive you from your purpose; and render it utterly impossible for you to say when you rise in the morning, and verify the saying when you retire to bed, "to day, I shall think or plan, thus, or thus."

In the night, it is far otherwise; for, if you be safe from the music of cats and noses, the rattling of boards, and that hellish monster of the night—an unoiled door turning at its leisure upon its hinges, and returning upon the same, at those slow intervals, whose very slowness makes you hope that each is the last, and thus keeps you in constant suspense between "rise and shut," and "lie still,"—if you escape these, the total absence of bodily exertion, the embargo which darkness lays on the eye, the silence, the solitude, all combine to open largely the flood-gates of thought, and pours upon the memory a tide of invention, than the arrangement of which the mind can feel no higher, and taste no sweeter pleasure. Nor is it to be prized only for its positive good, but also for the evil that it presents. Whether continuous thought can be an opiate to the pain of compunction, I will not take upon me to say; but I know, from my own experience, that where it is, restlessness will not come at all, and the blue devils of indigestion are very shy about entering. Therefore, every one should cultivate the powers of nocturnal thought and invention. It is a habit; like all habits, it may be acquired; when once acquired, we need never be idle either by night or by day, and those portions of the night which are pain to the idle, may be rendered the most valuable portions of life,—because never else have we the same constraint over our minds, and the same security against inroads from without.

If we sleep afterwards, it may be that that which we have thought or invented may not be fresh in the memory, or may not, at the time of our awakening, be in the memory at all. That, however, is a matter of minor importance. When once a subject has been elaborated in thought, we never lose it. The storehouse of the mind is safe against both rot and robbers; and whatever we have trusted there is sure to be found when external circumstances render it necessary. Even when we have not the purpose and the connexion, that of which we thought in the silent hours before we slept, comes back to us through the mist of oblivion and dreams, with all the interest, and hallowed by all the charms of the history of that which ages ago had ceased to exist, and of which the pleasure is now wholly intellectual.

NOTES ON ART.

THE motto of English art seems to be the old proverb "to let well-done alone." There is, however, another traditional saying, equally cogent, which implies that "well-begun" is but "half done;" and we wish our artists as a body could be prevailed upon to attend to and act upon the full import of this last rule. Till they do so, however they may please themselves or flatter one another, they will never secure the suffrages and approbation of other countries; or take that broad and firm stand among other Schools of Art, which is as it were the *table-land* leading to the highest eminences of renown, and which converts the effusions of self-conceit and petty rivalry into the efforts of a lofty ambition, and the emulous and at the same time independent aspiration after abstract excellence. It is only when we feel confident of the ground and principles on which we work from the common consent and opinion of others, that we proceed to raise the superstructure with calm composure and undivided enthusiasm, free from idle cavils and narrow jealousy: otherwise, sectaries in art are like sectaries in religion, who are more bent on defending the weak side of their cause, than on advancing the strong,—on maintaining their peculiar tenets and heresies, instead of standing up for the Universal Catholic faith,—and who nursing with angry fondness "the rickety child," and sticking for the very points which are most frequently objected to them, (leaving general truth and nature quite on one side) make up for their own obvious and wilful defects by a hatred and contempt for all opposed to them. Nothing good or great was ever yet accomplished by the mere spirit of contradiction. As in a controversy, the disputants grow every moment more heated and absurd from their determination to allow nothing wrong in themselves, nothing right in an adversary, so the antipathies and altercations of different schools produce nothing but an exaggeration of their own natural faults and vices, a confirmed dislike of the excellences of their rivals; and it may be fairly pronounced that all beauty and grandeur, as well as all truth, is the offspring either of silent and self-absorbed study, or of a spirit of general humanity and sympathy with others. A French artist or connoisseur will hardly look at, will hardly hear of, an English picture or work of art; they smile at

the airs and graces of a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, laugh outright at a history by West, think Constable's landscapes very odd, and lend an incredulous ear to the praises of a bust by Chantrey. Why is this? They have been long accustomed to consider English art as another name for grossness and crudity; and if they are told of or even see an instance to the contrary, will not believe what contradicts their prejudices and their self-love, or do not think it worth while to court the exception, and still adhere firmly to their favourite maxim—*That the English are incapable of arriving at perfection in the Fine Arts.* How do we disprove this assertion? By retaliating upon them, and treating their pretensions in this way with utter contempt and obloquy; by scouting the very name of French art as a solecism, if not an indecency; by exclaiming against their grimace, caricature, dry, meagre outline, dead colouring, and mechanical finishing, and by considering it as a heavy punishment to be condemned to look at a French picture without being at liberty to make wry faces at it, or to express a disgust amounting to nausea. If they regard us as clowns and novices in art, we strike an even balance by setting them down as pedants and *petits-mâîtres*. Both charges are perhaps true; but as the faults we find in others do not turn to perfections in ourselves, what good results from either? We put too much of the Jack-tar, the John Bull feeling into this matter, and are for setting up a sort of Anti-Gallican school in the arts of peace as well as war. But painting and sculpture are not an affair of assault and battery; in a sea-fight or in the ring, to knock down or disable your antagonist is every thing, in the other case it is nothing;—all the ill-blood and ill-names in the world will not advance us one jot towards “the Raphael grace, the Guido air;” nor will the most extravagant hatred of French art serve as a substitute for the love of nature. Art rests upon the foundation of nature and genius, constitutes its own immortal pillar, and does not lean for a moment on the tortuous and perverse support of the obliquities of others. Instead of satisfying our idle humour, pride, and sloth, with their defects, we should strive to copy their excellences, and correct our own errors by the example and advice of our neighbours. Why should it be thought something like a disowning of one's country, a desertion of the national colours, for a French picture to be anything but affected, for an English one to be any thing but slovenly? Must the eye as well as the tongue speak a different and discordant language in the two countries? Lest we should pique ourselves on our blindness and obstinacy, it should be well understood that the French are not behind-hand with us in this particular. Gerard (the best of that self-satisfied class) on seeing an Englishman admire Géricault's *Shipwreck of the Meduse*, (the only French picture that for the breadth, force, and depth of the masses and colouring, an Englishman can conscientiously admire) said, “Ay, that's almost as bad as your Reynolds,”—thus evidently shewing that any approach to certain excellences of the English, or escape from their own plaster-cast trammels, was an offence against the majesty of their great historical style; and that not to be exclusively French was to be decidedly bad. They see no medium between their own finical, and what they term our barbarous, style: assert not only their infinite superiority in the Fine Arts, but claim a monopoly in egotism and self-conceit; and if they are surprised at our supposing we can do any

thing ourselves, that we should dare to think they can do any thing wrong, surprises them still more.

We could wish that instead of mutual railing and an idle assumption of titles to precedence, in which nobody joins but the parties concerned, our countrymen might be the first to throw down the barriers of prejudice and false pretensions, and to silence the reproaches of their enemies, by acknowledging and reforming their mistakes, by adding correct design to an eye for colour and light and shade, by filling up the details after having thrown in the masses, by aiming at truth of imitation as well as striking effect, and by uniting learning and professional skill with genius and nature. It is only thus that we shall obtain a triumph over those whom we do not wish to proclaim their triumph over us, and earn a rank in the Fine Arts equal to what we have acquired in courage, in policy, in poetry, and in philosophy. That which is done at all is worth doing well : and whatever a nation attempts and makes a boast of excelling in, must (as it does so or not) redound either to its credit or disgrace. Having once entered the lists, it cannot suffer itself to be foiled with impunity. What we have already pointed out appears to us the most likely means of ultimate success in the new career, upon which we have ventured : whether that success is likely, under any circumstances, to be dazzling and durable, may admit of a doubt. The impediments to so desirable an event, and which we shall here reluctantly state, will reduce themselves to three heads : 1, natural genius ; 2, the period we live in ; and, 3, the want of, or false, patronage.

1. Its being made a question whether there is an English school of art, may be considered as a sufficient proof that there is not ; for these things either do not exist at all, or are notorious and self-evident ; they cannot be hid in a corner. No one asks if the sun shines or not : so if the sun of art breaks out with resplendent lustre, all men acknowledge it, or else it is vain to seek "with the taper light" of criticism, "the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish." No one among ourselves, or abroad, disputes whether the Author of *Waverley* is a great novelist, or the Author of *Childe Harold* a fine poet ; that is a point conceded on all hands, and carried by acclamation, as all such points are : but if we proceed on the strength of this admission (and fancying ourselves universal geniuses) to tell foreigners that we have painters or musicians equal to these, they only stare at us for an answer. It is made a question in like manner, whether we (the English) have a national music : therefore we have none ; for if we had (however we might be at a loss for terms and immediate examples) we should feel the answer stirring in our hearts and vibrating in our ears. The Italians have had a school of painting beyond a doubt ; nay, schools upon schools, "like the morn risen on mid-noon." The Dutch and Flemish have had a school, no one can gainsay it ; the Spaniards also have had theirs, though on a more circumscribed scale ; but after these, we know of no others. The French and Germans may have painters admired by themselves, but not beyond certain geographical limits ; and we are afraid the same, or more, may be said of us ; our pretensions being hardly sufficient to have made very bigoted dupes of ourselves. One great and inimitable comic painter, Hogarth (though in himself a host) does not make a school. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with all his merits, was but a gorgeous reflection of

other schools and alien graces ; what he added was by omission, "making defect perfection." Wilson again was but an unfinished Claude ; and these are all we have to shew before the present time. Farther, the circumstances of there having been no school of painting in the first instance, renders it problematical whether there ever will be one : for such things are unsought-for and spontaneous ; and Art, as well as Nature, produces its goodliest offspring in youth, not in age, after its earliest marriage with Opportunity. Academies, institutions, rules, are a consequence of this original prodigality and riches of the bounteous Pan, not the cause of it ; and in general overlay instead of promoting the growth of taste and genius. The best names in English art (in the last century) were the founders of our Royal Academy, and did not arise out of it. Of our own times, it may be more difficult to speak with confidence, either from a suspicion of partiality or prejudice. But let a great genius arise, and it will soon disentangle itself from these envious clouds or dazzling vapours of the moment. Was not Canova's merit universally admitted with a kind of rivalry of admiration during his life-time ? Was not David placed with one consent at the head of the modern French school ? Was not West almost idolized a little before his death ; and did he not enjoy a cold, formal, nominal supremacy of reputation, for above half a century ? The age is not then backward to award the meed of fame, but apt to run before the proof. Wilkie's merit was instantly recognized ; and, like all true merit, did not pass for more than it was. How many names, that in our remembrance "were cried out upon in the top of the compass," have since "gone to the vault of all the Capulets ?" Who ever hears of the Opies, the Barrys, the Romneys now ? Alas ! with respect to them, the voice of fame is as silent as the grave ; neither friend nor foe disturbs their repose ! Pictures painted thirty or forty years ago, and still to be seen at the Adelphi, or in some lumber-room or stair-case, (where they linger by the favour of former friendship,) look as dead, as flat and cold, as the walls on which they are hung. Pictures, painted by Raphael or Titian, three hundred years ago, look as fresh and vigorous as ever, or mellowed and improved by age. What is the reason of this difference, which is no less obvious than it is lamentable ? It is this. The last-mentioned specimens had "the principle of vitality in them whereby they should live ;" every part is instinct with life and feeling ; every object and circumstance of resemblance to nature is worked up with the utmost care and strength, making so many little outworks against the progress and ravages of time ; and the painter, using the visible body of nature as the language to express his thoughts, has laboured *con amore*, and with success, to infuse into every particle of that body, or every word and syllable of that language, his own spirit and conscious intelligence, thus leaving a living miracle of art. Whereas our own artists (too many of them at least) not having sufficient spirit or sympathy with external nature to animate and pervade the mass of material objects they had to encounter, have chosen to consider the visible forms of things (the only language they possessed) not as a medium which they were to saturate with a sense of truth or delight, but as an obstacle in their way which they were to get over how they could—have smeared, and daubed, and scrawled at random (impatient of the restraint which should have been to them "perfect freedom,")—have

tried to represent nature in the gross, without going into the details and finer differences (as if a poet should try to write whole stanzas without the use of words,)—and by making their performances approach as nearly as possible to a *caput mortuum* at first, they necessarily sunk to that state, when the freshness of the colours was gone, and the artists or their friends no longer stood by to supply their deficiencies. We would not make an evil augury from what we know of the past; but if our contemporaries do not wish the same funeral dirge to be repeated over their works thirty or forty years hence, they must strive with the temptation that most easily besets them, and avoid the error of their predecessors. It is not that we think our countrymen wanting in genius and enthusiasm for works of imagination and taste—far, far from it;—but we doubt if their inspiration comes by the eye; it has other inlets and outlets; and if there is this inherent repugnance or indifference to the visible objects and material language of painting, no effort, no inducement or advice, will ever make them enamoured of it, or eager to encounter those difficulties, and undergo that labour, which are necessary to perfection in it, or to place themselves on a level with what others have done. It is not the going through a certain drudgery alone, the conforming mechanically to certain rules, that will do—there must be a constant and unwearied delight—a passionate sense of pleasure, mixed with the study and imitation of nature, to inspire the same pleasure in others. If we engage in painting as a task, and slur it over as a job, or as a mode of communication too slow and plodding for the rapidity and fire of our thoughts, we had better lay it aside altogether, for it uses no compulsion with any man. An artist who does not dwell with rapture on his work, who is not loth to quit it, who does not cast a long lingering look after it, but closes his painting-room door as the shoe maker shuts up shop, and hastens to the tavern or the club, is good for nothing. He may say with Christopher Sly, of what he daubs in or out in this humour, “’Tis an indifferent piece of work, would ’twere done!” Neither can we on this head plead in our excuse, the want of the glowing expression and picturesque costume of the south, or of a former age. Vandyke painted English faces, so that we at this day see them as in a mirror; and Rubens and Rembrandt stole her florid hues, her shadowy transparency from Nature, under skies as dull as ours. It is the texture of visible objects, the last fine, evanescent, scarce perceptible difference, between the image and the picture, in which English art is deficient, and in which it will never succeed, till the student feels the same pleasure in the progress, as in the conclusion of his work, and more pleasure in seizing some exquisite turn, some newly discovered grace in nature, than in seeing his picture admired by all the world, or reading the circular puffs of it in all the newspapers! What we have here hinted may by some be considered as an indignity offered to English genius and to English art—as compromising the national pretensions altogether—but do we not object the opposite of all this to the French, who are yet a clever and highly accomplished people? Do we not see the grimace, the volatile character, the automatic gestures, the affectation, jejuneness, and pettiness of their favourite manner; and why should we refuse to see the slovenliness, the lumpishness, the rude and unfinished state of our own, unless we are too stupid to discern our own defects or too obstinate to mend

them? The case was hopeless as long as our natural infirmity was sanctioned by high authority; and to daub was declared (*ex cathedra*) to be gusto and "not to copy nature, was the rule." This fashion of thinking has, however, in some measure passed away; and one cause that helped to dispel the fallacy, was the annual exhibition of the Old Masters at the British Institution (which so enraged the Royal Academy) from whom it was found by ocular proof, that grandeur and breadth of design were compatible with the utmost delicacy of finishing—that there was a vast difference between Rembrandt and a sign-painter—and that a hand might be finely executed, though it had the usual complement of fingers.

2. Milton is apprehensive that "an age too late, or climate cold, had damped his wing;" so we apprehend that the present advanced period is too full of distracting interests, and general subjects of discussion, to be favourable to the genuine developement of art. Art appeals for its influence and support to objects of sense, or to associations immediately connected with them; and the mind, to excel in this pursuit, should be habitually occupied with objects of sense and the admirable works of nature. How then should it flourish, when the only object which any one in civilized society at present has under his eye, is the newspaper of the day? All other topics, "all trivial, fond records," all that he himself sees, feels, or thinks, are banished from his recollection; and the debates in parliament, the police-reports, accidents and offences, domestic treason, foreign levy, the King, and his Ministers, alone "live within the book and volume of his brain, unmixed with baser matter." Suppose, by way of illustration, an old broker's shop to face a coffee-house in a bye street in the metropolis—an embryo artist detained there by business or the weather for half a day, might find a resource in looking out at the tattered prints, the odd articles of furniture, and in prying into the recesses of the shadowy gloom opposite his window. But who would think of doing this by way of passing the time, when he has four newspapers lying on the table before him, laden with the affairs and the events of the four quarters of the world?

"The vast, the unbounded prospect, lies before him."

When he can thus easily and mechanically possess himself of their contents, would it not shew a narrow and grovelling mind to occupy himself with what is to be seen in a single obscure corner of it? Or should he be fascinated with some charming effect of light and shade himself, dare he point out this idle discovery to a visitor who comes in and is intent-only on seeing the *Globe*, the *Times*, and the *Courier*, and by there glancing his eye over all that is going on in the world, fancies himself an integrant and important part of it? Our artist will therefore turn from an object of still-life that excites so little sympathy, and go home determined to execute some grand historical subject, that shall keep pace with the march of public intellect, and make a great noise in the town, as the battle of Navarino or the KING'S SPEECH upon it. How differently wert thou situated, Rembrandt; and how wouldst thou have worked out of a miserable broker's shop, with its motley fragments and dim twilight, a perfect pattern of nature, that should have outlived all the pictures, pantomimes, and panoramas, of all the battles that ever

were fought, and been admired till the eyes of the mind had put out the eyes of the body, and the brain was turned with the din and turmoil of its own making! Works of art and fancy, painting and poetry, on this account flourish most in the earlier stages of civilization, before philosophy and science have too much generalised or multiplied the ordinary topics of reflection. If they do not burst forth then, we may well sigh in despair of them afterwards. Art is the growth of individual genius, and of individual observation; it is making much out of a little; whereas general reasoning and knowledge consist in reducing a great deal into a small compass. For the imagination to endeavour to keep pace with the understanding,—that is, to give a concrete representation of all that the other suggests in the abstract, is like the frog in the fable, trying to swell itself out to the size of the ox, till it bursts. It is impossible to exhibit the surface of the globe, except it be in a map; or to represent the great interest of states by the *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ* of a poetical fiction. Hence in a great degree the decline of art, of the drama, and of other things with the progress of knowledge; for the individual object or interest shrinks into insignificance before the pompous pretensions of general principles; or if vanity should prevail over modesty, ART in that case steps forward to form an incongruous and unequal union with SCIENCE. Every thing is then measured by a false and bombastic standard. Genius seems to have got a dropsy in the head. The whole is on a gigantic scale; and all that had been done before (as being merely addressed to the imagination and senses) has a petty and Lilliputian air. We take our ideas and measurements, not from nature, but out of an encyclopedia. A figure to be heroic must be half a mile high. A gipsy's fire by the road-side is beneath the dignity of art: we must have Etna or Vesuvius belching out volumes of flame. A mountain is unworthy of the name, unless it is piled on other mountains piled on clouds. To make a building look large and magnificent, an army drawn up before it are made to resemble rows of shining pins. A precipice that excites a natural terror, and makes the spectator giddy, is nothing compared with the fall from one fixed star to another (were that possible)—and a DELUGE that would drown all the cities, men, and living things in the world, is a very shallow and contemptible piece of business, because its greatest depth would form only a very small section of the diameter of the earth! Such are the theories of art that at present very much prevail, from confounding the images with the ideas of things; and that are inculcated and acted upon by artists of genius, who would, however, have made much cleverer geologists and mathematicians. We are of Werter's opinion, who prefers "the old Homeric notions of the boundless ocean, and the interminable shores, to our modern quackery, when every tyro thinks himself a prodigy, because he can repeat, after his master, that the earth is round." It is true in more senses than in one, good and bad, in pictures as well as in politics, that "*the schoolmaster is abroad!*"

3. There is but little patronage of art in this country, and that little is forced and bad. The secret of it is to be found, not in the love of art or admiration of genius, but in the dear delight which every Englishman has to see his own name with 5*l.*, or 105*l.*, (as it may happen) tacked to the end of it, as a subscriber to some charitable or fashionable institution. The guineas chink full and heavy in his purse, as they have an echo in the

public ear; and in coming forward in his new and superinduced character, he feels himself less a man of taste than substance. *That* is his true aim and ambition: the other he may be laughed out of, or wheedled into: he knows or cares little about the matter. When shall we hear of an English nobleman, as we lately read of a foreign cardinal, going round his gallery and taking leave of his favorite *chef-d'œuvres*, "that Faun from the antique, that Venus by Titian, that Deluge by Carracci" (as Rousseau took leave of the setting sun)—for the last time, and as what made him loth to quit the world? To this fine and spiritual old man these works did not at such a crisis seem childish vanities, but the only solid realities, the true solace and ornament of a long life. The phlegmatic moralist may think there was something extravagant and flighty in the instance: if he had sent for his money-bags, his rent-roll, his ermined robes, the same critic would have seen nothing extravagant or flighty in it, because he has the one feeling and not the other. Did we not see, the other day, the artists turned out on the private day of exhibition of their own works, at the British Gallery, as unfit to mingle with so much good company? *This will never do.* Art must be admitted beyond the *dais*, and sit as a companion with princes; or it will not aspire above the rank of a menial. It may indeed make its way in privacy and silence, uncourted and forgot; but if it is brought forward to be patronised, it must not be insulted, and have the door suddenly shut in its face. It cannot be pretended that the regulation alluded to is a mark of delicacy, lest the artists and exhibitors should be hurt by remarks made on their works, or their presence cramp the free expression of opinion; for, at the Royal Academy, the artists and the patrons dine together the first day, and compare notes very amicably: but, then, the Royal Academy are a sort of privileged class, with letters-patent from the King; whereas the poor candidates at the British Institution are entirely dependent on the countenance of the subscribers and gentlemen-purchasers, and are treated accordingly. *Exclusion* seems to be the first thought and condition of British enjoyment (as at the entrance of our parks and pleasure-grounds you always see, *Spring guns and man-traps set here*—as if the original owner had been a rat-catcher) and the patron of British art feeling no real enthusiasm or satisfaction in it, indemnifies himself for the sacrifice of time and money by giving himself an air over the person he professes to countenance, and from a mixture of jealousy and pride, making him feel his superiority in rank and fortune—the only superiority he has a thorough conviction of. In Italy, in Greece, the patron of art (of high art) was religion and the state; nay more, it was the people. The very air breathed an enthusiasm for such objects, and the artist was borne along to his end and his reward by the consenting voice, and admiring, eager, looks of thronging multitudes. It is in vain that there is a hand stretched out to pay, if there are not thousands of eyes prepared to see, and hearts to feel. "The rapt soul sitting in the face" of Raphael's pictures, was answered by meeting looks of love and devotion in the kneeling spectators—or they would never have been painted. Could Raphael have had the spirit to conceive, the patience to finish, his divine works, if he had known that the first person he shewed them to would ask, "What is the use of that?" Art, then, "reads its history in a nation's eyes"—not in a few select, fastidious, ticketted, equipaged, spectators, but in

the general burst of wonder and delight, whenever she shows her heavenly face,

“ Making a sunshine in the shady place.”

Genius is but a particle caught up and exalted by the general flame : no man is great or excellent but by sympathy with the spirit of the age or country in which he lives, any more than he can raise himself above the earth on which he stands by a bare effort of volition ; and patronage, to be effectual, must be the full tide of public opinion, not a few drops sprinkled from on high, (and cold, comfortless drops they are) that serve only to tantalise the efforts of the artist, to flatter the caprice of the tyrant, fashion, and end in the ignominy and shame of merit and genius. If Michael Angelo and Raphael were living now, it would remain a profound secret to the world, from the change of times and circumstances : those, therefore, who talk of rivalling them, had better think of something else. If English art ever does any thing considerable, it must be something of our own ; (we are not, like the French, a nation of imitators and mountebanks) and we must repeat our doubts, that if the thing had been in us, it would have appeared long ago. But to leave vague forebodings, and proceed to the actual specimens of the day, which had they overturned our *bilious* theory, we should have been the first to discard it,

— “ Not willingly alone,

“ But gladly, as the triumph were our own !”—

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 1. *Presentation of an English Roman Catholic Family to Pius VII. containing Portraits of Cardinal Gonsalvi, Riaria Mest्रो di Camera, Canova, Gibson, Rieppenhausen, and others.* J. P. DAVIS.—Whatever we may think of our own painters, we do not conceive they are improved by domesticating abroad. The advice we would give to them would be, “ Go to Rome if possible, stay for some time, see and ponder over all that you can, but do nothing there. The genius of the place is too mighty for you ; return home, before you try to recover yourselves and feel your own strength.” An English picture painted at Rome puts us in mind of a ploughman in a fit of the ague : it is heavy and sickly at the same time. The artist leaves his own sturdy vigour behind him, and reposes idly on “ the ancient of days.” It is running a race in a go cart ; “ travelling a bed.” Mr. Davis is less than most English painters obnoxious to this censure ;—for he has brought home a fine tone of colouring, which ought to put to shame the reds and whites of mere exhibitors. The portraits in this group do not appear to us striking or well-discriminated. We do not easily recognise Canova, nor the late Pope, of whom David has left a laboured *fac-simile*. The attitudes, too, are somewhat of the stage. There is still great and various merit in this picture ; but we are inclined to believe that Mr. Davis’ forte is the representation of grace and sweetness.

No. 5. *Venus wakens Love*. W. ETTY, A. R. A.—This small picture, as well as *Cupid interceding for Psyche* (No. 19) by the same, we utterly condemn, not for the nudity or indecency of which some have complained, but because there is a total want of beauty, grace, and expression, to clothe the nakedness and abstract the mind from it. Mr. Etty seems conscious of the coldness of his flesh-colour, and atones for it by the flabbiness of his figures. They are any thing but voluptuous or alluring. We would recommend to our artist to leave these small unfinished vignettes, these little doughy Rubenses as “toys of desperation” to others. His firm, broad, manly pencil, requires wider scope and a different subject. His large picture of *Judith and Holofernes* (No. 445) is in our judgement a noble and masterly performance. There is great breadth, force, a fine tone of colouring, and appropriate character in the athletic, recumbent form of Holofernes; the action and figure of the Judith is spirited and striking with a mingled expression of sweetness and fire in the countenance; and the whole composition is well arranged and powerfully done. The leg of the heroine is too much like a clay-model. One of the drawbacks and disadvantages of modern art is, that it learns in time to avail itself of the substitutes of mechanical helps, plaster casts, lay-figures, wax-preparations, &c.; in the first instance, the student had no recourse but to copy directly from nature. This picture however, if it does not touch the goal, is on the right road of art; could we see many such and often, we should cease our Jeremiads about native art.

No. 26. *La Fatiguée* (A. GEDDES) answers to its title, and exhibits an agreeable mixture of languid affectation and comic spirit.

No. 50. *Amphitrite*. W. HILTON, R. A.—We have seen better as well as more attractive pictures by this artist, who belongs rather too much (though he has tried to break the spell) to the old Westall and Hamilton school. To a classical style of grouping and composition, he joins an elegance of outline; but the filling up is feeble and vapid: his colouring is pleasing, though superficial. Of character or expression there is little. The best part of this picture is the contrast between a rosy Cupid and the dark blue ocean,—an effect similar to which is to be seen in Guido’s celebrated *AURORA*.

No. 64. *The Beach at Brighton, the Chain Pier in the distance*. JOHN CONSTABLE, A. R. A.—This is one of numberless productions by the same artist, under which it might be written, “*Nature done in white lead, opal, or prussian blue.*” The end is perfectly answered; why the means should be obtruded as an eye-sore, we do not understand. It is like keeping up the scaffolding, after the house is built: It is evident that Mr. Constable’s landscapes are *like* nature; it is still more evident that they *are* paint. There is no attempt made to conceal art. It is a love of the material vehicle, or a pride in slovenliness and crudity, as the indispensable characteristics of national art; as some orators retain their provincial dialect, not to seem affected. We have said enough of this; but small objections are of weight in small matters.

No. 80. *Portsea Ferry, looking into Portsmouth Harbour* (G. ARNALD, A. R. A.) has considerable merit. It has an effect of atmos-

peric air like Wilson, a little hard and metallic-looking. But the painter has taken pains, and endeavoured to do well. What we regret in so many artists is, that they are superior to their profession and scorn to be tied down to the drudgery of it.

No. 102. *The Execution of the Doge Marino Faliero*. E. DELACROIX.—This, whether the best picture in the collection or not, is the one which we would rather possess than any other. The figures are on a small scale, but for drawing, colouring, grouping, and costume, are admirable. Some of the faces are hardly marked enough. It is a rich and elegant study. We believe the artist is a Frenchman; but his work is equally free from the common vices of the French and English schools.

No. 130. *The Water-cress Girl*. S. DRUMMOND, A. R. A. This figure is lively and natural, but the execution too much resembles paste stained here and there with the juice of mulberries or some other fruit. This is a manner, and a bad one.

No. 131. *Wreckers off Fort Rouge; Calais in the distance*. C. STANFIELD.—This sea-piece is in the fine, bold, striking manner of Turner's early pictures. It is time that some one should take it up, since he himself has left it off—has soared to the empyrean of epic landscape and dreams only (with Pistol) of "Africa and golden joys!"

No. 136. *The Captive Slave*. JOHN SIMPSON.—This appears to us a true and fine study, full of nature and pathos. There is a moisture on the skin, which denotes both the physical constitution and mental anguish. "Thus painters write their names at Co." Let Mr. Simpson go on so, and he will arrive at something great, without jumping (as a preliminary step) over a canvass twenty feet high.

No. 142. *Psittica*. MRS. W. CARPENTER.—The title and the picture are equally nonsense.

No. 147. *Cows of the Ayrshire and Alderney Breed*. J. WARD, R. A.—These, like Mr. Ward's cattle in general, might be supposed to have been first carved in brass, wood, or potter's ware; and with that drawback, are clearly done to the life. But they have no motion in them, and are a sort of *live fixtures*, or what seems very nearly to be implied by the word, *stock*.

No. 229. *Walnut-gatherers near Richmond Bridge, Surry*. W. HAVELL.—This is a clever design, and would be still more perfect, if it were a *poker-picture*. It has that kind of indenting and colouring.

No. 245. *Female head from Nature* (MRS. J. HAKEWILL) is, if we recollect, very good.

No. 269. *Landscape, Penshurst Park, painted from Nature*. F. R. LEE.—Very like nature, very like a tea-board, and very much after the manner of Hofland, who paints a kind of bald nature better than any map.

No. 301. "*Tick, tick.*" M. W. SHARP.—Very clever and spirited indeed. The figure of the lady is almost too rich and balmy-breathing. We wish Mr. Sharp would mend one fault; that is, that he would put the skin on his flesh. As it is, his figures too much resemble the newly-painted statue in the *Winter's Tale*.

No. 302. *View at Cleveland, near Clifton, Somersetshire.* P. NASMYTH.—In this artist's minute, careful, but elegant manner. One would imagine Mr. Nasmyth had served his apprenticeship to copying botanical specimens.

No. 324. *Queen Elizabeth and Lady Paget as described in the romance of Kenilworth.* H. FRADELLE.—No, no! Sir Walter is inimitable. Our good friends of the palette, let him alone, do not meddle with him: there is that air, that grace and freedom about him that will foil all your efforts, that has no second to it and no equal but nature!

We would apply a similar remark to No. 323, *Don Quixote and Sancho*, by ANDREW MORTON. The idea we have of those two persons was never embodied by the pencil, nor ever can be, because it is too fully made out by the author to answer in all the particulars and subtleties to any single view of it. The subjects for painting are those which are perfectly well known, but of which only the outline has ever been given.

No. 329. *Who'll serve the King?* R. FARRIER.—We think this little piece very good, and much in the manner of Le Nain's admirable comic groups.

No. 336. *An Eagle disturbed at her prey by a Lioness.* J. F. LEWIS.—We should say that this was both spirited and natural, if the colour were not laid on so thin as to give an unpleasant sharpness to the outline. Something is here done; that with us is not a reason for doing something more, but for stopping short in the middle, lest we should spoil what we have done, or to avoid the trouble, vanity, and vexation of spirit of too much excellence.

No. 399. *The vain Jack-daw stripped of his stolen plumes.* G. LANCE.—This is an admirable sketch both for the colouring, execution, life, and spirit of the whole. It is a gaudy piece of *still-life* with all the flutter and affectation of genteel comedy. Weenix and Watteau might look on and approve. Good Mr. George Lance, we desire better acquaintance with you!

No. 400. *Coriolanus.* J. C. THOMPSON, R. H. A.—This is in that good old style of half informed inspiration, just venturing upon history and yet with a sort of sullen reserve, so that it can get back to portrait in case of need, that used to make people stare some thirty years ago in the great room at Somerset House. It should go back to the place from whence it came.

No. 417. *Affection.* THOS. HEAPHY.—There is here much sweetness and nature, but still we trace only a faint reflection of what we remember of these qualities in Mr. Heaphy's former works. This it is of which we complain, that our artists will not in general take pains to do their best; or having succeeded, grow weary of excellence, and instead of advancing forward, relapse into indolence and indifference again. They are shy and awkward with painting as a mistress, and cold and sulky with it as a wife. They are indignant at being excluded from its good graces, and yet feel only imprisoned in the possession of them. Mr. Heaphy may have learnt to look upon his art as a *bagatelle*; we cannot persuade ourselves to think so lightly of the obligations we owe him, nor of those which he owes to himself

No. 425. *Il Penseroso*, by F. P. STEPHANOFF, is a spirited sketch or almost *skeleton-design* of the subject:

No. 482. *The Transfiguration*, W. BROCKEDON, has breadth and richness, but is one of those historical blanks, in which you only know that the artist meant a great deal, from the subject he has chosen.

No. 491. *The coronation of his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth* (H. E. DAWE) is remarkable for nothing but the juvenile appearance of the monarch, whom you might unwittingly take for Edward VI.

No. 510. *Itchen Ferry, near Southampton*, is like all Mr. J. Linnell's landscapes, that is, just like a deal-board streaked with lines of indigo and red ochre.

MR. HAYDON'S MOCK ELECTION.

Mr. Haydon's *Mock Election*, which has excited much curiosity, and of which a great deal has been said, is not at the British Institution, but forms an exhibition by itself at the Egyptian Hall. We confess it disappointed us. It had been compared to Hogarth for the variety and truth of the expression. Though a clever and spirited picture, this praise is not well-founded. On the contrary, Mr. Haydon has thrown the same air and character into nearly all the heads, young or old, grave or gay, so as to remind one of Dandy Dinmont's list of his terrier dogs, which was only varied into little Piper and big Piper, young Piper and old Piper, &c. This is a great fault in a representation of common-life; and we are at a loss to account for the defect in the picture, as the chalk drawings of the heads, which are in the room, are distinctly marked and true to the individual peculiarities of nature. These were, we understand, taken from the life; and we dare say the painted heads would have been equally good if, with time and other means, they had been finished from life. When an artist leaves his model to paint out of his own head, he must run into mannerism, extravagance or insipidity. But this is the consequence of hurrying through a picture for the purposes of sale or exhibition in the season, instead of endeavouring to make it as perfect as possible and waiting for immortality!

COPY OF RAPHAEL'S FRESCO.

L'Incendio di Borgo.

The gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours has been occupied during a few weeks previous to the commencement of the preparations for the annual exhibition, by a full-sized copy, made in Rome by Mr. Hollins an English student, of Raphael's celebrated Fresco, the *Incendio di Borgo*.

The original, it is scarcely necessary to state, adorns a side of one of those famous chambers, which being decorated by the paintings in Fresco of the immortal master, have become celebrated throughout the civilized world, under the designation of the chambers of Raphael. These great works were the result of nine years of uninterrupted pur-

suits, and consequently are not all of equal merit. When Raphael, indeed, commenced his labours in the decoration of the pontifical apartments, he was far from having attained that perfection in the art, by which his name has been raised to so exalted an eminence. His pencil retained much of the stiffness of his early style, derived from his master Perugino, even when having executed the first portion assigned him of the grand undertaking, his superiority to all his coadjutors appeared so transcendent, that Julius II. immediately ordered the labours of the others to be suspended, and what they had done to be destroyed, that the entire work might be confided to the hand of Raphael alone. It was in the progress, however, of his labours in the Vatican Chambers, that Raphael made his last step towards perfection. When he painted the *Incendio di Borgo*, the famous school of Athens had been already executed; every vestige of quaintness and mannerism had long disappeared; and he had attained that happy felicity of combining expression, force, grandeur and grace—of uniting art and nature—in which he has never been excelled, and which ranks him deservedly above every master who has flourished in any age or country since the revival of the arts. The work before us is a happy specimen of his most perfect manner. It is an example of the best and grandest style of design. It is most truly *Raffaelesco*; we use what may appear a pedantic expression, because no other could express our meaning.

The subject represented is the conflagration of a suburban quarter of Rome, called the Borgo, which was threatened with total destruction by fire in the ninth century, during the Pontificate of Leo St. Leo, who, says the legend, by his appearance at one of the windows of the Vatican palace, miraculously arrested the ravages of the flames. The numerous prints which have multiplied the copies of this picture, render any detailed description of its composition unnecessary. But it so abounds in peculiar excellences, and in lessons calculated to be profitable to all who study the arts, either for amusement or as a profession, that we are tempted to note a few observations suggested by the exact table copy which has been brought to England.

Among the most striking features in the composition of the *Incendio di Borgo* is the art displayed in attaching the whole interest and importance of the scene to the human figure. In this, Raphael adopted the now well known principle of the ancient Greeks, the remains of whose works he had attentively studied, not only from the examples abounding in his time, as now, in Rome, but from drawings made in Greece itself, by persons dispatched thither by him expressly for the purpose. Following the example of the artistlike effect of which he was so sensible, he has treated the fire itself as subordinate and accessory, thus introducing it only into the two corners of the picture, sufficiently to explain the terror and alarm which agitate some of the groups, and the occupations and bustle of others. In the principal part of his picture he has distributed men, women, and children, in every variety of fine character, grouping, and contrast. On their forms and expressions he has exercised his utmost skill—his antique learning:—the figures are all engaged in various modes—but every action and

expression has some evident relation to the principal story. The Pope, although in the distance, is rendered an important and prominent personage by his situation at the window of the Palace. His appearance there, at full length, in the act of making the sign of the papal benediction which was to be so efficacious, drawing without distracting the attention of the spectator, announces to whom the prayers of the occupants of the foreground are directed, and powerfully assists in explaining the tale of the miracle. To the composition of the centre of the picture no praise can do justice. The grace of the figures, the beauty and style of the heads—the grandeur, ease, and elegance of the forms and drapery—the animation, truth, and diversity of expression in the countenances, in which the nicest discrimination of individual character and of rank in life is observed—the never-failing variety in these several particulars, and yet the constant preservation through them all of the unity of the subject, are admirable. The mother on her knees, fully and decently attired, clasping her child, who rushes terrified and naked to her lap, and at the same time turning her head with a look of speechless anxiety to the conflagration, is an impersonation of the delicate and refined female, silent and quiet in her consternation, but betraying in her countenance and attitude the fear that agitates her. In most skilful contrast, both in point of situation and character with the last-mentioned group, is the severe and coarser, yet grand figure of the female, manifestly of inferior condition, escaping with her garments hastily and loosely drawn on, and clamorously driving her naked children before her. This group is again relieved by the elegance and innocence of another adjoining, in which a child on its knees, by the direction of its mother, is uplifting its folded hands to the Pope. The form of the child is as full of grace as the occupation itself, and the drapery is of most delightful simplicity. Of a character wholly different from any of these is the full-grown maid in yellow drapery, on her knees, imploring the interposition of the Pontiff. The figure is of great force and grandeur of design; the drapery is remarkable for its breadth, freedom, and splendid colouring. The figures in the distance, the woman and child ascending the steps towards the church, the assembled crowds kneeling under the windows of the palace, are perfect studies of graceful and natural grouping; of the isolated figures, the female with a vase on her head, on the left hand of the picture, is, as a single figure, one of the finest specimens of sublime and graceful composition that has ever been designed. If it has ever been equalled, it is only by the famous Magdalene, in Correggio's celebrated painting of St. Jerome.

The group of the son saving his decrepid sire is a most delightful episode on filial piety; and is one of the most powerful parts of the whole picture. In this we may remark the fine and expressive character of the heads; those of the old man and woman more especially;—the effective contrast between the emaciated frame of the father and the athletic form of the son;—and the other varieties of youth and age presented by the boyish figure of the grandson and the aged yet still robust person of the woman, who is in drapery. These figures are

truly Greek. The young man near the last-mentioned group, who, suspended at the full stretch of his body, by his hands, as he lets himself down from the wall to escape the fire, his feet not yet reaching the ground, presents a wonderful muscular display, and a striking diversity of attitude and action with the other youth bending under the weight of his venerable burden. Beyond the youth descending the wall, a further variety, and one scarcely less forcible than the former, is presented in the figure of a man raising himself on his toes to receive from over the wall the infant of a wretched mother, in a state of nudity, whose delicate form and expression bespeak her to be of the higher class, and whose escape is intercepted by the flames. The muscular action of the legs and body of this man, as he raises himself on the toes, is unsurpassed in anatomical expression by the happiest efforts of Michael Angelo.

One of the circumstances most deserving of remark in the artistical management of the composition of this picture, is, that in the great number of figures which it contains, nearly every one is entire and perfect in itself—every head has its corresponding figure complete—a hint by the way to historical painters of modern days! The architecture has been made entirely subordinate to the figures, and subjected to contribute to their importance. The columns, the idea of which, as appears by their arrangement, was suggested by the celebrated ruins of Jupiter Stator, in the Foro Romano, although the order has been oddly enough changed from Corinthian to Composite, are not twice the height of the human figure—another instance of imitation of Greek practices.

With regard to colour, the *Incendio di Borgo* is one of Raphael's most successful productions. It is throughout on a broad fine principle: and there are parts,—the torso, for instance, of the figure taking the vase of water from the girl below him—the grave hue of the architecture and smoke which surround him—and on the opposite side of the picture, the figure reaching for the child—the wall and the figures against it—which are equal to the finest specimens of Titian. The *chiaro-scuro* is perfect throughout. From this picture and the School of Athens we trace, beyond a doubt, the origin of the style of light-coloured architectural back grounds employed by Paul Veronese in his finest works.

With regard to the copy, after the observations which the contemplation of it has suggested, it is almost superfluous to add that it is ably executed. The feeling and skill with which the spirit and character of the original have been caught and conveyed are surprising, and bespeak an artist possessing true feeling and high powers. On the authority of many travelled persons, both architects and amateurs, with whom we have conversed on the subject, we can attest the fidelity of the copy. The task was Herculean, and such as none but a real enthusiast in his profession would have undertaken or could have persevered in. We regard it as we would a successful translation of a fine poem from an obsolete tongue: as in itself a grand and valuable work of art. Although copied in oil, the effect of the fresco has been very happily preserved. The colouring appears in some parts dull—but this defect is owing to the fading, here and there, of the original, which the artist has thought proper to represent, exactly as it exists at present. We trust that this splendid copy of one of the noblest works of art in the world will become national property.

APRIL, 1828.

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CHARACTERS OF CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN AUTHORS AND STATESMEN.

No. I.—FRAYSSINOUS,

BISHOP OF HERMOPOLIS, MINISTER OF STATE, AND MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

A SEAT in the Academy is considered as the Field Marshal's baton of French authors. Its possessor is honoured with the name of "immortal;" and, in spite of the epigram of Piron,

Ci git Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même académicien,

there is no degree of literary eminence, however exalted, which does not covet the coat embroidered with oak and laurel, the distinguishing mark of the "Forty."

The name of *academy*, we need scarcely say, is not of modern invention; but was given by the divine Plato to those gardens in the Ceramicus (a suburb of Athens) where he was in the habit of discussing philosophy with his pupils; and from this the sect of that illustrious philosopher took the name of "Academic," and the disciples of his doctrine were called "Academicians." But the name, which originally belonged to none but the followers of Plato, was subsequently adopted by the members of all the various societies, philosophical or literary, which have been in so many cases established by dullness or profusion for the benefit of ignorance and vanity. The "golden chain of the Platonic succession" was broken by Justinian; and a vast filagree of baser metals, of lead and brass, has been exhibited as framed of its pure material and in its massy and graceful pattern. Italy, France, Germany, Spain, England, all founded their academies; and the names of *lincei*, *ardenti*, *addosmentati*, *fellows*, and *academicians*, which were boldly assumed by their members, too frequently served but to adorn the bastards of science, the cunning usurpers of the genius of great men, and the impudent intruders into a sanctuary where they presented nothing to the God but blemished or fictitious sacrifices. Molière, Pascal, the two Rousseaus, and Diderot, were uniformly rejected by the French Academy. Etienne and Arnault were excluded from it. And while miserable writers, or pretended philosophers, such as Roger, de Quelen, de Frayssinous, the Duke of San Carlos, C—— M——, Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, have seats in the French Institute, in the Royal Academy of Madrid, and in the Royal Society of London, Beranger, Sismondi, Barante, and Moratin, have not obtained admission into those halls from which Genius has been driven out by Dullness.

It is to the poet Baïf, and not, as many writers have asserted, to his contemporary Ronsard, that France owes the origin of its Academy. Charles IX. declared himself its protector, and often presided at its meetings; for that sovereign, like Dionysius the tyrant, and Nero, whom he resembled in so many other particulars, had a mania for writing verses, and, like them, wrote none but bad ones. At the death of Charles IX., the new-born club placed itself under the protection of Henry III., who showered upon it the marks of his favour. But the civil commotions, and the death of its founder, Baïf, soon dispersed it: nor was it until nearly a century after, that some paltry poets, and ob-

scure men of letters, who assembled to read their verse and prose compositions at the house of a secretary of Louis XIII. happened to invite the jester of Cardinal Richelieu to the honour of attending one of their meetings, and so delighted their auditor, that he turned the attention of his master to the society, and obtained, through his means, letters patent for its erection into "The French Academy," with the restriction of its numbers to forty. This took place in January, 1635. The first act of literary authority perpetrated by the Academy was a memorable blunder. It declared that the *Cid* was a contemptible tragedy, and that the poet Cardinal Richelieu was very superior to the poet Corneille. It admitted the minister, and closed its doors thrice over to the Father of the French Drama. The laurel was refused admittance; but the golden branch, though not the gift of a Deity, was certain to procure an entry. The public received this academic bull, as it now receives the homilies of his Grace the Archbishop of Paris; the chaplets were heaped upon Corneille, as they are now heaped upon Beranger; and epigrams, "sharp sleet of arrowy shower," were poured upon the learned body which had censured the *Cid*, and has since taken to its bosom the subject of our paper, M. de Frayssinous.

M. l'Abbé de Frayssinous is, as his name indicates, one of that Gascon race, which, since the restoration, has flooded Paris, obstructed all the channels of government, multiplied in all the public offices, and which threatened shortly to transfer the capital to Thoulouse, but that the fall of the ministry of Villèle, Peyronnet, and Co., has interposed a barrier to the further inundation of these sons of the Garonne. Born at Curriere, in the department of Aveyron, in 1765, (no one knows from what parents, or in what rank of society,) the young Frayssinous lived in the obscurity of some country parish, when, in 1801, he who restored the altar and the throne named him honorary canon in the chapter of Notre Dame, and member of the Faculty of Theology in the Imperial University.

The catholic religion had long been an object of the attacks and sarcasms of infidels. The Abbé Frayssinous was resolved to avenge it for the imputations which had been heaped upon it; and from the pulpit of the church of the Carmelites, and afterwards from that of St. Sulpice, he hurled his orthodox thunders against philosophy, and the opinions of the age. His earlier conferences, held in the church of the Carmelites, were interrupted by the jealous authority of Napoleon, until the holy orator had consented "to thank the Almighty for employing a powerful hand in the re-establishment of the altars." In these preachings M. Frayssinous was only a secondary performer: he proposed the objections, and filled the part of counsel for the devil. But the counsel for the devil became advocate of heaven, like Bolingbroke, "patronising Providence," so soon as the conferences were removed to the vast theatre of St. Sulpice; and the counsel for heaven became, after the restoration, the most flaming of the apostles of royalism, and the most desperate of the enemies to liberal opinions,—according to the fashion of that large class of persons, who, while professing especial piety, prove themselves hypocrites by the utter absence of that love to man, which is the best evidence of love to God. The terrible anathemas which he hurled against infidelity attracted attention, and if they did not open the road to salvation for the sinner,

at least cleared the way to fortune for the preacher. The Abbé de Frayssinous was successively appointed royal censor, and inspector-general of education; almoner and preacher to Louis XVIII., bishop of Hermopolis, and member of the academy, minister for public worship, and peer of France.

At the period when the first conferences of M. Frayssinous took place, the defence of Christianity brought with it the charm and merit of novelty. Their author, hated by power, could claim the interest of the good by the sacred title of his misfortunes. In the midst of that mass of flatterers and slaves which surrounded the conqueror of kings, he sometimes let men hear the language of a free spirit. Thus while regret for the former state of things brought the aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain to the conferences of St. Sulpice, hatred of the imperial despotism, the freshness of the subject, and the love for every kind of independence, collected the youth of the colleges around the pulpit of the preacher. The subjects handled by the Christian orator were serious and difficult; for where are the evidences of religion to be searched for, if not among the deepest foundations and darkest recesses of human nature? But his discourses were not numerous, and, each of them being restrained within simple and obvious boundaries, never extended to such a length as could weary the attention of the audience; nor had he then learned to disgust by fanaticism the friends of toleration and reason.

When the Abbé de Frayssinous was admitted to a seat among the forty immortals, he was to the full as unknown in the republic of letters as his noble colleagues the Count D'Aguesseau, the Abbé-minister Montesquieu, the Duke of Montmorency, and the obscure Ex-abbé Villar. He had no other literary evidences to present but an edition of the *Génie du Christianisme*, enriched by him with some notes and commentaries, and an ultramontane pamphlet, which a noble peer completely ground to powder at its first publication. A rolling fire of epigrams greeted the new member; and it was to escape from the sarcasms of which they also were victims, that his illustrious brethren persuaded him his desk contained substantial proofs of fitness for the academy, and made him resolve to publish those famous conferences which had excited as much curiosity at Paris, as did the sermons of Mr. Irving in London.

These conferences are written with sufficient force and even elegance, and exhibit a sinewy logic; but they are crowded with obvious faults, which counterbalance the qualities we have just mentioned. M. Frayssinous has presented us with second-rate copies of the celebrated compositions of Clarke, Bergier, Abbadie, Jacquilot, and Duvoisin,—with common-place repetitions of all that has been written in favour of Christianity,—with a series of cold argumentations which the crowd cannot understand,—with much of manifest inconsistency,—and with bitter reproaches against Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Cabanis, Volney, Saint Lambert, whom he criticises unjustly as writers, instead of blaming them for their opinions, as he might perhaps do with sufficient reason. There is nothing in these conferences of the evangelical inspiration of a St. Augustin, of a Bourdaloue, or of that Bossuet of whom it was said that, “arming his thoughts with fire, he thundered against the haughty brow of incredulity, and shook to their

foundations the monuments of falsehood erected against heaven ;" and there is nothing of that holy unction wherewith Fenelon touched the soul. M. Frayssinous has himself declared that "The doctrines of religion are fixed in the human heart by the deepest roots ;" and yet addressing himself intirely to the intellect, which in many cases rejects his proofs, he neglects to speak to the heart, which also has its proper faith, and to these feelings which have their own religion. In contrast to his rival the Abbé de Laménais, he works for the smaller number whom he wishes to convince, and turns from the multitude whom he might persuade. He deals out the coldest ratiocination, while his competitor for glory imbues his eloquence with life and passion, advances, as was said of Demosthenes, only by vigorous and impetuous bounds, and if he does not convince, astonishes, excites, overwhelms by the power and earnestness of every word. The defence of the Christianity of the Roman Catholic Church is the purpose of M. Frayssinous. The existence of God is the point from which he starts ; and from this principle, established, as he thinks, by our consciousness, by the moral order of the world, and by the perfection of physical nature, he deduces as consequences, the existence, and immateriality of the soul, which was made in the image of its Creator, and subjected by him to the observance of a natrnal law, established, unchangeable, and universal ; which, in making us the servants of duty, obliges us to the practice of an external worship, whereby we may be excited to the practice of it by the prospect of future rewards and sufferings. The religious principles taught by an ecclesiastical establishment are the foundation of morality ; and the religious principles the most favourable to morality are those of the religion of Jesus Christ, as proved by the miracles, from which result the excellence of the mysteries, the truth of the prophecies, the heroism of the martyrs ; leading on to the merits of the good old times, and the blind submission which was then professed for the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, beyond which there is no safety. "If our ancestors," says the preacher, "violated the precepts of religion, at all events they respected them. If their conduct was not pure, if they sought to ally Christianity with pleasure, and piety with enjoyment, they did not, however, attempt to justify sin by blasphemy ; their hearts were corrupted, but they were docile." Thus it is, as has been remarked, that according to the Bishop of Hermopolis, libertinism is atoned for by devotion ; vice is harmless when it is found in company with docility ; obedience to the Church is everything, and morality nothing. Were they not such opinions as these which were smitten and blasted by the provincial letters of Pascal ? And need we wonder that with such principles as these the Abbé de Frayssinous has declared himself protector of the Jesuits.

The sons of Loyola, thanks to the toleration of the former director of public instruction, the courtier-naturalist, the protestant-papist, Cuvier, obtained a footing on the soil of France. Under the ministry of the Bishop of Hermopolis they have completely seized the kingdom, usurped the schools and the churches, and declared war against mutual instruction, and civil liberty. Being a hot partisan of the congregation, M. de Frayssinous never ceased to defend its acts in the Chamber, but, we are compelled to say, with more zeal than eloquence

his name remains disgracefully connected with the affair of Made-moiselle Loveday, whom fanatical proselytizers withdrew from the grasp of paternal authority; and he is still more ignominiously stigmatised for having sought to protect Contrefalto from the just severity of the laws. Friend as he is to the Jesuits, the late minister of Charles X. could be nothing else than an enemy to the interests of France, which needs neither Jesuits, nor congregations; and everywhere, except at Montrouge, there was loud and triumphant rejoicing over the fall of this last accomplice of the ministry of Villèle.

No. II.—M. ROYER COLLARD.

PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES; MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, &c.

The senatorial eloquence of France, which dates its birth from the year 1789, has, like the country itself, experienced a revolution. The ardent passion for liberty, that constituted the eloquence of that period, has been converted into a spirit of philosophy, enforced and animated by the power of speech, which now delivers the oracles of truth in both the Chambers of France. A peculiar energy of thought, a vehemence of diction, and an overcharged exaggeration of sentiment, characterised the style of the revolution; but a deep reflection and conviction, and a certain austerity of enthusiasm respecting duty and truth, constitute the ingredients of the new eloquence: of this M. Royer Collard is both the example and the inventor. The chaste severity of his style resembles the pruning-hook of Phocion, who said to his countrymen, "You are lofty like cypress-trees, and like them you overshadow the tombs."

Royer Collard (Pierre Paul) was born in 1763, in the vicinity of Vitry le Français, of an honourable and ancient family. Hé was an advocate in the parliament of Paris, when the revolution broke forth, and being a friend to a well-regulated liberty, he embraced the prevailing opinions, but still with the spirit of moderation. He was elected a member of the Council of the Commune in 1789, to which, in the following year, he was nominated Secretary. He held this office till the 10th of August, of memorable notoriety, when Danton said to him, "Young man, come and brawl with us; and when you have made your fortune, you will choose, at your ease, whatever party may suit your taste." This convenient doctrine was, however, rejected by M. Royer Collard, as derogatory to his honour. He had the good fortune to escape from the excesses of the revolution, and was, in 1797, nominated Deputy to the Council of Five Hundred, in which he pronounced a very spirited speech against the oath demanded of the clergy, and in favour of expatriated individuals. He earnestly appealed to his colleagues to espouse the cause of justice, which he styled the wisest and most profound policy, and thus concluded his discourse: "To the savage accents of democracy, invoking audacity as its first and last resource, you will reply with the healing accents of justice, justice, and nothing but justice." He sat only three months in the council, as his election was annulled on the 18th Fructidor. At that period, the partizans of the Bourbons conceived hopes of seeing the ancient monarchy restored, and formed a council in Paris, which corresponded with the proscribed princes. Of this council M. R.

Collard was a member, along with the Marquis de Clermont, the Abbé de Montesquiou, and M. Becquey; but Louis XVIII. having taken refuge in England, the council broke up, and terminated its resolutions. M. R. Collard then quitted the perilous path of politics, and devoted himself to privacy and retirement till the year 1811, when he was nominated Dean of the Faculty of Letters at Paris, and Professor of the History of Modern Philosophy. At the time that he undertook the task of instruction, the system of Condillac was recommended in the works most estimable by their literary merit, as well by the most approved practice of education. *Cabanis*, *de Tracy*, and *Volney* had written books, the object of which was to complete, rectify, explain, and direct the doctrines of Condillac. The ingenious Garat, in his lecture in the Normal Schools, the agreeable and witty Lacomigueres in the *College of France*, had contributed to propagate them, and render them popular. Never did any innovator meet with more formidable obstacles than M. Collard, who, being without name, or disciples, without patron or authority in science, attempted to combat, at the same time, the "*Ecole Sensualiste*" and the "*Ecole Reveuse*," with the utmost vigour, and substitute in their room the Scotch school, which was then totally unknown in France. The effect produced on his auditory by the grave and powerful eloquence, full of emotion and serious conviction, with which he attacked the opposite systems, cannot be easily conceived. The weight of his authority imposed silence on the refractory, and the insensible; while he captivated others of more docile minds, elevated them, and strengthened their conviction, instructing them in wisdom and reason. "He had to perform," says one of his disciples, "the part of Socrates towards the youth who listened to his lectures."

The course that he delivered met not, at first, with brilliant success; the period in which he delivered his instructions was not favourable to philosophical studies, and the bulletins of the grand army engrossed all the public attention. But he was gradually and insensibly listened to, followed, and admired; his lectures began, as we are informed, by exciting attention, and were afterwards received with a comprehension and full conviction of their truth. It was not till then that an attempt was made to undermine the system of Condillac, when the philosophic movement took place during the latter period of the Imperial Government, and which at the restoration (thanks to the instructions of the attractive Cousin, that favourite champion of the modern philosophy) has enlarged its sphere with greater activity, and has since multiplied its conquests every day. The events of 1814, that brought back the king to France, found M. R. Collard occupied with works executed in retirement with the spirit of intellectual independence. As his merits were well known to Louis, he was successively nominated Director-General of printing and bookselling, Counsellor of State, and member of the Legion of Honour. On the return of Napoleon in March 1815, M. Collard threw up all his public employments, retaining only the title of Dean, and professor of the faculty of letters. After the second restoration, he was recalled into the Council of State, and nominated president of the commission of Public Education. His conduct in this eminent post was attended with a great improvement in all the branches, and was particularly distinguished by the marked predi-

lection that he evinced for the Lancastrian method of instruction. Being a deputy in 1815, from the department of Marne to that chamber, which was styled, "Introuvable," and which filled France with victims and scaffolds, M. R. Collard voted uniformly with the minority. After the ordonnance of the 5th of September, which produced the dissolution of that assembly, he was called by the general wish of his fellow-citizens to make a part of the new chamber, and voted in the minority of M. Decases. During the session of 1817, a party was formed in France, which was styled the "Doctrinaires." It was composed of moderate men, who were friends to the principles of the revolution, and to the throne of the Bourbons, of which they wished these principles to be the foundation. Messrs. Guizot, Kera-try, and the Duke de Broglie, were members of this party, and M. R. Collard was considered as its head. The "Doctrinaires" were very pleasantly styled the party of the *Canopy*, because as was observed of them, all the members could be assembled under it. In 1819, the ministry having engaged in counter-revolutionary measures, M. R. Collard resigned his post, as president of the commission of Public Instruction, and remained as a simple deputy, continuing uniformly to vote with the left side of the chamber, in which he distinguished himself during the last session, by his speech on the liberty of the press, which has opened to him the doors of the French academy.

M. Royer Collard is of lofty stature; his features are masculine, and the general aspect of his countenance is striking and elegant. It is perceptible from his manners, which are not sufficiently polished, that he is more accustomed to the closet than the drawing-room. His great learning, his irreproachable morals, and the moderation of his principles, make him a most formidable adversary to the ministers. The reputation which he possesses of belonging to no party but that of his own conscience, gives great weight and authority to his words. When in the tribune, at the commencement of his speech, he is, at first, slow and monotonous, but he becomes animated by degrees, and shortly after, impressive and impassionate. When he discusses any theory, he handles it with so much facility and energy, that he finds at command not only precision and force, but also imagination, sensibility, and all the deep and powerful emotions of the orator. He is then as eloquent as Pascal, by the force of his logic; he reasons with a conviction so profound, and so strong a desire of impressing it on another, that his lively demonstration excites the feelings, and finds its way to the heart, till it agitates its very inmost recesses. In order to rouse the eloquence of M. Collard, a great subject is necessary, and a vital question; and he resigns to others those everyday attacks, which constitute the oratorical fortune of *Mechin, de Pompieres, Casimir, Perier*;—like a great captain, he gives his subalterns full liberty to skirmish, and reserves all his own strength for pitched battles. If a law on sacrilege is the question, he thunders against hypocrisy till he levels it to the ground; and if a blind faction ventures to annihilate the freedom of thought by crushing the liberty of the press, the orator, applauded by France, will awe his audience into a most respectful silence, while he overwhelms his antagonists by a mass of arguments and facts; so that his adversary, in order to escape from shame and detection, will take refuge under the royal robe. His

eagle eye embraces at a glance all the points of the most complicated questions, and he obviates the most plausible arguments and the most artful objections raised against his own opinions. He never blinks the question, but encounters it with all his might; and far from enfeebling by that means the drift of his arguments, he gives them additional vigour by his bold display of open and manly warfare. Neither the quick points of Foy, the fire of Manuel, the exquisite sensibility of Lainé, nor the flowery force of B. Constant, characterize his style of eloquence, because it results from the quality of the heart, and the constitutional warmth of the speaker. In short, it is the high intellectual powers of M. R. Collard that constitute him a great orator. Let us observe, in addition to his other merits, that his lips have never been defiled with falsehoods; that he never has recourse to those pious frauds so frequently adopted by the spirit of party; and, we may without any apprehension of valid contradiction, apply to him the classical compliment of being "*Vir bonus dicendi peritus.*"

THE ROUÉ.*

THIS is a very remarkable book; remarkable, alike, for its keen and deep knowledge of human nature, and the spirit and animation with which that knowledge is embodied and displayed. There are no dissertations—no formal setting-forth of the metaphysics of the heart (if we may so speak)—but its most recondite and nicest, as well as its fiercest, workings, are placed before the reader by the natural current of the deeds and thoughts of the actors in the story. The author, we are convinced, must have seen much of life, and both have noted the actions of those around him with an observant eye, and traced them to their causes with a curious spirit. The general tone of his mind we should conceive to incline towards liveliness and comedy; the ordinary course of the narrative being gay and *tranchant*—even to the occasional sin of a *pun*; but this, besides being agreeable in itself, serves to throw into stronger relief the scenes both of sadness and of fiery passion, which form the more important parts of the book.

The scene is laid, for the most part, in fashionable life in England; and the manner in which the author renders this available to his purpose is, indeed, a great relief, after the vulgar and ignorant caricatures which have been foisted upon the world as portraits of that society. In the work before us, these things are made, as all such things should be, only accessory. They tend to set forth the characters of the persons of the story—to "give a local habitation and a name" to the scene of what is passing. And, certainly, the verisimilitude adds greatly to the illusion; and makes us feel as if we were reading memoirs, rather than a novel.

The first volume is devoted to the details of the heroine's education; and if, afterwards, when we reach the busier and more passionate portions of the book, we regret that so much space has been dedicated to what may in some degree be considered preliminary matter—certainly, while we are actually reading it, we have no anticipation of

* Three vols., post 8vo. London: Colburn; 1828.

such a feeling at all. The heroine, whose character is most delightfully drawn, and most admirably *sustained* (a very rare merit), and her sister, are finely contrasted—the one is all *form*, the other all *feeling*. This contrast the author would seem originally to have intended to carry through the book; but, when he once gets fairly into the stream of his main story, it is forgotten; and we see very little more of it, after the Roué himself appears upon the scene. The whole of the account of the education, however, is given in so admirable and so detailed a manner, that we should have scarcely conceived it could be the production of a male pen, had not the body of the book borne the impress of the stronger sex in every line. The episode of the governess is inimitable; not, indeed, as a sample of the genus, but as a portraiture of *some* individuals who come within the class. We are tempted to give a few features from this sketch:—

‘Miss Wheeler was, in reality, about seven-and-twenty; but by the style of her dress, aided by certain little operations of art on the cheeks and eyebrows, and a very judicious disposition of the hair, she did not appear more than one or two-and-twenty, to which she owned. Without being regularly beautiful, she had points about her features and figure which rendered her a very attractive person. Large dark eyes, of whose power she was perfectly aware, and whose natural fierceness she had schooled into languishing glances; jet black hair, hanging in glossy ringlets over her forehead, so as to hide the height of her too prominent cheek-bones; a mouth, the corners of which Lavater would have said bespoke ill temper, but that the lips were extended into a perpetual smile, to show a fine set of teeth; were the principal characteristics of her face; while her figure to all appearance was perfect symmetry, though rather upon a large scale.

‘The art of dressing to advantage she had studied critically; and appeared to know the defects of her own person, only that she might be able to conceal them the more effectually. She knew the precise effects of every kind of costume, and she had studied them all with a critical nicety—from the voluptuous undress wrapper in the morning, which displays by concealing beauties, to the splendid costume of the evening, when female charms are allowed to appear in their full dress.

‘The expression of attitude had been another of her favourite and successful studies: no one knew better than herself how to sweep a well-turned arm and white hand over the strings of a harp—how to throw up her eyes from the piano to the ceiling with an air of enthusiasm—how to dispose her limbs more attractively on the elegant luxuriance of a sofa, or with more playfulness on the more lowly ottoman.

‘All women, if they consider their beauty at all, consider it with regard to the admiration it excites in the other sex, and the envy it creates in their own; but few knew so well as Miss Wheeler the ideas of men upon this interesting subject; and by this means there was not a point of her beauty or conduct that did not speak to the senses of those whose admiration she wished to attract.

‘Yet all this intimate knowledge of effect she could conceal under the semblance of elegant simplicity and fashionable carelessness: though in the midst of it, a nice observer might perceive the lynx eye with which she watched the success of her manœuvres.’—Vol. I., pp. 196—198.

This portrait, we think, is admirable, and we regret we have not space to give the little drama, of which this lady is the heroine; but we must hasten on to *The Roué*. Great pains have evidently been bestowed upon the delineation of this character, but they have been bestowed successfully. Sir Robert Leslie, the roué, is a highly-finished

representation of a man of rank, fortune, talents, and personal beauty, who devotes all these advantages to the systematic pursuit of pleasure, or (for in his vocabulary they are convertible terms) of women. All his other indulgences are estimated only as they conduce to the success of his one great pursuit;—military distinction, which he has earned amply,—fashionable weight in the world of London—large fortune—vivid and varied talents—and extensive, though probably superficial, acquirements,—all are valued by him only as *means*, his end is one and indivisible. A fantastic caricature of such a character as this it is, perhaps, not difficult to draw. A *hachis* from Sir Harry Wildair, and Lovelace, and Valmont, tricked out in the fashion of the day, is easily made up, and may pass muster with the crowd, till some Ithuriel critic touches the image with his pen, and (to change the metaphor) giving a plume alternately to each of the original owners, leaves the poor jackdaw bare. But Leslie is a very different composition from such things as these; he may belong to the same genus as two, at least, of the masterly portraitures we have instanced above; but he bears the stamp of individuality on his brow—he is of a class apart, and stands alone.

We are let more intimately into the knowledge of the minutiae of the character of Leslie, by a considerable portion of the story being thrown into the form of letters to a *frère d'armes* (in every sense of the term,)—to a Pythias-friend. It has been well said, that where the object is to throw the interest upon personal feelings and character, it is the preferable course for the novelist to make that person speak for himself: accordingly, we have here Leslie's representations of occurrences, with his comments upon them, the *facts* of which are given in the narrative parts of the book, thus combining the two advantages of making the story clear, and minutely developing character at the same time. Of the story it is not our purpose to give any detail: the skeletons which reviewers make of the plots of books are anything but *anatomies vivantes*—all that they effect is to spoil the pleasure of the reader, when he turns to the work itself. The Roué is essentially a novel of *character*, and we shall endeavour to give some extracts which will prove that we have not been guilty of exaggeration in what we have said of the masterly manner in which the more prominent ones are drawn. The following, which depicts the months *succeeding* the heroine's honey-moon is admirably, and therefore sadly, true to nature.

‘ In the mean time, Trevor and Agnes had almost realised their sanguine anticipations during the first month of their marriage. The morning ramble—the social evening—produced the pleasures they had expected from them, and Agnes was still in the plenitude of their enjoyment, wishing for no change, her heart full of happiness; blessed, and trying to bless; but Trevor soon—very soon—began to feel the want of that excitement upon which alone he existed. The calm and quiet enjoyment of his wife's society, which immediately succeeded the first rapturous possession of her beauty, was not at all calculated to keep alive the mind, and the affections, and the passions of such a man as Trevor. He missed the necessity for plotting and planning, which had kept him so continually occupied during his probation as a lover; a perpetual round of the quiet enjoyments, the placid pleasures with a wife, which characterised his present existence, proved to him but a poor compensation for days of restless impatience, succeeded by one hour of rapturous intercourse enjoyed by stealth with his

mistress. He began also to be astonished at discovering how much the idea of opposing and tormenting Lady Pomeroy had added to the pleasure he had felt in his interviews with Agnes.

With such feelings as these, the endless succession of morning rambles, noontide rides, and *tête-à-tête* evenings, soon became insipid. Agnes was still as beautiful, her society as delightful, her wit as buoyant, her conversation as brilliant, and her music as sweet as ever; but they were his. He had a right to their possession; he enjoyed them without exertion, and they lost half their value in his opinion.

Ashamed, however, to appear thus vacillating in the eyes of a woman he admired and respected as he did Agnes, he still kept on in their usual routine, though it was with much the same difficulty as a man feels to keep his eyes open when he is almost irresistibly overpowered with the inclination to sleep. It was in vain, however, that he determined to enjoy himself as usual; the incipient yawn would intrude itself in the midst of his quiet pleasures; the hunting notices were eagerly looked after; the necessity for intercourse with the surrounding gentry was gradually discovered, and the morning ramble was frequently exchanged for a gallop after the fox-hounds, and the quiet evening sometimes broken in upon by the hunting companions Trevor brought home to dinner, or by the necessity for their attendance at some party in the neighbourhood.—Vol. II., p. 50—53

He began to fancy that the air grew cold and bleak; voted his country neighbours a bore; talked of the opera and his clubs, and wondered what all the world were doing in town. He gave two or three hints about business and his banker; inquired frequently if Agnes did not long to see her sister and Lady Pomeroy; wondered whether they did not wish for their presence in town; and in short, to use a vulgar phrase, "beat about the bush" till Agnes too plainly perceived his drift. He was ashamed so soon openly to confess that all his enthusiasm for solitude and the country had so hastily vanished. His encomiums upon green trees, autumnal tints, delicious rambles, and domestic *tête-à-têtes*, were too recent for him to disavow them. He thought this would be too fickle even for him. But Agnes, with the keen eye of love, read it in his listless glance; understood it in his faint praise of that which, a little month since, had called forth enthusiastic admiration; and felt it in the absence of all that pleasure which used to be so apparent during the first weeks of their union.

She sighed to think it was so; but her affection found a thousand excuses for her husband in the activity and excitement of his former life. She gave up her expectations of enjoying life with him alone, and of keeping all his society to herself, and even began to think she had been unjust and selfish in ever having entertained them.

In her inclination for the continuance of the life they had been leading, she forgot that it was his own protestations that had led her to imagine that it was to continue; or if she did now and then sigh over the recollection that he had made them, and breathe a wish that he had acted up to them, she repressed her sighs and her wishes within her own breast, and determined to do every thing that could contribute to her husband's pleasure.

Influenced by this determination, she entered the library with the intention of proposing a journey to town, and was thinking how she should prevent the suspicion of the real cause of her proposal, when he met her at the door, with an open letter in his hand.—

"Oh, my sweet Agnes," exclaimed he, "the most unlucky *contretemps* in the world. These men of business, they never will let one enjoy a peaceful hour in the country; they have no ideas of the pleasures of solitude. Would you believe it, my love? this letter is a mandate from my lawyer. It says, that the title to the Dorsetshire estate requires immediate and personal attention, and it is of so much importance, that I fear—" Agnes

smiled—"yes, indeed, love, I fear that I must tear myself away from these peaceful scenes—" Agnes smiled again—"where we have enjoyed so much happiness—"

"And of which you were beginning to be so much tired," interrupted Agnes. "Nay, nay, my Trevor, don't deny it," said she, putting her hand playfully on his lips, "it is but natural that a mind like yours should again wish for its usual activity; again wish for the pursuits which habit has rendered second nature."

Trevor protested her society was all that he wished on earth; that her conversation was sufficient, her music the only sweet sounds he wished to hear. But Agnes again stopped him by exclaiming, "Oh, yes! all this is prettily spoken; but confess now, Charles, don't you think you will enjoy my society better, and appreciate my music more justly, had you the opportunity of comparing it with that of others?"

She looked archly as she spoke, and Trevor's consciousness suffused his brow and cheek with that slight glow of confusion, which, in a woman, would have been dignified with the title of a blush.

A good-natured shake of the head, an affectionate kiss, and a playful exclamation of "naughty boy," set the whole matter to rights with him; and from this moment every preparation was made to quit that place, in which a few short weeks since he had almost sworn he could pass his life; that place, within whose limits he had protested were contained all that he wished on this side of the grave; all that he had sworn was fame, fortune, and happiness to him.—Vol. II., p. 56—60.

This conduct works its natural and inevitable result: after the most bitter pangs, arising from love requited only by neglect, the love itself at last becomes extinct: and *then*, at that critical moment, when a loving heart has, from ill-requital, ceased to love, Leslie appears upon the scene—a man skilled to perfection in the knowledge of woman, and in the arts by which she is to be won. The progress of his passion for Agnes—for this time he really loves—and the manner in which his feelings act upon her's, are wrought out with the hand of a master. Such knowledge must have been bought by experience. But let Leslie speak for himself:—

'So much for them; and now, Fred, for the pith of my intelligence, the marrow of my letter. Put all that has gone before aside, as we do the rubbish that has accumulated in Rome, before we come to the tessellated pavement—the veritable soil of the mother and empress of the world. Dost remember Trevor? There's a bathos! it puts you in mind, no doubt, of Juliet's nurse.—

Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—Where's your mother?

and you say, What the devil has the empress of the world to do with our quondam acquaintance Trevor? Why, neither more nor less, Villars, than that this vacillating fellow, who always rowed in our wake at college, and followed our example at an humble distance on the Continent, has married a woman that deserves to be empress of the world, if everybody had their deserts.

'But nobody has, else we should not be where we are; for we are certainly deserving of a throne or the gallows, though for the life of me I cannot tell which; and at present we have attained to neither of them.

'But to this—yes, I will call her woman—but such a one, Villars!—one of my *peculiars*! How shall I paint her to your imagination, Fred? For it is too gross of itself to conceive such a creature without the aid of my pen; yet by my soul

It strains me past the compass of my wits
to describe her with any degree of justice.

' Indeed, what artist would be equal to the task, even with the aid of all the colours which nature has so kindly furnished for the imitation ?

' The hand of Raphael could not have depicted her dignity ; Corregio's mingling colours could not have pourtrayed her softness ; the glowing pencil of Titian would have failed in her complexion ; and Michael Angelo himself could not have done justice to her form.

' As to her eyes, her complexion, her hair, I cannot attempt to describe them ; her first impression, and I am yet speaking from first impressions, is like that which we both felt on our first contemplation of the *Via Sacra* and *San Pietro*,—so overwhelming that the mind has no leisure for details.

' It is precisely that kind of beauty which defies analysis ; a beauty arising from a complete whole ; a beauty which, as Hogarth says, ' is seen and confessed by all ; yet, from the many fruitless attempts to account for the cause of its being so, inquiries on this head have almost been given up, and the subject generally thought to be a matter of too high and too delicate a nature to admit of any true or intelligible discussion.'

' Imagine, if thou canst, Milton's Eve mingled with Byron's *Gulnare* ; Desdemona's delicacy with Juliet's voluptuousness ; in short, imagine something that thou hast never seen, and thou may'st perhaps hit upon something like Agnes—Trevor—for Trevor is her name by law ; that d—d law which confines a woman to one man, and gives him the power of monopoly over a magazine of charms that might have furnished beauties for a hundred of her silly sex. Then she is as unlike the rest of them in manners and mind as she is in person ; she acts from feeling instead of form ; sets ceremony at defiance ; thinks for herself ; patronises talent wherever she can find it ; takes up the cudgels in defence of the oppressed and injured ; detests affectation ; and in the midst of fashion, is the creature that nature intended her to be, and that poets have made her.

' She has imagined a world of her own, and peopled it according to her imagination,—and strong in the native elegance of her own mind and person, astonishes the little minds of those who tread in the steps, or follow in the train of their predecessors.

' She owes every thing to the creative energy of her own mind. She acts, and thinks, and speaks for herself,—she is original,—and all the masters in the world, with their arts of mannerism, and dancing, and music, would have only spoiled her, as the wretched plasterer Maderno destroyed, with his frippery, the magnificent design of Michael Angelo.

' Now is it not a shame that such a creature should be thrown away upon such a fellow as Trevor ?

' And how did he get her ? say you. Why, they danced together at one of the prince's juvenile balls when children,—they met together again at the Dashington university quadrilles, which you and I, like fools, used to despise, knowing that the head of the college was only preparing pupils to turn them over to our hands in a greater stage of maturity. He handed her into the carriage at her presentation,—he danced through the first season with her,—was opposed by her relatives, and carried her off. This is all I can find he ever did to obtain her.

' The fact was, the lucky rascal was the first who whispered the word love in her ear,—her heart and soul had already been attuned to the sound by her own nature and the nature of her studies. Trevor was thrown in her path at a critical moment : to do him justice, the fellow has enough ardour while a pursuit is new,—the injustice done him by her relations roused the demon of opposition-generosity in her mind,—her imagination filled up the outline of a hero, which Trevor had given her, with qualities of her own creating, and she became his. Will he keep her ? what think you ?

' I say, Fred, I was just thinking what a glorious mistress such a creature would make ! What a companion for the bright moonlight nights of Italy ! What a form to contemplate in the placid bosom of the *Larian lake* ! Then, the sensation she would create in the saloons of Florence ! the comfort at

the little albergos ! Altogether——But I must not think of it, I suppose.”—Vol. II., pp. 151-157.

Such is the opening of that pursuit upon which the fate of this lovely creature was doomed to turn. The whole of its progress is traced with equal minuteness and felicity ; and we are withheld from giving one or two of its most highly-wrought scenes, solely lest we should mar the interest of the reader in a story most originally and happily constructed. We shall leave this untouched, and proceed to the “ last scene of all.” Leslie is on his death-bed ! and brought thither by the hand of his dearest friend, for his having not considered even his wife sacred. Mutual forgiveness, however, had been exchanged—for the lady herself was guiltless—and the fevered thoughts which crowded his mind “ he attempted to allay by his old habit of writing to Villars.” The letter is given as written at broken intervals ; but even of these fragments we can find room only for a few :—

‘ I have been used to will, and to do, all my life ; and never recollect saying I WILL, that I did not. Is then the power of volition to fail me only now, when I say I will live ? No—no, life is strong within me. These physicians judge by their own emaciated fragile bodies : they have no idea how much such a firm-knit, athletic frame as mine can suffer ; and yet the devils tell me I shall die : and as they pronounced the fiat, a legion of other devils seemed to enter, and run riot in my mind ; and appeared to dance about me, laughing and chattering, with a kind of hellish joy, as though it were to welcome me. Where—where—*where*, to welcome me ?”—Vol. III., pp. 399, 400.

‘ These physicians are fools—drivellers : they say I must sleep ; and one of their cursed potions has procured me an hour of hellish refreshment. But I am awake—yes, awake once more ; and it was but a dream—a thing to laugh at—a thing that we have laughed at together. I am awake ; and in opening my eyes to all the realities about me, though those realities are grave doctors, pale faces, hopeless countenances, they are heaven to the hell I have just quitted in awaking. Fred, I dreamed I was in a beautiful garden. Everywhere flowers bloomed around me, and beneath my feet, fresh and fair to look at, blooming as though Nature had just painted them, and sent them forth spangled with dew to scent the morning air ; and I felt, Fred, young again ; felt as you and I used to feel when we were boys, and chased the butterflies at Eton. Ha ! that twinge !

‘ Oh, that we had never chased anything but butterflies ! But we have, Fred. Well, I felt an indescribable longing for every flower that I saw, and I stretched forth my hand to pluck them ; and as I plucked them one by one, they withered in my touch : but I still grasped and grasped, on this side and on that ; but every one faded, one after the other ; and the grass and the bright daisies withered under my feet, as I proceeded, till I looked back, and all that was gay before was one blank scorched-up desert—and I felt a sense of desolation. Suddenly, the desolation changed ; and I found myself, how I cannot tell, in that paradise of Mahomet, which, in our hours of folly, we used to think was such a charming thought of the prophetic hypocrite ; and made us cease to wonder at the rapidity with which, in his early career, he made proselytes to his faith. And there were women, beautiful women ! the bane of both of us, Fred, flitting about in all the loose attire of eastern costume, amidst the shady groves and bowers of roses with which the place was filled, and all the passions of my nature—those fiery passions—but you know them—seemed roused ; my loss of blood was not felt in my sleep ; and I pursued, and caught in my outstretched arms a lovely form, that resisted me no more when it felt my warm arms entwined around it. It turned, and I beheld Fanny ! lovely as when we first knew her, with her blue eyes and flaxen tresses ; and I had all the feelings of

former times ; and there was everything about her that was lovely in woman—the soft lip, the heaving bosom, the rounded form—and I pressed her to my heart, when suddenly the cheeks assumed a livid hue—the eyes became sunken, yellow, and lustreless—the heaving bosom shrunk into ungainly folds—the firm flesh seemed to soften into disease, and she sunk a corpse out of my arms on to the ground. Still the same burning passions seemed to drive me on, and I caught one lovely form after another, only to *feel* them *die*—do you understand that?—to *feel* them die : aye ! even as Othello seems to do, when hanging over Desdemona he feels pulse by pulse slacken and evaporate, till he appears to have taken leave of the world, and all the life it contains in the words—‘ She is dead.’

‘ And thus one after another failed me. Beauty turned to blackness, life into death, at my touch, as the flowers had done before ; and yet there remained the same fiery determination to pursue—the same burning impetus to urge me onward. At length but one remained ; and she fled from my pursuit—and faster and stronger than all the rest. But I came up with her, and it was—‘ Agnes.’ Let me breathe at the name, or rather let me shudder. It was Agnes, all that I remember her—the loveliest I had seen ! and she smiled upon me, and talked peace and comfort to me, and my heart seemed to forget all that had gone before. And my arms were once more around her, and her head drooped upon my breast, and I pressed her closely, and her kerchief fell in the slight struggle ; and I stooped my lips to press them upon her bosom, when, to my horror, as I breathed upon it, it turned black—black ; and a huge serpent seemed to be coiling round its beauties, and covering them with his venom ; and I looked up, and her face was fleshless—her sockets were eyeless—her teeth were lipless : the arms that were around me were mere bones ; and the fingers that pressed mine were thin strings of sinews, still warm and wet with flesh that had just fallen from them, and upon which myriads of worms preying in a grave which yawned at my feet ; and I heard a laugh, and a voice, and I looked into the grave, and it was Trevor, calling upon me to bring his wife,—and she obeyed the call,—and I could not disentangle myself from her firm grasp, but was forced forward, till we fell—fell—fell, into the loathsome grave together ; and I awoke—awoke, and found this earth a heaven ! Fred, if there be a hell, I have been there,—and these doctors, these dolts, would have me sleep. Oh ! I hope I shall never sleep again. I would rather invent some machine to prop my eyes open, than take their cursed opiates to damn me before my time.—If I am to die, I will die waking.

‘ Fred, I have been trying to summon to my aid all the arguments of those philosophers in whom we used so much to delight, from the ancients down to Voltaire and Rousseau,—and my mind has clung with an indescribable tenacity to all those which were wont to be so convincing to us in the heyday of our enjoyments, and they are all fresh in my memory. I can repeat them every word,—but it is all in vain : all their strength, all their seeming truth, seems to elude my grasp, like the phantoms in my dream. As I catch at them, and attempt to hang my faith upon them, they all dissolve one after another into airy nothingness, and all at the word *death*. This magic word seems to dispel all those dreams of philosophy, upon the truth of which we pinned our faith. *DEATH* ! how I hate the word ; and yet, if I look through my window, I see it written in gigantic characters on the broad blue sky. If I look round my chamber, I see it written like the fate of Belshazzar on the walls, and inscribed in the pale faces of my physicians and servants. If I bury my face in my pillow, I see it there—*death* !—*death* !—*DEATH*—nothing but *DEATH* written everywhere. Who would think that five simple letters could produce a word with so much terror in it ! Oh !—” —Vol. III., pp. 403-408.

Thus the book ends ; and we will not weaken the effect of *such* an ending by any addition of our own. Awful, indeed, is the death-bed of the wicked !

PRESENT STATE OF SWITZERLAND.

WE have a vivid recollection of our youthful delight in reading Coxe's interesting 'Letters on Switzerland.' In after-life, the tours of Bourrit, and of Coxe's French translator, Ramond, together with the warm colouring of some of Rousseau's descriptions, excited in us an ardent curiosity to visit that romantic region. That anxiety has been repeatedly gratified. We have dwelt in Switzerland for months together, both in winter and in summer; and although our enthusiasm has been much tempered, yet we look back upon the country without disappointment. There has undoubtedly been much exaggeration in the ordinary descriptions of Swiss attractions. The natural beauties of the country, seen by travellers during the summer months, have been drawn with the brilliant colours of that season, which fade and pass away with a more protracted residence. With regard to its people, the old Helvetians, the mountaineers of the central cantons have still much of the stern virtues of their ancestors, but little of the social qualities. The educated society of the towns resembles the corresponding ranks in the rest of Europe. The beauty of the Swiss *bergères* has been much exaggerated also; indeed, the sex, generally speaking, is not remarkable for personal charms, beyond a glow of health, the gift of their climate. The same may be said of the Arcadian simplicity of the mountaineers, whose mode of life can only have attractions for a native.

The principal charm of Switzerland consists in its political independence, and the peace, freedom, and personal security which are thence derived. There is also a blunt honesty and manliness of spirit in the people, which spring from the same source. To a traveller coming from France, and consequently weary of the monotonous appearance of vast cheerless fields, shabby country towns, and coarse-looking peasantry, the transition to a country of blue lakes and lofty mountains, with a varied landscape of neat villages, well stocked farms, and inclosed grounds, and, above all, the feeling of emancipation from the rule of douaniers, gendarmes, and passport inspectors, render the first impression on descending the Jura mountains one of unmixed delight. To him also, who has retraced his steps from the syren-regions of the south, after having inhaled the Tyrrhenian breezes, feasted his eyes on the wonders of classic lands, and enjoyed the luxuries and the giddy pleasures and gaieties of Italy, we would appeal, whether, in crossing the Pennine Alps, and finding himself once more in the regions of storms and snows and roaring torrents,—on beholding the dark pine forests that protect the peaceful valley below, and the humble *chalet* which shelters the simple, contented mountaineer—whether he has not felt his best feelings renovated,—whether he has not thought again of *home*, more frequently than he did in the gay regions he left behind,—whether the lines of Goldsmith have not involuntarily occurred to his memory,

—Turn from them, turn we to survey,—

Where rougher climes a nobler race display. . . .

All this we have felt forcibly and repeatedly; and we believe it is
APRIL, 1828. E

this contrast with the countries on either side, which constitutes the principal charm of Switzerland to a stranger. A feeling of dulness, indeed, often succeeds; for Swiss society is not brilliant or lively. Here the passions are calm, and the spirits are sobered down, and an appearance of puritanic rigidity is observable in several parts of the country.

Since the peace, few travellers have written, *ex professo*, on Switzerland. We are unacquainted with any complete tour, except Simond's, and *that* we can hardly call complete. His observations are often common-place, and the almost total want of feeling for the beautiful, which is apparent in the works of this writer, leaves a dryness in his pages which is wearisomely felt by the reader. There are, however, several German or Swiss writers on Switzerland, whose works we would recommend to those who travel for the sake of studying the countries they visit. Wyss' 'Tour in the Oberland and in the valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen,' with the excellent map annexed, is a very useful guide to those interesting and much-frequented districts. Dr. Ebel's 'Traveller in Switzerland,' in French, is a valuable companion through the whole of the country. Of Mr. Kasthofer's learned and sensible work 'On the Smaller Cantons and the Rhetian Alps,' translated lately into French, we cannot speak in too high praise. Mr. Kasthofer's object was chiefly statistical;—he directed his inquiries to the condition of the people, the state of agriculture, and the ameliorations which were obviously wanted, but he did not neglect other topics. He describes manners, he paints nature, he reminds his readers of historical facts; in short, his book is the most philosophical, and, at the same time, the most instructive, that has been written on Switzerland during the present century.

The French have also had a tourist in Switzerland,—Mr. Raoul Rochette, of Paris, a young man of some literary reputation in his own country, and a member of the Institute. He has written three volumes of letters on Switzerland, in which some lively remarks and pretty descriptions are marred by a tone of sentimentality almost laughable, and at times by a spirit of sarcasm quite as irksome. Raoul Rochette published, in 1820, his first volume of letters on Switzerland, addressed to his wife. In it he exhibited a mixture of paradox and flippancy, and much inexperience of men and things. But the last letter on Geneva was written in a spirit and tone altogether inexcusable. He arrived in that city on a Tuesday, delivered a letter of introduction to one of the most distinguished savans, by whom he was politely received, and invited to spend the evening with some of the best society of the place; called on his banker, who referred him to his clerk, as to money matters; sauntered about the *rues basses*, but, on account of the rain, could not see much of the town, and still less of the environs; and next day left the place. And yet, in the course of four-and-twenty hours, including those he slept at his inn, he found materials to indite a very long and very abusive letter against the poor Genevese. He could not bear to see the "rue St. Denis transferred to the foot of the Alps," "nor the sight of rags and tawdriness spread before republican stalls." "Interest," says he, "is the god of the Genevese,—the spirit of Calvin is forlorn and forgotten. Literary studies are despised at Geneva; poetry, if it ever should come there, would expire among arithmetical figures; and the sound of eloquence would

be drowned by that of the ten thousand hammers of watchmakers and mechanics. The posterity of Necker swarms at Geneva; but Jean Jacques, were he to return to life, would not find here a single disciple. The same influence is observable in the arts, they paint only for ready sale, landscapes, horses, caricatures. I do not think there is a single historical painter; but they reckon several manufactures of miniatures, for the Genevans make even their features an object of trade." This tirade is quite in the style of that full-mouthed, but unmeaning oratory which infected French writers towards the end of last century, and out of which they now begin to emerge. The Genevese were indignant at Mr. R.'s attack; and, at last, an experienced hand bestowed on him a deserved castigation, in a reply, addressed "to Mr. R. R. Member of the Institute, Professor of History, and Royal Censor," which letter was published at Geneva and Paris, in 1820. The tone is calm, the reasoning pertinent, and this pamphlet we should recommend as one of the best illustrations of Genevan character, habit, and institutions.

In a second volume of letters published in 1823, containing his observations on Switzerland in two subsequent journeys, Raoul Rochette made to Geneva the following apology: "I find it very difficult to get at a favourable point of view from which I might see Geneva; I have never seen it either sufficiently near or sufficiently far off to view it to advantage. It is not long since, a traveller * who seems to be proof against spleen as well as enthusiasm, after having spoken both evil and good of Geneva, has settled and married there and become naturalized. Another traveller, who had only passed through Geneva on his first visit, and who had scarcely caught a glimpse of the place, published a satirical letter against it. This same traveller, on a second journey, has found here all the doors open; the men have taken pains to afford him every information, this has been their only reproof; and the ladies have smiled on him as their only revenge. Among a people whose detractor he had been, he has met with none but friends." p. 268. Certainly the *amende honorable* could not have been made with a better grace, and with more perfect ease and French nonchalance.

But a more creditable and more important apology, written by Mr. Raoul Rochette, not for the Genevese alone, but for the Swiss in general, is his reply to one of Mr. de Bonald's ultra rhapsodies, which the latter delivered from the tribune of the House of Deputies. This gentleman, while pleading for the independence of the Greeks, took it into his head to attack the legitimacy of the Swiss government. In his mystic, oracular jargon, he said he was willing to acknowledge in the Helvetic states, the right of a civil, but not of a political authority over their respective commonwealths; for the latter jurisdiction belonged to the great powers of Europe, to whose good will and pleasure alone those little states owed their existence, and in whom, therefore, the right of suzeraineté was vested." This monstrous principle is justly scouted by Mr. R., who certainly cannot be accused of too liberal ideas, but who properly reminds his countrymen of the numerous treaties entered into for the last three centuries by the principal powers of Europe with the Helvetic republics, and asks whether a government ceases

* Mr. Simond, the author of 'Travels in Switzerland and Italy,' whom Mr. R. R. seems to have characterised with tolerable correctness.

to be lawful as soon as it becomes weak? "What would become of Europe," exclaims Mr. R., "what would become of legitimacy itself, if we were to assume that strength alone constitutes right?"—*Pref. to vol. II.*

This controversy is not such a work of supererogation as it might be supposed at first sight. There are many seeds of injustice, old and new, scattered over Europe by unprincipled administrations, royal, republican, and imperial, which have clouded the mind of society, and which threaten the existence of every state that cannot raise half a million of soldiers. For instance, another distinguished military member of the House of Deputies, and of the liberal side too, said also, very coolly, that in the event of another war with Austria, the French must take military possession of the Swiss Alps, as of an advanced post in the heart of the enemy's country!

The situation of the Swiss federation since the peace has been peculiarly delicate. The French invasion of 1798 had revealed the secret of its weakness; it had also given a plausible opportunity to the old pretenders, the Austrians, to interfere, under the plea of assistance. Buonaparte's subsequent protectorate had weakened still more the moral strength of Switzerland. Whatever may have been the further views of that chief, it is clearly proved that his organization of Switzerland, like that of Italy and of Germany, was only temporary. He had rudely stripped the Helvetic federation of some of its finest appurtenances; Valteline, Geneva, the Bishopric of Basle, Neuchâtel, and the Valais, had been dismembered. The canton de Vaud was to follow next; the measure was in contemplation just before the Russian war; and it was spoken of in the bureaux at Paris, with the accompanying comment, that a country where people spoke French ought naturally to form part of France! However, the administrators and employes intended for Lausanne and Vevey were disappointed; the reverses of 1813, and the restoration of 1814, placed Switzerland out of the pale of French protection. The allies took it under their care, and it must in justice be said that, at that epoch of sweeping annexations and unblushing bartering of countries, Switzerland was better treated than she had reason to expect. Russia and England were her friends; Alexander was attached to Switzerland through his preceptor La Harpe; and there is no doubt that this circumstance, joined to his ambition of popularity at the time, led him to support her independence, against French and Austrian influence. But when the war broke out in 1815, was the neutrality of Switzerland respected? And what security is there, that, in case of another war between Germany and France, the Swiss territory will not be again violated, unless the Swiss assume a military appearance too formidable to be wantonly encountered by the belligerents?

And here we meet again our Parisian traveller, Mr. Raoul Rochette, who repeatedly, in each of his three volumes, persists in condemning the military exercises and the system of tactics now adopted and taught all over Switzerland,—the school of artillery established at Thun,—the frequent reviews of the militia of each canton,—in short the care that is bestowed to have the whole of the male population trained up and disciplined according to modern institutions. Mr. Rochette thinks all this labour lost; for, according to him, the defence of Switzerland ought still to be "entrusted to its natural ramparts, the Alps, and to

its mountaineers, led by the sound of the horn of Uri, and armed with the bow of Tell." And yet a few pages before he had told his readers that Switzerland was far removed from the days of Morgarten and Sempach; that its relative weakness proceeds from its having remained stationary while all around it has changed, and that the Swiss feel the concussion of every movement which takes place in Europe." p. 404. Then it is not sufficient to trust to the barrier of the Alps, and to assemble the shepherds and hunters at the sound of the bugle of Uri and to draw the bow of Tell! But, says Mr. R., "their poverty and their mountains must be the protectors of their independence." Did they protect them in 1798? and even granting they might now, that mixed security would apply only to the little cantons, to the Waldstæten; but what is to become of Bern, Geneva, Zurich, Basle, and St. Gall? They are neither poor nor protected by the Alps.

In their foreign as well as in their domestic relations between canton and canton, the utmost delicacy and prudence are essential to the independence of the Swiss. They must avoid giving offence to other powers, whilst they ought to endeavour to strengthen the ties of sympathy between the various members of the Confederation, old and new. It is this consideration that has led the Genevan legislature, during their last year's session, to pass a law restrictive of the press, in matters of external politics, and especially in what concerns the *Helvetic Allies of Geneva*. Imperious motives have excused this measure. At the epoch of the restoration, the old cantons were not very anxious to have Geneva for one of their body, the Genevese having, amongst the more sober German Swiss, the reputation of being a restless, meddling people. Some of the cantons are aristocratic, many are catholic; the Genevese are mostly protestants and liberals. The caustic spirit of the latter has prompted them, at times, to ridicule their allies, who, however, in case of need, are their only protection. These considerations led the executive to propose the measure above alluded to. A committee was appointed to examine the project of a law on the press, the members of which were almost all of the liberal party. The project was adopted, however, with some modifications; the law was enacted, and the liberal legislators were stigmatised by the ultra liberals as *Jesuits*!

Several of the Swiss cantons are aristocratic; Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald are the most purely democratic ones. The people of the latter are as free as men can be who live in society; yet with such an entire liberty there is amongst these people an invincible repugnance to innovation. They have even abolished the liberty of the press, because they thought it useless in a country where every one knows his rights, and where, we may presume, very few people think of writing. They have no written constitution, but customs transmitted to them through five centuries. There is no distinction of dress, and no separate classes in society; while the greatest fortunes amount to only about two thousand pounds. The *Landsgemeinde*, or general assembly, consists of all the male population above sixteen years of age; it appoints the magistrates, the chief of whom is the *Landamman*. These assemblies used, in former times, to be stormy, but now every business is conducted with the greatest calmness, and there is, at the same time, an indolence and want of emulation, which tend to

relax the severity of republicanism. The more active and wealthier families contrive to monopolize the offices of the state, and many citizens neglect to attend the *Landsgemeinde*. The people of these cantons are strictly catholic, and yet they of old enacted restrictions, by which they drew the limits between the clerical and the secular jurisdictions, and repressed the exactions of the former; this was at a time when crowned heads bent in the dust before the papal tiara. It seems, therefore, that liberty is not incompatible with the catholic religion. We will quote a passage of Raoul Rochette, whose account of the little cantons is more pertinent than other parts of his work.

"The town of Schwytz, with its ample, commodious, and clean buildings, where peasants are lodged like noblemen, and where every man is a citizen, presents a singular mixture of rustic simplicity and of republican dignity. The principal hotel, kept by an ancient chief magistrate, the landamman Heidegger, is very different from our inns; there is an atmosphere of probity and decency which makes the traveler think himself under his own paternal roof. The churchyard is in the middle of the town; after divine service, the people love to assemble and loiter in this spot, where I have seen them kneel on the tombs of their relatives and utter prayers. Aloys Reding, the last hero of Swiss independence, lies buried here. The appearance of comfort, which is so remarkable in the canton of Schwytz, shows that liberty has not been to these people a stepmother; the old Swiss liberty made her children thriving and happy, whilst the shadow that some of us have taken up in latter days tends only to crowd men in factories, in camps, or in mines."

Mr. R. is one of those who like to compare things which are perfectly dissimilar. The institutions, however free, of a great commercial over-peopled empire, cannot make all its inhabitants as comfortable and as contented as the farmers and shepherds of the patriarchal Schwytz.

It is in the little cantons that R. Rochette, bating an occasional turgidity of language, and some fits of sentimentality, raises himself to the level of his subject. A Frenchman, he renders homage to those who bravely, though unsuccessfully, opposed the unprincipled aggression of Frenchmen; he is inclined to do justice to all, whether Catholics or Protestants, aristocrats and democrats; and he has something kind and considerate to say to each, except to the authors and abettors of the invasion of 1798.

The canton of Appenzell is divided into two Rhodes or districts, Protestant and Catholic; the latter is agricultural, the former is a country of manufactures, wealthier and more industrious. The Catholic Appenzellers, however, are the finest race in Switzerland; strong, healthy, and well built, while the women are in every respect worthy of their husbands. Both sexes are fond of showy colours, especially red; they wear red caps, red ribbons, and red waistcoats, which suit their rich complexions. The town of Appenzell is the capital of the Catholic district. Mr. Rochette is by no means a bigot, and he thus speaks of the religious practices of the place:—

"The quantity of images and sacred emblems which decorate the walls, both inside and outside of the houses, and the various convents and nunneries, give to this town the appearance of a monastic community. It wears a claustral aspect, which, in the midst of this

smiling landscape, of this pure and bracing atmosphere, produces a sensation far from pleasant. On entering the inn, I could fancy myself still in the church; and my bed-room, hung up with saints and relics, and furnished with a benitier, resembled much the cell of a monk. I entered one of the chapels, which are scattered all over the country, and which, on holidays, are filled with shepherds, who descend from the mountains, and give to piety their leisure hours. A Capuchin, standing at the foot of the altar, was explaining to them the passion of our Saviour, in a language which I did not understand, except by the signs of emotion, indignation, and even fury which the audience manifested, followed by sobs and cries, and shrieks, which became really appalling. Reflecting I was a stranger, I felt for a moment afraid they might take me for a Jew, and make me suffer for the sins of my supposed forefathers."

There is much feeling of aversion still towards the Jews in German Switzerland, especially at Basle and Schaffhausen, an anomaly in a country where religious tolerance is very generally understood and practised. The shameful outrages committed against the Jews by fanatics, in several towns of Germany, in 1817, must be still present to the recollection of our readers. The rallying cry for these worthless Christians was *hep, hep, hep*, meaning *Hyerosolima est perdit*.

Zurich is the most important city of Eastern or German Switzerland; there is much activity in trade and manufactures, and also in book-selling and the fine arts. The house of Orell and Füssli is known for the beautiful coloured engravings of landscapes and costumes which it executes, besides its excellent maps and prints. They have given to the public a great work, "Dictionary of the Artists," in 4 vols. folio. Mr. Füssli is himself a man of letters, and a contemporary and friend of Muller, Bodmer, and Lavater. Mr. Gessner, the nephew of the celebrated poet, has another bookselling and typographic establishment. He published, some years ago, Wieland's translation, with comments, of Cicero's letters, arranged in chronological order, a work in high repute among German literati. H. Meister is one of the living literary characters of Switzerland; he has written an amusing description of his native country, styled 'A Journey from Zurich to Zurich.' He is said to be the author of many of the letters published under Grimm's name. Professor Orell is also a political and philological writer of considerable reputation. There are several literary and scientific societies and institutions at Zurich,—a lyceum,—a school of medicine, and one of vocal music, the latter under the direction of Nægeli. The public library of Zurich is copious, and rich in MSS., especially relating to the history of Switzerland. All this commercial and intellectual activity exists in a city which does not reckon more than about twelve thousand inhabitants.

We wish we could say as much for the laws and social habits of the people of Zurich, as for their industry and mental acquirements. But legislation and jurisprudence are in a very imperfect state in most parts of Switzerland. Although politically free, the people of these countries are far from enjoying civil liberty. Each canton has its peculiar laws, and the criminal code and practice are mostly in a barbarous state. Interrogatories are carried on in private; the absurd requisite of the confession of the accused is still considered necessary;

and severe treatment in prison, and even some modes of torture are resorted to. The executive often interferes with the judicial power. Some countries, such as Geneva and Vaud, have made, since the restoration, salutary reforms in their laws and judicial system; but most of the German cantons preserve their old customs and practices. It is to be observed that Buonaparte, by his act of Mediation in 1804, did not interfere in the internal administration of the respective cantons; he only looked to secure their political dependence upon himself.

Aarau, the capital of the new canton of Argau, is the most literary place in German Switzerland. Journals and pamphlets, political and literary, are published there. Zschokke, a Saxon by birth, but naturalized in Switzerland, is the principal writer of the day. His works are very numerous; they have been collected and published lately at Aarau, in twenty-eight small volumes. They consist chiefly of tales, biographical sketches of native characters, among which are those of La Harpe, Steiger, and Burkhard, political and historical essays, and several critical and satirical papers. Zschokke writes professedly for the people, and has succeeded in the difficult art of being popular.

Speaking of living writers, we may add a few words upon the other more eminent authors of Switzerland. Bonstetten, a Bernese patrician, has been long settled at Geneva, and writes in French. Bonstetten is past eighty. At fifteen he was introduced among courtiers and literati; he has lived in the north and in the south; he has known two ages, in the social, as well as in the literary world. Having been acquainted with the leading characters of three generations, his recollections must be very valuable. He is said to be writing memoirs of his distinguished contemporaries. His heart is Swiss, his judgment German, and his wit French.

The history of Switzerland, during the middle ages, previous to the assertion of its independence, abounds in incidents of a romantic character. A lady, Madame d'Ordre, has published a series of tales referring to those times, which she has styled '*La Suisse Féodale.*' The well written novels of Madame de Montolieu, though mostly translations from the German, constitute some of the most current publications of Switzerland in the present century. This lady is still living near Lausanne, but we believe has given up writing on account of her advanced age and her infirmities.

If we add to these M. Lullin de Chateaufieux, of Geneva, his countryman, the well known Sismondi, and one or two more perhaps, we have a muster of the living literary characters of Switzerland. In saying this, we do not include the scientific writers and the naturalists, of which that country is justly proud, such as De Candolle, Pictet, and Huber.

Literature, properly speaking, does not enjoy great favour in Switzerland. The Swiss are by no means a romantic, imaginative race; they have had few poets with the exception of Gessner and Haller: although living in the midst of the most wild and sublime scenes of nature, they are a very prosaic matter-of-fact people. Few among the Swiss take even the trouble of visiting the more remarkable sights out of their own canton. We know many people at Geneva and Lausanne who have never visited the valley of Chamouny, although they have travelled in the course of their lives to Italy, France, Germany, and

even England. And yet the Swiss have the reputation of loving their mountains, and of pining and withering when far from them. This, we believe, if ever true in our days, can only be the case with the natives of the Alpine districts ; but even their attachment is of a calm and not an enthusiastic nature, as some have fancied ;—they hardly notice those objects when near, but they miss them after a protracted absence.

The country of the Grisons, the easternmost part of Switzerland, has been, till lately, very little frequented by travellers ; it is, however, one of the most curious Alpine regions,—its mountains, its glaciers, yield in nothing to those of Bern and of the Waldstetten. It is in that country that the Rhine and the Inn have their sources, the second of which rivers may be considered as the parent stream of the mighty Danube. The manners, language, and history of the people are also peculiarly remarkable.

The population of the canton of the Grisons amounts to about eighty thousand. They are sprung from three different races, the Rhetians, who are the most numerous and the most ancient, the Germans, and the Italians, who inhabit the southern vallies. The Rhetians are supposed to be the descendants of the Thisci or Etruscans, who took refuge among these mountains when the Gauls, under Bellovesus, invaded Italy ; they were conquered by the Roman arms, under Drusus and Tiberius, and fell afterwards under the sway of the Ostrogoths and of the Franks, who established the feudal system. We find them in the tenth century under the various jurisdictions of the Bishop of Coire, the Abbots of Disentis and of Pfeffers, and of several petty secular lords, all, however, acknowledging the nominal suzeraineté of the German empire. The wars of the Guelphs and Gibelins, and the disputes between the bishop and the barons, desolated the country, and the oppressions and inhumanity of the latter against their vassals caused several revolts. At last a convention was entered into at the village of Trouns, in 1424, between the vassals and their lords, among whom were the Abbot of Disentis and the Counts of Werdenberg and of Sax, which guaranteed to the people their rights of property, personal security, and equal justice by law. Such was the beginning of the High League, called also the Grey League, from the grey frocks the deputies wore. Trouns was to the Rhetians what Rütli had been a century before to the Swiss. Another league was formed in the lands belonging to the Bishop of Coire, between the commons and several lords, under the sanction of the bishop himself ; this was called the league of the *House of God*. At last, at the death of the powerful Count of Toggenburg, in 1436, who left no children, the valleys of his jurisdiction declared themselves independent, and formed the third league, called the league of the *Ten Jurisdictions*. The three leagues formed, in 1471, a perpetual alliance among themselves, and afterwards another treaty of alliance with the Helvetic cantons. The Grisons afterwards conquered the Valteline, and figured in the Milanese wars.

In the French invasion of 1799, the country of the Grisons was the theatre of war between the French and the Austrians and Russians, who disputed between them the passes of the mountains. The cruelties committed by the first invaders led the inhabitants to revolt, but they were overthrown and slaughtered without mercy. At last, by

the act of Mediation of Buonaparte, the Grisons took rank in the new Helvetic confederacy as a canton, and such they have since remained. Like their neighbours of the Waldstätten, the Grisons have adopted a democratic form of government. At the elections, each of the candidates appears supported by his respective friends, who, by the strength of their muscular arms, strive to place him in the curule chair, raised on a platform in the middle of the hall. Two-thirds of the population of the Grisons are of the reformed religion, and the remainder are Catholics.

The Grisons speak the language called *Romantsch*, which is peculiar to that country, although traces of it are to be found in some of the Swiss dialects, especially in the countries near the lake of Geneva. The *Romantsch*, which is spoken in the Grey League, is a mixture of Latin, Italian, and German, with some terminations, which sound like Languedocian or Limousin. A grammar of it was published at Bregentz in 1805.* About thirty works, chiefly on religious subjects, constitute the literature of the *Romantsch* language. There is one work of general interest on the history of Rhetia, under the following title: *Chronica rhetica, ou l'histoire dal origine, guerras, alleanzas, et auters eveniments da nossa chiara Patria, là Rhetia, our da divers Authurs componeda da Nott da Porta, et per bain public a cusst seis fatta stampar da N. Shucan. In Scuol, anno 1742.* Of this scanty literature, thus confined to a remote corner of the globe, polemic works constitute a considerable proportion; these have attractions for the mountaineers, and employ, even at the present time, the Grison presses, five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The *Ladin* dialect, which is spoken in the valley of Engadine, has a still closer analogy with the Latin and Italian, than the *Romantsch*. It is softer and more agreeable to the ear; and some philologists have pretended that, by means of this ancient dialect, we might trace the true pronunciation of the old Roman language. There are a few books also printed in the *Ladin* language.

The Romance language, spoken formerly in all the south of France, and of which the Languedocian, Catalan, Valentian, and Balearic, and perhaps also the Piedmontese and Savoyard patois, are dialects, was a mixture of Latin and Teutonic, with Celtic terminations and syntax. The use of pure Latin was lost in those countries towards the ninth century, and the Romance superseded it in France and Western Helvetia. Charlemagne ordered the bishops to make use of it in their predication. The oath taken at Strasburgh in 812, by Charles the Bald, is one of the oldest documents in Romance language. It begins with the following form:—*Pro Deo amur et pro Christian poplo, et nostro comun salvament, disi di avant, in quant Deus savir et podir me dunat, si salvarai, io eist meon fradre Karlo, &c.*

The following is another specimen of the actual *Romantsch* of the Grisons:—*Senza dubt ei il Christgiaun la pli nobla et la pli perfetgia denter tuttas creatiras ch'è en vegnidas ord il Tutt-pussent maun de Diu.* It is evident that the *Romantsch* and still more the *Ladin* languages have the closest affinity with the Italian, from which they differ chiefly and almost solely in the termination of the words.

* Mr. J. Planta published, in 1776, in London, an account of this curious language.

The country of the Grisons is now become accessible to carriages on the Italian side, by the two new roads of the Splügen and the Bernardin mountains. Travellers coming from Germany can now proceed from Constance and St. Gall, to Coire, and, after visiting the glaciers of the Rhine, pass into Italy, without being obliged to go round by Western Switzerland to meet the Simplon road. Some of the highest and the wildest summits of the Alps are in the Rhetian chain; the Galanda, the Bernina, the Maloja, the Muschelhorn, the Julier Alps, and the Septimer. Gothic castles, mostly in ruins, are scattered over the valleys of the Grisons and of Engadine. They are memorials of the violence and oppression of the middle ages, when mountain tyrants often perished by the just revenge of the irritated peasantry. Brutality to the female sex was in these sequestered regions, as well as at Rome and in Sicily, the immediate cause of revolt. A tradition says that the Lord of Gardovall, in the valley of Engadina, from his castle, perched on a lofty rock, cast his eyes on a handsome maid of the adjacent village of Camogask. He ordered some of his men to bring him the young woman that same night. Her father, struggling with his feelings, replied, with apparent calmness, that he preferred bringing his child himself, next morning, to the castle. The men went away; and the unhappy father ran to his friends, who, sharing his indignation, swore to put an end to the misery of their country or perish together. In the morning, both father and daughter proceeded to the castle, the latter dressed in bridal vestments. Some of the conspirators followed as a retinue, others concealed themselves near the castle gate. The Chatelain ran to the steps at the entrance, and, lost to all sense of shame, was going to embrace the maid under the eyes of her father, when the latter, drawing a dagger, plunged it into the heart of the tyrant. The castle was immediately forced by the conspirators, the satellites of the Chatelain were slaughtered, and Gardovall was set on fire. The whole of the valley of the Inn rose and became free.

A very useful work for travellers in the country of the Grisons has been published last year at Zurich, by Dr. Ebel, under the title of '*Voyage pittoresque dans les Cantons des Grisons, et à travers les Cols du Splügen, et du Bernardin vers les Lacs Majeur, et de Como*,' one vol. 8vo, with maps and plates. Dr. Ebel gives a geographical and statistical description of the Grisons, with curious information concerning their manners, language, &c. besides a full account of the natural curiosities, and an accurate guide to travellers. He describes, also, the two southern roads which lead into Lombardy, one over the Splügenberg to the lake of Como and Milan, the other over the Bernardin to the lake Maggiore, and to Turin and Genoa. The first has been made by the Austrian government of Lombardy to favour the trade of Milan. The latter has been effected at the united expense of the Grisons and the king of Sardinia, as it opens a direct communication from Genoa and Turin to Eastern Switzerland and Germany. Mr. Kasthofer, whom we have already mentioned, makes the following remarks upon these two great roads:—"One, the Bernardin, pierces boldly through the rocks, and goes almost direct to its object with a sort of republican boldness; the other seems to parade and manœuvre round the flanks of the mountain in order more easily and securely to reach

its summit,—a not inexact type of the genius of the two governments. A petty spirit of rivalry induced the Austro-Lombard commissioners to oppose, by every means in their power, the completion of the Bernardin road; they intrigued with the Canton of Tessin, through whose territory it passes; they even threatened, but to no effect; the road is now finished."

Mr. Kasthofer examines the often-debated question, whether these roads over the Alps are more useful than they are dangerous to Switzerland? He observes that the Alps and the Jura, impassable as they were to wheels, did not prevent the fatal and repeated invasions of 1798, 99, and 1814, 15; that Switzerland is no longer a mere pastoral country; she cannot remain insulated in the midst of commercial and refined Europe. Deprived as she is of seas and canals, obstructed by mountains and torrents, roads are the only resource left to her trade and industry. As for the pretended contagion of communication to manners and morals, it is now an exploded objection; give the people an object in view for bettering their existence, a new interest in life, and these will counteract the influence of idle vices that strangers may introduce into the country." Thus argues Mr. Kasthofer, a patrician of Bern, and we are pleased to find such liberal sentiments coming from that quarter. His arguments are worthy all the sentimental effusions of Mr. Raoul Rochette, who, like some other visionary men, would make the Swiss retrograde to the times of Tell and Winkelried, and resort to the bow and the sling, against the cannon of modern warfare.

On the Bernardin road, near the frontiers of the Grisons, an inscription gives the following admonition to the Rhetians:—

JAM VIA PATET
HOSTIBUS ET AMICIS
CAVETE RHÆTI!
SIMPLICITAS MORUM
ET UNIO
SERVABUNT AVITAM
LIBERTATEM.

The lovely valleys of Chiavenna and Valteline, on the Italian side of the Alps, had been given up by the Sforza, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by the Grisons to that family. The Valteline was since that epoch subject to the Grisons, who sent their commissioners under the name of *podestà*. These offices were publicly sold, and the officers so appointed remunerated themselves by bartering justice in their government. The disgrace of this system was felt by the Grisons themselves, who, in 1791, proposed that the people of Valteline should pay a land-tax of 4 per cent. which would have produced about 53,000 florins to defray the expenses of a regular administration; but the municipal council of Valteline remonstrated upon this as an attempt against their rights as guaranteed by the three leagues. In 1797, however, Buonaparte, after having conquered Milan, listening to the representations of some emigrants, united by a mere stroke of the pen the countries of Valteline, Chiavenna, and Bormio, to the Cisalpine republic. The landed property of one hundred and thirty Grison families was confiscated at the same time. Since the restoration, those fine valleys

have remained united to Lombardy, under the present Austrian government. They, too late, regret their former Grison government, under which they paid hardly any taxes, whilst now they pay nearly half a million of livres land tax, and a nearly equal sum as register, custom-house, salt, and tobacco duties. If the administration of justice has been improved in these countries, they certainly have paid dear for it.

The inhabitants of the bailliages of Lugano, Locarno, and Bellinzona, which are also on the Italian side of the Alps, and were subject to the Swiss cantons, were likewise invited by the Cisalpines to revolt, but, rejecting the insinuation, they remained true to Switzerland, and, in 1799, became, by mutual consent, an independent canton, and have since formed part of the Swiss federation, under the name of Tessin, from the river of that name. This is the only part of Switzerland which can be properly called Italian.

But we must now recross the Alps into *real* Switzerland. German Switzerland alone can be so denominated. The French or Welsh cantons form but a small part of the Swiss territory; and their manners, habits, and sentiments are very different from those of the old cantons, which are all *tudesques*. Geneva and Neuchatel are the most Frenchified parts of Switzerland; Vaud somewhat less; Basle, Fribourg, and Soleure are more than half German; Bern almost totally so. Bern is a very remarkable country; its patricians, their cautious and crafty policy, their wise and moderate administration, and the thriving and contented state of the people, remind us of the two great republics of Rome and Venice. Bern is the last remaining specimen of the old patrician governments. The Bernese aristocracy seems to have caught some of the spirit of the Venetian senate, rendered milder and more liberal in crossing the Alps, by the influence of the reformed religion.

The institution, or rather institutions, at Hofwyl, near Bern, under the direction of Mr. de Fellenberg, have long attracted the attention of travellers. Yet few have given a distinct idea of the principles of this establishment. It consists of a high school, or college, in which nearly one hundred boarders belonging to some of the first families of Switzerland, Germany, and Russia, are educated; of a farm for experimental agriculture; and of a charity-house for poor children, who are admitted from five years of age, and instructed in agriculture, and made progressively to cultivate the ground, so as to defray in time the expense of their support. All the implements for the labour of the field, constructed after the most improved methods, are made at Hofwyl. In the approximation of these various institutions for different classes of youths, Mr. Fellenberg has had in view to foster the feeling of sympathy which ought to connect the two extreme links of society. He strives, not to mix the two classes, but to prepare each for its respective condition, and to suggest to each reasons of contentedness and satisfaction, by instructing them in the arts and knowledge requisite to fill their several stations in the world. The education of the poor differs essentially from that of the rich, except in the cultivation of the principles of equal justice, and of sentiments of mutual benevolence. There are about thirty teachers for the college; grammar, humanities, and history, form the ground-work of education. Greek is taught before Latin, and Homer's *Odyssey* is the first classic put into the pupils' hands. The history of the Bible, and Herodotus

among the profane writers, introduce the historical studies. Geography is taught, beginning from the topography of the country adjoining Hofwyl, and enlarging its sphere with the increasing curiosity and capacities of the young men. The physical part of geography is thus made to precede the political, and the latter is studied in connection with history, beginning from classical or ancient geography. The pupils are made to draw the shape of the countries they become acquainted with, as well as several objects of natural history, and this accustoms their hands to obey the eyes, and prepares the way for the study of drawing. Botany is early taught to the boys in their excursions through the neighbouring country, and afterwards in a more advanced age when they are taken to the Alpine valleys and summits. Courses of chemistry and physics are also given. Music, both vocal and instrumental, is not neglected, and is made subservient to moral and religious instruction. Thus, (and this appears to be a characteristic of Mr. Fellenberg's method of education,) the various studies are made to go hand in hand. There are no classes for a gradation of separate lectures, but the pupils are distributed into sections according to their abilities and dispositions, and each section is intrusted to a teacher. If a boy shows an originality of mind that cannot adapt itself to the progress of those around him, he is put under the care of a particular professor, and receives private lessons in that particular branch of learning for which he shows a decided disposition; so that one is not kept behind by the tardiness of the rest. The physical and moral education is particularly attended to by Mr. Fellenberg himself. Gymnastics and pedestrian exercises fortify the body: every pupil has a portion of garden which he cultivates, and the produce of which is employed for the benefit of the poor. The boarders dine always with Mr. Fellenberg and his family; they are thus accustomed to domestic habits and becoming manners, and the elder ones have also the advantage of being introduced into the most respectable societies of Bern. Mr. Fellenberg does not stimulate emulation in learning by the common practice of rewards and punishments; paternal remonstrance is substituted. Every Saturday evening a public recapitulation is made of the conduct of the students by the professor to whom their moral education is particularly intrusted, and they are allowed to speak in their defence, or in extenuation of their faults*.

The great difference between Fellenberg's principle of education and that of the late Pestalozzi, is, that the latter set off from the principle that the mind of the child contains the germ of all his future knowledge, and that it is only required to bring forth its own ideas, rather than encumber it with the ideas of others. Pestalozzi followed, therefore, the mathematical method for every branch of education, to the exclusion of every other: thus the feelings of the child were dried up, and in many cases vitiated. Fellenberg, on the contrary, does not acknowledge any exclusive system: he sees in the child two faculties; one of

* Many of the most important points of Fellenberg's system have been successfully introduced into England by the Messrs. Hill, at their establishments at Hazelwood and Bruce Castle, with modifications and additions, which give to their system of "Public Education" quite an original character. An association of the most distinguished persons has been recently formed in Sweden, for the purpose of introducing the system of Messrs. Hill into that country.

producing and cultivating its own ideas, the other of receiving additional ones from external causes. With him the study of humanities precedes that of mathematics. Yet he agrees with Pestalozzi so far as to direct at first the pupil to study by himself, and therefore to form an original judgment, rather than to overload his mind at once with positive and dogmatic learning.

Switzerland is a country of moral as well as physical contrasts. By the side of Protestant Bern, of the democratic canton de Vaud, of Hofwyl and Pestalozzi's liberal institutions, of those two hives of industry, Geneva and Neuchatel, stands the old canton of Fribourg which has been denominated *the Spain of Switzerland*. Fribourg is a land of convents; its government is strictly aristocratic; the industry and education of the people are at a very low ebb. Those who speculate on the causes of the discrepancies in human society, have laid the blame of this wholly on the Catholic religion. We cannot help thinking this judgment too sweeping. The republics of Florence, Pisa, and Genoa were also Catholic, and yet they were wealthy and independent, and their people industrious and enlightened in the proportion of the age in which they existed. We have no wish to enter this vast field of discussion; but we dislike the illiberal servility with which one traveller follows the other in making Catholicism the scape-goat for every thing that is wrong in Catholic countries. We might allow that the practices of that religion, and the spirit of its hierarchy, must have an influence on the condition of the people, but we cannot assign a single cause in explanation of all the phenomena of society. One thing has been overlooked in speaking of Switzerland, and that is, that the Catholic districts are, generally speaking, the most mountainous, the most central, and the least favoured by nature and climate. One of the causes of the languor of industry at Fribourg has been seen by some in the absence of a *Caisse d'hypothèques*, or security for mortgages, by which means capitalists are deterred from employing their funds in the country. Yet in the Bernese Oberland, mortgages have been the ruin of the peasantry, and that Protestant district is in a worse state than its Catholic neighbours.

The high land of Gruyère, in the canton of Fribourg, is another part of Switzerland little visited by travellers, though well deserving notice; yet it is accessible in a few hours from Lausanne and Vevay. It has been well described in a little book published lately at Paris*.

We seldom hear any thing of the Swiss Federal Diet, or Supreme Congress of the Nation. The fact is, that the sittings of that honourable body are very destitute of interest. There are no speeches or debates, properly so called; at least they are not made public. Before the opening of the session, the president communicates to the sovereign council of each canton the subjects of the ensuing deliberations, and these are discussed in the respective assemblies of the various states, from whom the deputies to the diet receive their instructions, from which they must not swerve. These assemblies, therefore, have only to explain the spirit, and support the propriety, of the opinions of their respective constituents. If some new case arise, they must send for further instructions. The diet does not interfere with the private administration

* "Course dans la Gruyère, ou description des mœurs et des sites de cette intéressante contrée,"—1826.

of each canton, except when it affects the interest of the whole confederation. It fixes the quota of men and money which each state is to furnish; it carries on the diplomatic correspondence of foreign powers; appoints ministers and consuls; and watches over the general safety and welfare of the country. The decisions of the diet are made known through the newspapers. It assembles, by turns, in each of the principal cities of Switzerland.

And now we must bid farewell to the land of old Helvetia, with its blue lakes and snow-capped Alps. We intended to take our readers with us on an excursion to Chamouny; but the mountains of Savoy form a separate region. They belong to an Italian kingdom, and we must defer the account of them to a future period.

SONNETS.

I.

My soul is made for peace. I could spread out
To the deep power of Joy, ev'n as a leaf,
A vine leaf, in the moonlight, or a sprout
Of silent ivy on a temple old—
But that I live beneath the shade of grief,
Under a dark mystery, and behold
In all things an inexplicable dream,
As if there was no truth, but all did seem.
Come to me then, beloved! Let me feel
Thy human, living being near to me,
Another, yet the same. Thy kisses heal
All doubt, and in thy love I know myself to be.

II.

Thou art no more my dream by day and night,
Thou art no longer, Isabel, to me
The dream of all my thoughts; yet still a light
Is lingering in my breast, that comes from thee,
Most gentle and most tender—as the moon,
On the calm evening of a summer day,
While yet the sun remembers his bright noon,
Will often spread a softer light, and lay
Sweet peace upon all hearts, a presence still,
And rather felt than seen. But I am ill
At heart, and not like summer is my mind,
And not like balmy evening, but a blind
Dungeon of night makes my soul dark and drear—
No sight, motion, or sound, but silence and dim fear.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE public performances of this society settle the *fashion* in instrumental music as truly as a synod of milliners in spring decides what bonnets or tippets are the properest to be brought up. We hear at the Argyle Rooms, on alternate Mondays, whether Mayseder, or Spohr, or Beethoven, is lord of the ascendant in violin playing; and the composer who there predominates will be found oftenest on the music-desks of amateurs;—a class of gentlemen-performers who exhibit their bowing and shifting to crowded evening parties,—discuss the faults of Mori, or the excellences of De Beriot, or the promise of Oury,—are authorities in musical table-talk,—without caring for *music*, patronise its professors,—and, from labouring to acquire skill upon an instrument, mistakenly rank themselves as lovers of the art itself. The excessive cultivation of instrumental performance in London has, by a natural consequence, a most injurious effect upon musical taste. Professors find that they gain applause and favour, in proportion as they vanquish mechanical difficulties; that rapidity of finger and neatness of execution are (without being employed in developing the mind of a composer) of themselves all-sufficient; and thus they spend their lives pretty much to the same purpose as the gymnast, who practises leaping over a stick, raising it every now and then an inch, that the difficulty may be commensurate with his improvement. The vanity of the artist increasing with the consciousness of his mechanical power, and his income depending on a certain assumption of superiority in the eyes of the public, he cannot endure to appear in his proper sphere as the servant of the composer, but is to himself “all in all.” He monopolises every plaudit, and therefore selects that sort of music to play in which the execution will appear every thing—the invention nothing. This state of things has been gradually progressive since the time when Giardini came over to astonish the English public, then little acquainted with a more elaborate or finished style of violin playing than Mr. Michael Festing, or Mr. Richard Collett had bequeathed. If, however, there was ever a chance of a revolution in musical affairs, such as would make composers, singers, and players take their proper respective situations, it is at the present time. The Royal Academy sends out so many young professors, that mechanical skill is no rarity; already Braham roars in vain, and Miss Paton has flourished herself out of favour. The Philharmonic Society recurs to the beautiful and natural sinfonias of Haydn. Concerts and oratorios are always crowded, and clapping begins to be less a test of impertinence and bad taste than formerly. All that is now wanted is, that a knowledge of the first principles of the science should be well diffused; and the acquirement of this knowledge is easier than even learning to play a good deal out of tune on the flute, and unquestionably of more value. So should we have fewer critics upon performers, and sounder judgments upon compositions. There is still wanting in music a designation for those concert performers, who, being only conversant with their instrument and their music-book, at present bear the title of musicians—a term which is equally inapplicable to singers and players, unless they are theorists as well. Owing to the opinions and influence of violin-players in the choice of the Philharmonic Society’s new musical pieces, we will venture

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to say that there never yet existed a society so egregiously imposed upon by great names. Beethoven, it seems, *must* be good because he is Beethoven; but we are convinced that his last intolerably long and fantastic sinfonia, had it been the composition of a young English author, would, after a trial, have been rejected with contempt. Puerilities and extravagance have been consecrated by a voyage across the Channel, or such overtures as Spontini's *Olympia*, or Weber's *Preciosa*, would never have figured in the concert-bills. The performances of the Philharmonic Society have been esteemed by clever foreigners a sort of *cold* perfection; they say it has the finest players, with the least love of music, of any band in Europe. This indifference will doubtless make the return of the society to the good old sinfonias (which has taken place during the present season,) less unpleasing to the performers, as it is a favourable reversion for the real amateur. We have already heard, in the first and second concerts, two sinfonias out of the twelve Haydn wrote for Salomon; a sinfonia in C, by Mozart, and one in the same key by Beethoven; a violin quartett and quintett by the same author; a concerto on the piano-forte, by Mr. Cramer,—all excellently performed, and an earnest of good selections in future. The violin amateurs, who, we before remarked, take their cue from professors, as to the fashionable composer of the day, will now re-open their volumes of Haydn's quartetts. When Haydn became, in the *dandyism* of art, too poor and easy a writer for professors, he was instantly despised and rejected of the dilettanti, and was thrown aside for May-seder and Onslow. Even while he was in fashion, his fine compositions were frequently made by amateurs subservient to their love of *fiddling*. A friend of ours, a violoncello player, has related to us that the most unpleasant quartett party at which he was ever present, was one at which three gentlemen led by turns: two of them had often exchanged places, but the third was modest, and held off from the post of leader, and at last complied with the pressing invitations of his companions, to show, as he said, what he *could* do. It would have been better had he said, to show what he could *not* do. The three amateurs had learned to scramble over the notes that Haydn had written, but the meaning of their author, further than an exercise for the bow and finger-board, was unknown and unthought of. It is a great mistake to think that the performing upon an instrument makes a person capable of giving a correct opinion on music,—he must join to it experience, theoretical knowledge, and some insight into a composer's intentions.

ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON LITHOGRAPHIC ALBUM FOR 1828.

THIS is a selection of highly finished Drawings by celebrated artists of the present day, printed by Messrs. Engelmann, who, as lithographic printers, are treading close on the heels, or passing Hulmandell. Some of these drawings possess both taste in arrangement, and beauty in the execution; one is far superior to the rest, namely, "*Le Chapeau Noir*," next to that, we prefer "*The Bedouin Arab*," which possesses clearness and intelligence; the mechanical execution of "*The Drowsy Messenger*," is, perhaps, the best of the collection. The "*View of York*," by Nicholson, is the cleverest among the landscapes; "*Miss F. Ayton*," and the drawing entitled "*A Sketch*," are a pair, that would puzzle a connoisseur to decide in which of the two the artist has exhibited the worst taste.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

NO. I.—INTRODUCTORY.—THE FAMILY HISTORIAN.

OF all kinds and descriptions of society of which I have either tasted or “heard tell,” there is none that, in my esteem, can at all compare with a large party in an English country-house. The party must be well assorted, that of course; there must be a sufficient number of agreeable people, and yet there must be a certain proportion of *passives* also. And this is by far the most difficult part of the selection. It is comparatively easy to judge of the extent and quality of the talents of a clever man, and to know how far he will, or will not, assimilate with such another. But, there must be listeners as well as speakers—receivers as well as givers—and the difficulty is to get good ones. For, mere “dumb dogs” will not do:—they must be people of intelligence and information, and yet—I must recur to my first illustration—they must be passive still.

Well, in this, as well as in every other ingredient necessary to constitute “an agreeable party in a country-house,” a friend of mine, with whom, a short time ago, I was passing a few weeks, had been eminently successful. There were about twenty of us assembled in a large, old-fashioned, yet most comfortable house, about one hundred miles from town (within reach for one’s post to come in at breakfast—the true criterion of distance); in the midst of a park eminently picturesque and beautiful—surrounded, in the outskirts, with pheasant woods, and only ten miles from the kennel of a crack pack of fox-hounds. This sounds well, and it was well: there were, billiards within, and hunting and shooting without, for the sporting men;—there were the most romantic walks and rides for lovers, and lovers of the picturesque;—there were an admirable library, and a very fine and curious collection of pictures, for those whose tastes were more intellectual;—there was dancing for the young, and there was music for the musical—and, there were an undeniable cellar, and a first-rate artist of a cook, for all.

And the party was formed in good proportions: the sporting men were not mere sporting men (*laus Deo!*); and when they chanced to bring home one of that calibre to dinner, he soon found that he was in too great a minority to expect to usurp the conversation, from the time the ladies left the room, with accounts of the famous runs they had had last year, besprinkled with topographical minutiae of Uffenden Wood, and Bowley Green, and Wormington Park Gate, sufficient to furnish an enemy’s quarter-master-general with adequate knowledge of the whole country. Neither were the literary men blue, or the learned men pedantic; but their knowledge and their brilliancy mingled naturally and charmingly with what chanced to be going on, and raised and brightened the character of the whole. This certainly was a black swan of a party—for there was a painter in the house, who was neither a coxcomb nor cantankerous.

Those six weeks were to me peculiarly delightful; and yet the pleasure I experienced was not directly derived from the inducements to it I have detailed above. I made the acquaintance of a ver-

remarkable and delightful person, whose society gave me very great enjoyment. I became known to him also, in the pursuit, or, to speak more strictly, in the riding, of a hobby of the moment—in the subject of which he was most intimately skilled—indeed, to his knowledge of which the reader will owe whatever entertainment the following series of papers may furnish him. The circumstances to which I allude are these :—

My friend's place is a very ancient one : the house itself is of the date of the middle of the 16th century—but his family has been “ seated there” as the phrase goes, since the time of Edward III. There is, indeed, a tradition in the family, of a certain Gascon Knight, a follower of the Black Prince, having founded it, as regards England, by his intermarriage with the daughter of the wealthy English proprietor of Arlescot Hall, as the place was then called, as now—if, as indeed it is evident is the case, the term Hall be not of much more recent introduction. The present house, which was originally built about the reign of Edward VI. or Mary, consists of a vast number and variety of corps-de-logis, thrown together in an irregular and picturesque manner, with their gable ends in front, and with pinnacles and ornaments of that style when Gothic, properly so called, had ceased to be, and yet before the introduction of the Italian mode. In the midland parts of England, in particular,—to which the generic termination of the name of the place plainly proves this to belong,—these houses are frequent ;—and, being built of a fine grey stone, which assorts admirably with the yellow and green moss-stains, (for want of a better term, for it is not quite actual moss), which time incrusts it with, they have a highly venerable and peculiar character.

Such is Arlescot Hall, the seat of Sir Edward Meynell, one of the original baronets of 1611, and lineally descended from Sir Eustache de Mont Ménil, a Gascon Knight, who bore the banner of Chandos, at the battle of Najara—and passed into the immediate service of Edward the Black Prince, after the death of that his most gallant and successful follower. Of these facts no one can be at Arlescot a week without having the most intimate and accurate knowledge. Sir Edward,—an old college friend of mine—is quite a man of this world, and of this day, with the exception of somewhat antiquated notions on the score of family descent. One of the most remarkable ways in which this propensity is manifested at Arlescot, consists in the existence of a long and very striking gallery, carved with dark oak, after the fashion of the 16th century, and in every respect in perfect keeping with the date of the house, but in fact built by Sir Edward himself, for the purpose of receiving, from the various rooms in the house, all the **FAMILY PORTRAITS** to be found within the walls. And, certainly, whether we consider the date of the present building, or the state of the arts in England two hundred years, or so, before—it is not a little remarkable that, at the head of the gallery, there should be placed a splendid whole length of the Sir Eustache aforesaid—in a full suit of knight's armour, and with a most gorgeously emblazoned escutcheon of his arms attached to the top of the frame. That the picture is a very old one there is no doubt ;—it is, therefore, answering no sort of purpose to incur the eternal abhorrence of Sir Edward by hinting any scepticism of its extreme age, and consequently of the identity of the

worthy whom it represents. Every body, therefore, at Arlescot considers this the undoubted effigies of the great ancestor.

This stalwart warrior being at the head of the catalogue, it will create the less surprise that there are very few prominent names throughout the genealogical tree, whose portraits are not included in it. Sir William, the first, who was killed at the Battle of Shrewsbury—and Sir William, the second, who was custos, attendant, spy (call it what you will) of the Duke of Orleans who was taken at Agincourt, during his captivity at Windsor—and Sir Humphrey, the great Yorkist—and Sir Henry, the description of whose dress at the Field of the Cloth of Gold occupies four small-quarto pages of the closest hand-writing I ever read, or did not read—and Lady Mary, who lost the favour of Queen Elizabeth by choosing, being her maid-of-honour, to fall in love with, and to marry the reigning Ménéil of that day—and—— but there is no use stringing names upon names thus: the fact is, that the Meynells seem to have been a family most fond of preserving their own pretty, or ugly, faces—for the collection is most numerous, and very little broken. From Holbein downwards, the genuineness of the portraits cannot be doubted—and, indeed, as far as I know, no one, except a few scape-grace sceptics like myself, ever doubts the authenticity of even the elder pictures.

Altogether, however, the series is, undoubtedly, exceedingly curious and interesting; indeed, were it only as giving a consecutive view of the progress of the art, it would be well worthy of study. But the changes of costume, and of accessories of every kind, are equally displayed; and, as in the line of an old and wealthy English family must necessarily be the case, the points of history upon which this series of portraits touches, give to it additional importance, and derive from it the illustration of individual persons and fortunes. To contrast the style of the great portrait-painters of England—Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Lawrence—by merely walking a few yards, is certainly of extreme interest. But to me, I confess that it is of still stronger, for me to be able to say to myself, as I gaze—thus did men live and look three hundred years ago;—this man played at tennis with Surrey, and this at mall with Buckingham—this lady was the most celebrated beauty in Elizabeth's court, and this churchman the sternest bigot in Mary's.

Feeling and thinking thus—for I am aware that there is quite as much of feeling as of thought in it—I was accustomed, while I was at Arlescot, to pass several hours, almost every day, in the portrait-gallery; now endeavouring to trace in the arch and intelligent smile of 'a man of wit and pleasure about town' of Queen Anne's days, whether he was Whig or Tory—a follower of Pope and Swift, or of Addison and Garth; and to assimilate the dissertations of Will Honeycomb upon dress, and the allusions of Sir Harry Wildair, with the periwig and embroidery of the beau's portrait;—and now gazing on one of Lely's beauties, till I almost pardoned Charles II. for the pension from France, and the Dutch at Chatham, when I considered that his extravagance and his careless and luxurious indolence alike arose from the extent of his fascination by women such as these. [Was I not right in saying, just now, that there was to the full as much feeling as thought in all this?]

But I am mixing my subsequently acquired knowledge with the effect which this collection produced upon me in my original state of ignorance.

I could judge, from my general knowledge of costume, of about the date when the original of each portrait had lived; but of his individual history, or of in what degree or circumstance he might be connected with public events, I, of course, knew nothing. I at first applied to Sir Edward, to his extreme gratification and delight; but, though he knew the name of each, and the broad facts that Sir Humphrey was governor of Calais under Edward IV., and that his eldest son had connected the house with the Plantagenets by marriage,—yet I soon found that my questions got beyond his depth. I believe I was unreasonable in my expectations; but with such a long-continued line of portraits, of a family so ancient and so distinguished, I believe I almost hoped to find a sort of chronicle of the house, running parallel with the general history of the country; and, albeit thereby violating the definition of a parallel, occasionally joining in the line of history itself.

‘Really, you are getting beyond me,’ said Sir Edward to me, one day that I was questioning him about some particulars in the life of his ancestor, Queen Mary’s bishop, ‘but I will find you an annalist, who, I warrant me, will satisfy even *your* curiosity; if he do not go beyond it. I will introduce you to my cousin Arthur, which, seeing the interest you take in this gallery, I should have done long ago, but that he has been up at Oxford, and returned only last night. Get your hat, and we will walk up to the vicarage: Arthur St. John is a man well worth knowing, on many accounts, but with your present mania about the “*faits et gestes*” of the Meynells, he will be invaluable to you. He has, for the last twelve years, been constantly hunting up all the old manuscripts and documents of every kind in the family chest; to say nothing of his searching out and deciphering every monument in the whole country, which has the slightest vestige of the name or arms of Meynell. I don’t know whether he is going to write a “*Memorie of the Meynells*” in general, or a biography of his favourite, Sir Eustache, in particular; but I know he has a portfolio full of notes on these subjects, and from these stores it is that I reckon upon your gaining all the information you need about the persecuting priest you were so curious about just now. He is not, I can tell you, the individual of the race of whom I am the most proud.’

Mr. St. John was the vicar of Arlescot. His father, a poor country clergyman, had married a Meynell, which had disobliged her family, who never would see her afterwards. Her husband, being an ambitious and self-seeking man, was greatly disappointed, and, it is said, treated her with very little kindness. She died early, and thus the connecting link was broken. It was not, therefore, till at a comparatively late period, that Sir Edward Meynell and Arthur St. John met. It was in Switzerland that they chanced to be thrown together; and they speedily conceived a strong liking for each other, which terminated in Sir Edward presenting him to the living of Arlescot, which he had now held about thirteen years.

Arthur St. John, at the time I was presented to him, was about two or three and forty years of age. He was tall, and of a fine person,

but exceedingly thin and pale. His dark hair was profusely mingled with grey; and his eyes, though they seemed at one time to have possessed brilliancy and fire, wore now a mild, deep, and contemplative expression, bespeaking thought and sorrow. Yes, sorrow! At the first glance I was certain that Mr. St. John was one of those persons on whom some one fixed calamity has settled—who bear within their breast one constant subject of wearing pain. How far I was right, the reader will presently see.

Mr. St. John received me with great courtesy, and even kindness, when he heard of my interest in his favourite pursuit; for it seemed that he devoted the whole of the considerable leisure which a small country parish afforded him, to genealogical and historical researches into the history of his mother's family. It was strictly his hobby; and it had arisen from the same circumstance which caused it now, for the moment, to be mine;—the contemplation, namely, of the extraordinary family gallery of which I have just given a description. His collections on the subject were very voluminous and complete; and it is from them that I purpose to lay before the reader the series of *Family Portraits* to which these details are introductory. But the fittest introduction is a portrait of the historian himself. I soon found *him* to be a study far more interesting than his dead ancestors. I cultivated his acquaintance,—I may say, his friendship,—closely. He has himself told me the history of his life; and various of his friends have informed me (for my interest led me to make minute enquiries) of various of its leading circumstances; thus I have become possessed of the best materials of biography—the manner, namely, in which a man views his own actions, and the manner in which they are viewed by others. From these materials I have drawn up the following story, which I have thrown into a form completely narrative, that the painter may be wholly out of view, and leave nothing but the subject painted to receive the reader's attention.

PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

PART I.

'Heus, Rogero! fer cavallos,
Eja! nunc eamus!
Jam repetit domum,
Matris et oscula
Suaviter repetamus!'—*Dulce Domum.*

NONE but an English schoolboy can form an idea of the ecstatic feelings which attend 'breaking-up.' The opinion that our school-days are the happiest of our existence is true in nothing but this. The delight which we experience at going home is, perhaps, almost the keenest that we feel at any period of our lives: and, probably, it is so from the very fact that those days are so little happy at other times. Who is there among us whose heart does not beat at the remembrance of the almost delirious joy in which he used to be plunged during 'the last week?' and, at last, when the very morning itself arrives, and he jumps into the chaise, hired weeks before, to ensure it—oh! it would be almost worth while (and it would be a heavy price) to put oneself to school again for a half-year, in order to taste the enjoyment of that hour!

With what joyful energy used a whole choir of young voices to shout out the beloved chorus of the Home Song, a verse from which I have selected as an epigraph to this chapter, *Domum, domum, dulce, dulce domum!* Yes, sweet and beloved, indeed, is home then! Time has not chilled us, the world has not corrupted us; as the young bird returns to its nest, so do we to our parents' arms and dwelling. And with what undoubting faith did we receive the tradition of how that song was written, and of its author's fate! The story ran, that a boy—a Wykehamist it was said—was, for his idleness and ill-conduct, left at school during the holidays; he pleaded hard to be forgiven, but his friends were inexorable. Accordingly, as soon as the last chaise-full of his companions had driven off, he retired to his solitary chamber, wrote the song, of which the above is part,* and died at the end of a few days, of a broken heart. It may seem childish to record such a legend at this time of day, but the feelings which are allied to it are too vivid not to sway the heart strongly even now.

It is certain, at least, that the two young gentlemen, whose return from school has suggested the foregoing reflections, would have thought them childish enough. They were Eton boys, near the top of the school, between seventeen and eighteen years old, and, of course, far too manly not to hold in scorn all the more juvenile associations from which such thoughts spring. Still, delighted they were. Youth, health, high spirits, ardent anticipations—what needed they more? Joyous, indeed, was their conversation, and short seemed the way, as they rattled along as rapidly as damns, promises, and double-pay could urge the post-boy.

'Get on, my lad, get on, we shall be late,' exclaimed one of the travellers, letting down the front window of the chaise, 'I want you,' he added, turning to his companion, 'to see the view from the top of the hill, and it will be dark if this fellow does not get on faster. See, yonder are the out-lying woods of Mabledon; but it is three quarters of a mile from there to the Park-gate.'

They reached it at last: the porter's wife at the lodge beamed with smiles as she flung the gates wide, and exclaimed, 'God bless you, my lord—you are welcome home,' as the chaise whirled through. 'Now, St. John,' he exclaimed, 'look out on this side; there is the river, and yonder is the obelisk; and you can just catch a glimpse of the clock-house over the stables, in the angle of the valley—the weather-cock is glittering in the sun. This view from the London lodge we reckon our crack prospect, I can tell you.'

And well they might: it was a view such as is to be found only in England; and there only in the seat of an ancient and wealthy family. The scene consisted of two boldly swelling hills, along one of which they were now passing, clothed with the most luxuriant woods, whose tufted tops were glowing under the splendour of a July sun-set. The trees, advancing more on some points than on others upon the brow of the hills, gave beautiful variety to the ground, by thus affording vistas into the thick of the woods, and by the picturesque effect of the dotted clumps and single trees, which formed their termination. Between these hills stretched a broad and beautiful valley, with a fine stream running throughout its whole length. At the farther extremity ap-

* It is in Latin rhyming verse, and consists of several stanzas.

peared a bridge, near the opposite side of which some of the chimneys of the house were visible. 'It is beautiful, indeed,' exclaimed St. John, 'most beautiful—most magnificent!' and he continued to gaze with increasing admiration and delight, as Lord Mabledon pointed out to him feature after feature of the prospect as they advanced.

At length, as the chaise proceeded along the brow of the hill, and, subsequently, began to wind down it, the house appeared in full view. It was of white stone, and of the Ionic order of architecture, simple, grand, and of vast extent, such, evidently, as could be occupied only by a man of princely fortune. St. John gazed in silence: the image of his own humble home rose upon his mind, and the contrast was too forcible to be pleasing.

'See,' Lord Mabledon cried, 'they have perceived our coming, and are on the steps to receive us—but where can my sister be, that she is not there?—she used always to be the first to welcome me. Ah! here she is, I declare,' he exclaimed, as, at a turn in the road, they beheld a female figure, on a white poney, coming at three-parts speed to meet them. She approached;—nothing could have formed a more charming object for a painter than that on which St. John now looked. The poney, milk-white, and with its long, silken mane and tail floating on the wind, was, to ordinary horses, what an Italian greyhound is to the rest of his species. But St. John saw not the horse—the rider rivetted his looks and thoughts. It was a girl about sixteen; tall, and slenderly formed, but already with that beautiful outline of form, which is always accompanied by grace, and which gives the promise of full development at maturity. Her hair, brilliant and profuse, was blown by the wind in dishevelled luxuriance about her cheeks, glowing at once with the effects of exercise and of emotion. Her large full eyes flashed through their long lashes with the animation of joy; and as, stretching out her hands with delight towards her brother, a smile of affection irradiated her whole countenance, St. John thought he had never beheld a being so lovely. She was not encumbered by a habit: she seemed to have started upon horseback to meet her brother: a velvet foraging cap was flung lightly upon her head, giving her streaming hair to view, and her ordinary gown betrayed a foot like Cinderella's in the fairy stirrup.

'Dear, dear George!' she exclaimed, as she rode up to the chaise; 'welcome home a thousand times! how delighted I am! And you're looking so well! We did not expect you for this hour, or I intended to have met you at the gate!' Lord Mabledon greeted his sister with equal fondness; and it was only after a dialogue of some duration that he turned to his friend, saying, 'But I forgot—Arthur, I must present you to my sister. Emily, this is my friend, Mr. St. John; Mr. St. John,' he added, with mock formality, 'this is Lady Emily Lorraine.' Lady Emily smiled, and bowed, and, looking at the disorder of her dress, blushed a little, saying, 'I will canter on and put Titania up; you will find them all in the hall, waiting for you;' and, giving the rein to her little mettlesome steed, off she sprang as rapidly as she had come.

A few minutes more, and they drove up to the great entrance. Lord and Lady Missenden were in the porch, and Mabledon was eagerly embraced by each. Their son was evidently an object of equal pride

and affection. As soon as the first greetings were over, he hastened to present his friend, and as the friend of such a son was he received. Lord Missenden was a man somewhat under fifty; tall, handsome, and of peculiarly gentlemanlike aspect. His countenance was usually thought to wear an expression of coldness, but at this moment it was lighted up by all the warmest and strongest feelings of his nature. His Countess was little turned of forty, with more than the remains of great beauty, and possessing those manners, the perfection of which is perhaps to be found in no other person than an Englishwoman of condition, who is no longer in her youth. Their polish, grace, and fascination may exist at any age; but their full ease can scarcely be possessed until the consciousness which must ever attach to 'a beauty' has in great measure passed away.

In a few moments, Lady Emily again joined them, and they proceeded together to the drawing-room. It was full of company, a large party being then at Mabledon; and to most of them Lord Missenden presented his son and his son's friend. To this last, every thing was new and dazzling. The splendid room, opening *en suite* to the library and music-room, crowded and glittering with all the varied and brilliant luxuries of modern furniture; the exotics which shed their perfume through the windows opening to the ground; the lovely home-view which was seen through them, beautiful as that at the entrance of the park had been noble; the grand scale on which every thing around him seemed modelled; all served to strike St. John at once with admiration and even surprise. *His* home was widely different. A small parsonage, with a parlour on each side of a narrow hall—modestly furnished; such was the dwelling in which he had been born, and in which his holidays had hitherto been spent. His father, who was, as I have said, a clergyman with a moderate living, seeing the promise of strong talents in this his only child, had sent him early to Eton, with a view to the advantages of the 'connections' that might be formed there, and with especial injunctions to the boy to neglect no opportunity of making them. The father had calculated correctly as to his son's talents; his advancement was rapid, and his distinction great; but he had utterly mistaken his fine independent spirit, when he had tried to instil into his young mind the mean maxims of a *tuft-hunter*. Arthur St. John was a noble, open, and generous boy, whose very last idea was the worldly advantage which such or such a *liaison* might prove to him eventually; and holidays after holidays, when his father asked him, in Eton phrase, 'Who is your chief *con* now?'—he had the mortification to hear the plebeian names of Jackson, Thompson, or Jones, in answer. But, at length chance effected what would never have been accomplished by design. The circumstance of two or three boys leaving school at the same time, brought young St. John next to Lord Mabledon, the eldest son of the Earl of Missenden, a nobleman of immense wealth, and great political influence. The two boys became inseparable; in all schemes, whether of study or pleasure, they were united. Lord Mabledon, without having the striking talents of his friend, was sufficiently quick and clever to appreciate, and go along with him; and so total, at the same time, was the absence of all rivalry, that his gratification at the distinctions which St. John's talents gained him, was scarcely inferior to that of Arthur himself. Content,

as the school-phrase goes, 'to do his own,' Lord Mabledon aimed at no more; and, consequently, his anxiety for his friend's success was unmingled with any feeling of personal emulation or jealousy.

The boys rose together; and their friendship continued unbroken. Each constantly spoke of the other at his home; and, at length, the proposal of Lord Mabledon to bring his friend home with him the next summer was readily acceded to by both fathers; by the one merely to gratify his beloved son,—by the other with the view to his son's advancement.

As Arthur stood, nearly unnoticed, in the magnificent drawing-room at Mabledon, gazing upon the brilliant scene which still dazzled his eyes, even when his mind had recovered from that sensation—the contrast of the little parlour at his father's parsonage, with its plain paper, and mohair chairs, and old-fashioned window seats, rose, with a somewhat painful vividness, before his fancy's eye. But his good feelings soon drove this idea from his mind: 'Of all things in the world,' he thought to himself, 'the last allowable to me is to cherish feelings of envy towards Mabledon. Generous, open-hearted, noble fellow that he is, I can feel nothing towards him but friendship and esteem! He is the best friend I ever had in the world; and long, long may we remain so.'

'There are music and cards, Mr. St. John,' said Lady Missenden, coming up to him; 'but I conclude you will be of the party in the music-room. Miss Brabazon is a most celebrated singer; and I will venture to say you never heard a finer finger on the piano.'

'I dare say not,' thought St. John, as he followed his noble hostess to the music-room.

There sat, at the instrument, a tall, bold-looking girl of four or five-and twenty, who, after vast tumbling over of music-books, and shifting of the lights, and divers other of the *minauderies* usually let off by distinguished lady-performers, at last fixed on a bravura from an opera then in vogue, and began to play the symphony in certainly a very masterly way. She then sang—correctly, brilliantly, powerfully—but the performance gave St. John no pleasure—it was all head-work, the feelings had no share in it.

'How divinely Miss Brabazon sings!' exclaimed aloud, at the end of the piece, a powdered, formal, old man, rising from a sofa on which he had been asleep during its course; 'don't you think so, Sir?' But without waiting for St. John's answer, he continued, 'She was under Tramezzani for two years, and he said he never had a pupil of such excellence. Lord Mabledon,' he added, bustling up to him, 'do persuade Lady Emily to sing one of her charming little French songs; pray do, Lady Emily, let me entreat you:' and, when he had fairly seated her at the piano, he went back to his sofa and his sleep.

Lady Emily sat down smiling and blushing, as young ladies still can do *before* they are out—and pulling off her gloves (*manches à gigot* were not then in fashion) displayed an arm which St. John thought the whitest and most finely turned he had ever beheld; and though his experience was only that of a stripling under eighteen, he was not far wrong in his judgment. Lady Emily burst at once into her song, which was one of those of delicate archness and *malice*, which no language but French can express, and to which the music (it is the point beyond which

French music should never attempt to go) is at once so beautiful and appropriate. St. John almost started as she began: her voice was a round, rich, *contr'alto*—and, though he did not know it by its technical name, yet he felt that it was not the voice he had expected from one so young and apparently so delicate. But his delight equalled his surprise: she seemed to revel in the gay, yet wild, notes with which the burthen was brought round again at the conclusion of every verse—and, each time there was some new out-break of beauty, some new combination of sweet sounds.

Oh! how delightful is it to gaze on an object such as this!—a young creature, beautiful as the day, beaming with youth and gushing spirits, and the consciousness of exciting and deserving admiration—her eye flashing—her voice quivering—as a smile, bright as the first rush of sun-light over the sea, seems almost struggling with the music for possession of the exquisite lips! Oh! at such a moment we forget that so bright a being can be born for aught save happiness, and love, and joy—still more, that the very excess of her fascination is but too probably in exact proportion with her future sorrows!

St. John thought not thus. He gazed, he listened—both yielded him delight unspeakable—but he was contented to feel it, he did not analyze it. At his age, indeed, we *enjoy* happiness; we do not pause to dissect and demonstrate it. When we do that, our hearts are already beyond the power of experiencing its full and unsophisticated joys. In the prodigality arising from plenty, in youth, we fill the cup of ecstasy to the brim, and empty it at a breath. Afterwards, it is scantily filled, and we pause to *savourer* every drop.

‘Again!—again!—pray, again!’ exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at once. ‘Encore!—I beseech you, Lady Emily, encore!’ said Mr. Evans, the powdered, formal gentleman, awaking from his sleep. St. John did not speak; but he fixed a look of mingled admiration and entreaty, which nothing but a warm and passionate heart could give to the face—and beneath which Lady Emily’s eyes quailed, as she blushed deeply—and, after a pause to collect herself, began her song again.

It was long before Arthur St. John could close his eyes in sleep that night. The emotions of the day, so many and so various, had excited him far beyond the pitch to which rest will come. Above all, the strongest passion of human nature had that day dawned in one of the most passionate hearts which the hand of that nature had ever formed. Arthur St. John, for the first time, had felt *love*.

PART II.

‘Thus lived our youth, with conversation, books,
And Lady Emma’s soul-subduing looks;
Lost in delight.’—CRABBE.

LADY EMILY had had great curiosity to see Arthur St. John. Her brother had been in the habit of speaking of him constantly as his dearest friend; and she knew from the same source that his reputation for talents was pre-eminent among those whose occupation it was to judge of talents. The arrival of a person, whose coming had been prefaced by circumstances such as these, could not be an indifferent event to a young lady of sixteen, whose feelings and ideas had not as yet been fashion-bitten and made worldly by joining in that most heart-

less, selfish, cold, mercenary, intercourse, called, emphatically, Society. If her passions were not as yet deep and powerful, her feelings, at least, were quick and sensitive. The romance natural to her age lay piled within her heart, ready to take fire at the first touch.

But St. John felt far more strongly still, and saw and guessed nothing of all this. Fielding has somewhere said, in substance, that it is seldom that a very young, and consequently inexperienced, man expects to meet with villainy in the world; for how should he know of it, unless he be a villain himself, and thus be prompted by suggestions from within? And how, therefore, should St. John be able to guess the paler affection which existed in Lady Emily, while he burned with a passion, fated to give its colour to his whole life?

If a party in a country-house be deserving of the praises I have showered upon it in the opening of this paper, it is certain that it possesses at least one advantage in an incomparable degree—viz., the ease and rapidity with which we become acquainted with those with whom we sympathise. In London, three years will not make two persons of opposite sexes so well known to each other as three weeks will do in the country. Three weeks!—why, in that space there may be condensed the whole history and fate of a human heart; opening, crisis, and catastrophe!

And so it was with poor Arthur. Lady Emily's attachment to her brother was great; and, while he was at home, she was constantly in his company. She rode with him in the morning; she got into the same little coterie at night; and in all this St. John mingled. He admired her exceeding beauty; he was fascinated by the grace, animation, and even archness of her manners: he was touched by the *sentiment* which was constantly upspringing in every word she spoke. Above all, he was dazzled and made drunk by her very manifest admiration of him. Nothing, indeed, adds more strongly to the fascination of a young and charming girl than the circumstance of those fascinations having the assistance of her evidently appreciating our sweet self, according to the modest estimate which we ourselves are apt to form of that person.

And thus did Lady Emily look on St. John. She hung upon all he said, and gazed upon his face as she spoke; she appealed constantly to his opinion; and exclaimed 'Oh! how beautiful!' when he once repeated to her a couple of stanzas of his composition. She would sing his favourite airs; and shewed deference to his taste and judgment in everything. Was it possible to resist this? Wanderings in magnificent woods, in the most beautiful summer evenings that ever came out of the heavens, (at least, they seemed so,) with sunsets, and moons, and poetry, and fancy, and feeling, and the most accommodating *tièrs* in the world, in the shape of a careless, boyish brother, who 'thought no harm,' and saw and heard nothing that was not on the surface, and thus gave the danger of a tête-à-tête, without its consciousness: in such circumstances as these, what could St. John do, but fall in love? He did;—and that with all the headlong powers of a passionate heart, and, alas, with all the fixed intensity of a firm one:—

'What say'st thou, wise one? "That all-powerful Love
Can Fortune's strong impediments remove;
Nor is it strange, that worth should wed to worth—
The pride of Genius with the pride of Birth."'

I do not say that soaring visions like these were thus accurately defined in St. John's mind; but that certain vague images of an elegant and picturesque parsonage, with a honeysuckle growing into the windows, and a green lawn stretching down to a trout-stream, with a couple of children playing on it, and Lady Emily sitting under the trellis-work, smiling as she watched them—that some such picture as this did occasionally form itself in St. John's imagination is most certain. It was foolish, perhaps, but so it is to be in love at seventeen, and yet very sensible people are so, every day.

Lady Emily's feelings, on the other hand, were far from being so definite as this. She was thrown into the intimate society of a most striking young man—her brother's chosen friend; she felt the brilliancy of his talents, and the general superiority of his manner; and, above all, she was touched and delighted with the manifest power which her attractions had over him, and which she continued to exert more and more, as she perceived their daily increasing effects. 'This was not coquetry, properly so called: it was not done for the purpose of display or of tyranny—but she felt it altogether to be delightful, and she indulged in it, without enquiring as to whither it was to lead, or what its effect might be upon either St. John or herself.

Thus days and weeks rolled on. The young men were not to return to Eton, but were to commence residence at Oxford at the end of the long vacation. Thus they were to pass the three months from Election to the beginning of Michaelmas Term, at Mabledon. The proceedings of the young people were little observed: they were thought almost children; and if Lady Missenden sometimes perceived symptoms of admiration for her daughter in Arthur St. John, it was merely with a smile, and without an idea of danger for either party.

But danger there was, and that deep and imminent. One evening, in the beginning of September, Lady Emily had strolled with her brother and St. John as far as the London lodge, of which I have already spoken. The air was of that rich, balmy temperature, which the close of day, in a fine autumn, so often possesses; and a glorious harvest-moon shed her luxurious and luxuriant light upon the scene. When they reached the gate, Lord Mabledon recollected that he had some directions to give to one of the game-keepers, whose lodge was about a mile farther on, along the skirt of the park; and, thinking that it would be too far for his sister to walk, he desired St. John to take her home.

Alas! what a dangerous position is this! Two persons, young, beautiful, full of poetry and romance, and whom the constant intercourse of a considerable period had been drawing nearer and nearer to each other, were thus placed alone in a scene, to the loveliness of which nature and art had both contributed their utmost;—it was evening—there was a deep, soft stillness—they were beneath that light

'Which ev'ry soft and solemn spirit worships,
Which lovers love so well'

—their arms were linked, and the quickened pulsations of the heart of one were felt against the bosom of the other—which *thrilled* at the touch. Ah!—one *has* known such moments—and years of pain were well repaid by one of them;—one *has*—but it is no use plunging into one's own reminiscences: my present business is with St. John and Lady Emily, whom we left walking home together from the park-gate.

They proceeded in silence down the hill; but the thoughts of both were busy. Their conversation had been more than commonly animated while Lord Mabledon had been with them, and the revulsion was consequently felt the more. It is probable that, at no moment of their intercourse, had Lady Emily felt more strongly or more tenderly towards St. John. The subject on which he had previously been speaking, though a general one, he had contrived to turn so as to give individual application to his feelings towards her:—he had spoken warmly and eloquently—and she was touched. He was now silent—but she was well aware of what nature that silence was.

At length he stopped suddenly. The place where he did so was in one of the most confined points of the prospect; it could scarcely be to gaze on *that* that he paused. ‘Lady Emily,’ said he, in a voice of which the calmness seemed the effect of preparation, ‘on this spot I saw you first: it was here that, with your heart beaming on your face with love for your brother, my eyes first beheld you. Gracious heaven! what a change has taken place in my existence since then!—I was then careless, free, light-hearted—now, my whole soul is engrossed by an overwhelming, a devouring passion. Lady Emily, I see by your manner that you do not misunderstand me—you know, you must have known for some time, that I adore you!’—and the violence of his emotion made him gasp for breath. Lady Emily trembled, but did not speak. St. John continued—‘My love for you has been consuming my soul for weeks—it has reached that pitch that I could no longer conceal it, and live;—say, say that you do not feel anger towards me for speaking thus—say that you do not hate me.’

‘Hate you!—oh God!’—exclaimed Lady Emily—and, suddenly checking herself, she was again silent.

St. John hung on her words, and paused, expecting to hear her continue:—‘Speak to me,’ at last he said—‘will you not speak to me?’

‘Mr. St. John,’ she answered faintly, ‘this must not be.—You are my brother’s friend—and my’—she paused for a word—‘my—regard for you is great, but I must not hear this’—

‘And why not?’ interrupted St. John—‘why not, unless you despise me?—why not hear me speak thus, unless I am hateful to you?—I know that I am poor—I know that your rank places you infinitely above me—I know the country clergyman’s son has no right to look up to the earl’s daughter—but *I love you*—I doat on you—I feel *this*, and it annihilates every other consideration. And, oh! if you have even the slightest atom of that regard for me, which I have sometimes dared to hope—(and the joy of the idea has driven me almost wild)—you surely must compassionate the state of feeling which has driven me to this disclosure.’

‘I cannot be insensible,’ said Lady Emily, ‘to the value of such feelings from one like you—I cannot but feel pride of the highest kind at having excited them—for I *believe* you. I am very young, Mr. St. John—and I know you are too generous to deceive or trifle with me—’

‘By heaven!’ exclaimed St. John—but I shall not detail the protestations of a lover in answer to a speech like this: he was any thing rather than a hackneyed one—and yet his expressions were, I will answer for it, exactly what a Richelieu or a Valmont would have used upon a similar occasion. Nature teaches: these artists of lovers only imitate what they recollect once to have felt.

Suffice it, that before they reached home that night, Lady Emily and St. John had sworn to each other unlimited and eternal love—and the first burning kiss of passion had been impressed upon her beautiful lips.

PART III.

'Lilla 's a lady.'—T. H. BAYLEY.

I SHALL not dwell on the period which passed between the scene I have just described, and that fixed for the young men to go to Oxford. The disclosure of their passion went no further than to each other. It has been said, and most truly, by a great master of human nature *, that 'Quand on est d'accord l'un et l'autre, on sait tromper tous les yeux : une passion naissante et combattue éclate ; un amour satisfait sait se cacher.' The word *satisfait*, as used here, carries with it, it is true, a far more extended meaning than can be applicable in the present case ; but still it is applicable ; for, in the innocence of their youth, their passion *was* satisfied by the very fact of its confessed existence, and by the almost unlimited intercourse which it was in their power to command. To Lord Missenden the idea of his daughter's forming an attachment to a person of St. John's rank in life never occurred ; nay, he had not ceased to consider her a child, and the subject was altogether foreign from his habits of thinking. Lady Missenden, besides also continuing to regard her daughter almost as a child—a mistake into which handsome mothers will frequently fall—never dreamed of such a thing as a serious attachment springing up between a school-boy and a girl of sixteen. She might, perhaps, sometimes fancy there was a childish flirtation arising merely from the juxta-position of the parties—but this amused her, without exciting any stronger feeling.

Lord Mabledon, from his more constantly being in the company of his sister and his friend, was not quite so blind. He saw that they were becoming attached to each other ; but, as his own feelings on such subjects were much more those of an Eton boy, than such as many lords of eighteen feel now-a-days, he never thought of its acquiring sufficient importance for him to interfere. He was exceedingly fond of both : he was delighted in their society, and he was glad to see they were fond of that of each other. The whole business had no graver character in his eyes.

At length Michaelmas term called St. John to Oxford, and the lovers parted. He left Mabledon with an additional pang to those naturally occasioned by his first separation from the first object of his love : for, in despite of all his entreaties, Lady Emily refused to write to him. By some strange contradiction of principle, though they had for above a month carried on the intercourse of a clandestine attachment, yet she could not be persuaded to consent to a clandestine correspondence. Whether it was the actual tangibility of communication by letter, or the extreme difficulty which would attend the establishment of such a correspondence, or both,—certain it is, that St. John could obtain nothing more from Lady Emily than the permission of now and then adding a few words at the end of her brother's letters, and of having sometimes a message addressed to him in her own. How different this was from a direct correspondence, I leave it to those few people in the

world to judge, who have ever written or received such letters themselves.

Two years passed away, and St. John and Lady Emily had not met in the interval. Lord Missenden had gone abroad with his family, which had occasioned this separation. But, in the midst of change of scene, and severe study, and active exertion, the image of Emily Lorraine was still constantly present to Arthur St. John. It was the spur which goaded him to struggle for distinction; it was the sweetest part of his triumph when he obtained it. His disposition was keen and warm, but it was also firm and intense; his passion had been formed under the operation of the former qualities, it was retained and cherished under that of the latter. He had set all his heart upon one cast; the hazard of that die involved the extremes of happiness or anguish.

Lord Mableton had left college and gone into the army, and was at this time abroad with his regiment; so that the interruption of St. John's intercourse with Lady Emily was total.

At length, Lord Missenden's family returned to England. It was the month of April, and they fixed themselves in their house in town, in order that Lady Emily might 'come out.' She did so; and was soon in the full whirl of that monstrous compound of selfishness, wickedness, frivolity, and folly, a London season.

It was in the middle of June that St. John was able to get away from college, and, hastening to London, the first thing he did was to hurry to Grosvenor Square.

'Is Lord Missenden at home?' he said to the powdered, fat, grumpy personage, who emerged from his leathern tub, with all the brutality, at least, if possessing none of the other qualities, of Diogenes—

'No,' said Cerberus.

'Is Lady Missenden?'

'No.'

'Is Lady Emily?'—he was in the act, although not strictly according to etiquette, of asking, when he caught a glimpse of her bounding across the hall, and up the stairs. It was but a glimpse: but it sufficed to throw the blood into his face, and back again to his heart with a rapidity that took away his breath. He was going to enter, without waiting for an answer to his last question, when the porter again reiterated his emphatic 'No!' and, sorely against his inclination, St. John was obliged to retire in despair.

Three days afterwards a card came, with due formality, from Lord and Lady Missenden, to 'request the honour of Mr. Arthur St. John's company at dinner,' that day three weeks. Not a word of old friendship or recollection; no three-cornered billet from Lady Missenden beginning, 'Dear Arthur,' as of yore: all was chilling, stately, and exceedingly proper. Arthur could not endure the suspense: he twice, in the interval, called in Grosvenor Square, but he never could gain admittance. The torment he suffered during those three weeks, I would not, though I am a poor man, undergo for as many thousand pounds. Now, he doubted of the endurance of Lady Emily's attachment: 'Surely, surely,' said he, 'she might, under such circumstances as these, have broken through her resolution not to write, and given me one line, if it were really only one, to say, that she was unchanged,

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that she loved me still. But she has been half over Europe, she has been "La belle Anglaise" in half-a-dozen capitals: she has forgotten the poor, lonely student, who was far away, and who had nothing but his imperishable love to offer her.' But then again the recollection of all that had passed during that dear summer at Mabledon rose upon his mind, and he would exclaim, 'No! it is impossible!—that creature can never be false!'

At length the day came. St. John found a large party assembled. Lord Missenden received him cordially, and Lady Missenden with the greatest and most friendly kindness. She inquired with interest about his progress at Oxford, and communicated her last news of Mabledon, and gave him his last letter to read. St. John was touched and gratified at this, but his eyes were wandering in search of one, a single glance of whom was to decide his fate. But she was not present; and she entered only just before the servant who came to announce dinner. The crowd pressed forward, and they did not meet. As soon as they were seated at dinner, St. John found that Lady Emily was on the same side of the table as himself, so that it was impossible for him to see her without making a marked endeavour to do so, which even he felt was, at such a party, impossible. His worst forebodings came across him. Was this accident, or design? If the latter—but he could not endure the thought sufficiently to dwell on it. St. John was near the door; and, as the ladies passed out, Lady Emily approached him, and, holding out her hand, said, 'How do you do, Mr. St. John?—I am happy to see you again.' He fixed his eyes full upon her, but her's were cast to the ground, the blood had flushed her cheek—and her hand trembled in his; but it did not return his pressure, and it was gloved.

Oh! how beautiful she then looked!—her form was developed—her noble countenance matured—her beauty was dazzling! He had again seen her—he had again touched her—his brain almost reeled with the excitement of this consciousness. But still he played the self-tormentor, and racked his heart with all the various fancies which a lover's doubts suggest. He could not but feel that, at the moment, and under the circumstances in which she addressed him, she could not say more than she did;—but she might have looked at him—she might have shot the glance of an instant, to say, 'I love you still.'

St. John determined to have his mind set at rest at once, when they joined the ladies: but this was not so easy to do as to determine. When he entered the drawing-room, Lady Emily was at the piano, surrounded by a bevy of young ladies, all eager to play or to sing, and all declining it. Lady Emily seemed to poor Arthur to make more of all this foppish *d'usage*, than was at all necessary; in a word, as young lady after young lady was asked, and pressed, and entreated, and persuaded to do that which she had a perfect mind to do from the first, St. John thought he should have been driven crazed. But, at last, by dint of watching his opportunity, he found it. Lady Emily went with one of her companions to look over a book of prints. The table on which it lay was a round one, and thus left some little space between its extremity and the wall. And to this Lady Emily was not close, so that, without any appearance of particularity, Arthur was able to come and place himself by her side. He began to converse with her about the prints, which were views of Italy, and of her travels there,—over-

flowing with impatience at being thus compelled to talk on indifferent subjects, to one with whom his soul burned to commune,—till, at last, the young lady, whom Arthur was inwardly cursing, as *Mademoiselle de Trop*, was suddenly called away by her mother. He seized the occasion at once: for before his companion had time to move, he said to her, in a voice which betokened what an effort had been necessary to force himself to calmness, ‘Emily!—and is all forgotten?’

She blushed a burning scarlet—she bit her lip, which quivered once or twice, as though she was about to speak; at last, she said, ‘Mr. St. John, this is very indiscreet, very wrong; I thought the time which had elapsed since we met had driven the remembrance of our childish days from your mind; I thought——’

‘No, Emily, no; you could *not* think thus; you must have known, you know, that young though we were, the passion we felt was not childish. You must know that upon that remembrance I lived—that there has not been a thought of my mind, nor a pulsation of my heart, that from the moment we parted, to this hour, has not been wholly and solely devoted to you. You know—’

‘Stop, Mr. St. John,’ said Lady Emily, interrupting him, ‘this is language I must not hear; I had hoped, Sir, that the follies of our childhood had been forgotten—follies which nothing but my extreme youth could excuse, and of which it is scarcely generous of you to remind me. As my brother’s friend, Mr. St. John,’ she added, in a milder tone, ‘I must ever feel regard for you—but I must not be thus addressed again.’ And she walked away, leaving St. John far too much stunned by what he had heard to be able to strive to detain her.

And to what purpose should he? She had crushed his heart at one blow. From that moment St. John has been a miserable man.

It is scarcely necessary to trace the progression of Lady Emily’s feelings. Absence, change of place, novelty of all kinds, flattery, and a fickle disposition, had, before her return to England, almost entirely erased St. John from her mind. And the few months she had passed in London had more than served to complete it. She had seen the importance of rank, wealth, and fashionable station; her feelings, which, as regarded St. John, had in truth been the offspring only of early romance, acquiring force and an object from *juxta-position*—her feelings had now completely frozen down (for it *is* down,) to her position in society—a mere young lady of rank. The real truth is, that she was never worthy of the affection of such a man as Arthur St. John: it was a mistake on his part from the first.

The suddenness of his dismissal was fully accounted for in a few weeks afterwards, when the *Morning Post* announced Lady Emily’s marriage with a man whose only merits were being a peer, and possessed of five-and-twenty thousand a year.

The effect of the blow on such a mind as St. John’s may be easily conceived. He went abroad for some time, and it was during his residence in Switzerland that he became known to Sir Edward Meynell. He entered into orders, and is a most exemplary country clergyman: but he has never thoroughly recovered the effects of the events I have just narrated; for when I first knew him, which was upwards of twenty years afterwards, he was still, and I am convinced he ever will remain—a *melancholy man*.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF ROME.

The History of Rome, by B. G. Niebuhr, translated by J. C. Hare, A.M., and C. Thirlwall, A.M., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. 1st. Cambridge. 1828. 8vo.

WHEN, in 1811-12, the two volumes composing the former edition of this work appeared in Germany, the daring novelty of their author's views aroused the attention of all the scholars of that country; by some they were warmly embraced, by others as keenly controverted. To none, however, were the real errors and weaknesses of the work, especially of the portion comprised in the first volume, so apparent as to its author. The discoveries of the works of Lydius and Gaius, and of the fragments of Cicero on the republic, took place while he was meditating the continuation of his labours. His sovereign had generously sent him in a diplomatic capacity to Rome, where he was enabled, by the view of the Eternal City, its monuments, divisions, and neighbourhood, to rectify or establish his notions of its early state; while reflection, evermore called forth and matured, tended to give union and consistency to what before was vague and unsettled. On his return to Germany, Mr. Niebuhr resolved to set about the completion of his labours; but on carefully surveying what he had already done, he saw that a considerable portion of the former edifice must be thrown down, as being erected on a loose and insecure foundation. He accomplished this work, as he himself confesses, at times with a 'lingering hand;' and, from the materials of the old building, combined with much new matter, has risen the present volume, which he delivers to the world as 'the work of a man who has reached his maturity, whose powers may decline, but whose convictions are thoroughly settled, whose views cannot change.' Two volumes more are to follow and complete the work, bringing it down to the days of Augustus and the end of the Republic; and we venture to foretel that the entire will form a whole which, in extent of research, depth of views, acuteness of investigation, and tone of manly, liberal, and enlightened sentiment, has scarcely been equalled, and never surpassed.

Few works have been more fortunate in translators than the volume of Niebuhr's Roman History, now under consideration. We hail the work of Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall as a valuable and permanent addition to our literature. Taking it in general, we cannot easily express our admiration of its vigour, fidelity, ease, and genuine Anglicism. It is indeed a gratifying sight, in this age of *fine writing*, to meet with men who, in rendering a composition of real weight and dignity, have not been ashamed to employ the simple, strong, expressive idioms of their native tongue. But the reason is an obvious one—these are evidently scholars and gentlemen. Their minds were early imbued with an admiration of classic simplicity; and the study of the German language has produced its natural effects, when operating on minds of such a cast, in leading them to a style of pure, idiomatic English. We trust, for the sake of our literature, that the success of this work will operate on the minds of publishers, and teach them that something more than the bare knowledge of a language is necessary in a translator; that in two men, acquainted with German we will say, which will do the job the cheapest

is not the sole question to be debated ; and that the cause of the failure of translations from the German in particular, is as much to be sought in the ignorance and barbarous dialect of translators, as in the faults of the original work.

As the Romans were no original people, such as the Athenians boasted themselves to be, a Roman history cannot properly commence with Rome. Mr. Niebuhr, therefore, devotes a considerable portion of this volume to the early nations of Italy. He traces the gradual extension of that name from the original Italy, the district south of the isthmus between the Scylletic and Napetine gulphs, till it became that of the entire peninsula south of the Alps. He then proceeds to consider the nations who occupied it. The Oenotrians and Pelasgians first pass in review ;—of these his notions were, at the time he published his first edition, rather confused ; but nothing can be more luminous than the manner in which he now traces out the extent and the seat of the Pelasgian stock, (of which the Oenotrians were a branch,) whom he shows to have been one of the most widely spread in Europe, occupying Greece, a portion of Asia Minor, Pannonia, the eastern coast of Italy, and the western as far north as the Arno ; of which last tribe, the Grecian appellation was Tyrrhenians, a name which, subsequently applied to the Tuscans, has given occasion to extreme error and confusion. On the matter of the Pelasgians of Italy, and their affinity to those of Greece, we meet, in Mr. Niebuhr's work, the following novel and ingenious explication of the Hyperborean offerings at Delos, related by Herodotus :

'Rome itself, according to an indistinct conception, was placed in the neighbourhood of the Hyperboreans ; and the Hyperborean Tarkynæi seem to be no other than the people of Tarquinii. Now if we are not afraid of seeking for the mysterious Hyperboreans in Italy, we have here an explanation how their gifts for Delos came round the Adriatic to the Dodonæans, conveyed from people to people : a practice which arose in that ancient time when nations of the Pelasgic stock inhabited the whole coast of that sea : and the unity of religion clears the conveyance from so great a distance of everything surprising. For one who does but allow that the people called Hyperboreans might be Italian Pelasgians, the possibility will perhaps be nearly converted into certainty by the title of the bearers, which is almost Latin.'—p. 67.

Surrounded by the Pelasgians, the Opicans, Sabellians, and their various tribes inhabited the central mountain-range, whence they gradually descended, and subdued the Pelasgians of the plains and coast. A portion of these, whom Mr. Niebuhr denominates Cascans, and who were afterwards called Aborigines, came down on and conquered the Pelasgians west of the Tiber, who were called Siculians. Some of these latter abandoned their original seats, and passed over to the island ; and if the story of the Tyrrhenian Pelasgians in Greece be true, they were probably another portion of these Siculians of the Tiber. From the union of those that remained with the Cascans, arose the Latin nation ; and, from the combinations of their languages, the Latin tongue, in which the words indicative of a settled life, such as the terms for house, field, plough, wine, oil, milk, sheep, kine, &c., are Pelasgian, and, therefore, akin to the Greek—those expressive of objects of the chase or war are Cascan.

The Lydian origin of the Tuscans Mr. Niebuhr, with Dionysius, utterly denies. He did formerly incline to regard them as a portion of

the Gothic race, but he now sees in them a distinct stock, of which the Rætian Alps were the primitive seats.

Mr. Niebuhr concludes his survey of ancient Italy in the following manner :

‘ Thus the legends and traditions collected in this introduction, concerning the several tribes that flourished in the earliest times of Italy, furnish results which enable us to desery the most important turns of their destinies, and which carry us so far forward, that, even beyond the Alps, some of the national movements in the west and north of Europe come within our widening horizon.

‘ The Pelasgians, under which name it seems that in Italy the Oenotrians, Morgetes, Siculians, Tyrrhenians, Peucetians, Liburnians, and Venetians may be comprehended, surrounded the Adriatic with their possessions no less than the Ægean : that tribe of them which left its name to the lower sea, having dwelt along its coast up to a considerable distance in Tuscany, had also a settlement in Sardinia : and in Sicily the Elymians, as well as the Siculians, belonged to the same race. In the inland parts of Europe the Pelasgians were settled on the northern side of the Tyrolese Alps ; and under the name of Pæonians and Pannonians extended as far as the Danube : that is, if the Teucrians and Dardanians were not different races.

‘ In the very earliest traditions they are standing at the summit of their greatness. The legends that tell of their fortunes, exhibit only their decline and fall : Jupiter had weighed their destiny and that of the Hellens ; and the scale of the Pelasgians had risen. The fall of Troy was the symbol of their story.

‘ As on the east of the Adriatic the Illyrians press forward from the north, until they are arrested by the mountains of Epirus ; so from the same quarter the Tuscans, driven onward by the Celts or Germans, come down out of the Alps into Italy : in the western part of Lombardy, reaching as far as the lake of Garda, they find the Ligurians, who at that time were one of the great nations of Europe, possessing the country to the foot of the Pyrenees ; at an earlier period they had also inhabited Tuscany. From the plains on the north of the Po they now retired behind the Ticinus and into the Apennines. The invaders, pursuing their conquests, expelled the Umbrians, both out of Lombardy south of the Po, and from the inland part of northern Tuscany : from the sea-coast and the south of Etruria as far as the Tiber, they drove the Tyrrhenian Pelasgians. This limit they reached about the time which we mark as the end of the second century of Rome. It was probably the impulse of the Tuscan irruption, which set in motion all the nations then in possession of the country from the Po to the summit of the Apennines ; and which forced the Cascans and Oscans, pressed onward by the Sabines, upon the Sicelians. And as the Pelasgians here and in Tuscany were expelled or subjugated, so their other tribes experienced the same fate, in Oenotria from the Greeks, in Daunia from the Oscans, higher up along the Adriatic from the Sabellians, and Umbrians. Driven on by the Sabellians, the Ausonian Opicans attacked the Latins, a people sprung from an earlier emigration of other tribes belonging to their own race. The further changes do not require a summary.’—p. 148.

We now draw near to Rome, where the first subject that engages Mr. Niebuhr’s attention is the legend of Æneas and the Trojans in Latium, which he regards as a mere fable, in which all there is of importance is, to ascertain whether it was of domestic growth, or imported from the mother of fables,—Hellas. He decides for the former opinion, and very ingeniously traces out what appears to him to be the origin of it. Virgil’s Æneid here attracts Mr. Niebuhr’s attention, who points

out that poet's obligations to the episode in Nævius's poem on the Punic war, of which only mere fragments remain, but which prove that it was here that Virgil obtained his idea of the vicissitudes through which he makes the Trojans pass before they arrive in Campania. Here were the tempest raised by Juno, the complaint of Venus to Jupiter, and his revelations of the future; and, 'I have no doubt,' says Mr. Niebuhr, 'that Nævius likewise brought Æneas to Carthage; from him is taken the name of Dido's sister, Anna; it is certainly the Punic princess who with him too "gently and prudently inquires how Æneas left Troy*";' and it is exceedingly probable that the origin of the national enmity had already been deduced by him from her fate.'

This portion of the work concludes with the following just and masterly appreciation of the character of Virgil as a poet; on whom Mr. Niebuhr on other occasions bestows the highest praise as a faithful and diligent antiquarian,—a part of his character which was understood and appreciated by his contemporaries and scholiasts, but which has in modern times been left almost totally out of view, and the Æneid thereby robbed of one of its most valuable jewels:

'These wars Virgil describes, effacing discrepancies and altering and accelerating the succession of events, in the latter half of the Æneid. Its contents were certainly national; yet it is scarcely credible that even Romans, if impartial, should have received sincere delight from these tales. We feel but too unpleasantly how little the poet succeeded in raising these shadowy names, for which he was forced to invent a character, into living beings, like the heroes of Homer. Perhaps it is a problem that cannot be solved, to form an epic poem out of an argument which has not lived for centuries in popular songs and tales as common national property, so that the cycle of stories which comprises it, and all the persons who act a part in it, are familiar to every one. Assuredly the problem was not to be solved by Virgil, whose genius was barren for creating, great as was his talent for embellishing. That he felt this himself, and did not disdain to be great in the way adapted to his endowments, is proved by his very practice of imitating and borrowing, by the touches he introduces of his exquisite and extensive erudition, so much admired by the Romans, now so little appreciated. He who puts together elaborately and by piecemeal, is aware of the chinks and crevices, which varnishing and polishing conceal only from the unpractised eye, and from which the work of the master, issuing at once from the mould, is free. Accordingly Virgil, we may be sure, felt a misgiving, that all the foreign ornament with which he was decking his work, though it might enrich the poem, was not his own wealth, and that this would at last be perceived by posterity. That notwithstanding this fretting consciousness, he strove, in the way which lay open to him, to give to a poem, which he did not write of his own free choice, the highest degree of beauty it could receive from his hands; that he did not, like Lucan, vainly and blindly affect an inspiration which nature had denied to him; that he did not allow himself to be infatuated, when he was idolized by all around him, and when Propertius sang:

Yield, Roman poets, bards of Greece, give way,
The Iliad soon shall own a greater lay:

that, when death was releasing him from the fetters of civil observances, he wished to destroy what in those solemn moments he could not but view but with melancholy, as the groundwork of a false reputation; this is what renders him estimable, and makes us indulgent to all the weaknesses of his

* Blande et docte percontat,
Æneas quo pacto Trojam urbem liquerit.—NÆVIUS.]

poem. The merit of a first attempt is not always decisive: yet Virgil's first youthful poem shows that he cultivated his powers with incredible industry, and that no faculty expired in him through neglect. But how amiable and generous he was, is evident where he speaks from the heart: not only in the *Georgics*, and in all his pictures of pure still life; in the epigram on Syron's Villa: it is no less visible in his way of introducing those great spirits that beam in Roman story.—p. 66.

When the Alban origin of Rome had been disproved by Mr. Niebuhr, he naturally looked around for the most probable source whence to derive its first inhabitants; and, struck by the prevalence of Etruscan forms and institutions in Rome, that country seemed to present the most probable claims to be regarded as the parent state. The intimate connexion between Rome and Cære led to the idea of the former being a colony from this Etruscan town. This notion was further strengthened by his mode, at that time, of viewing the patricians as a priestly-warrior caste, which even led to the daring step of reversing the order of the primitive Roman tribes, and of displacing the *Celsi Ramnes*, and giving their rank to the *Luceres*, whose name, in conformity with his notion of the Gothic descent of the *Tuscans*, he derived from the old German *lügen*, to *look*, i. e., the *Seers*. 'To go thus far,' says Mr. Niebuhr himself candidly and ingenuously, 'against all the authority of antiquity, was more than bold;' and he now advances the much more probable theory of Rome having arisen from the union of the *Cascans* with the original *Siculians*; of a part of its territory having been wrested by the *Sabines* when, in the progress of national migration, they came down along the *Tiber*, and who then built a town called *Quirium*, the inhabitants of which united with those of Rome, and formed one people. The reign of *Tarquinius Priscus* is now assigned as the period of *Tuscan* influence in Rome. With respect to this monarch's descent our author wavers much; he utterly rejects the legend of his *Corinthian* origin and migration from *Etruria* to Rome, and seems most to incline to the not improbable supposition of his being a *Latin*, perhaps a *Tyrrhenian*, of one of the cities of the coast, and hence the introduction of so much of what was akin to *Grecian* religion during his reign. At all events this is by Mr. Niebuhr regarded as the epoch of a powerful *Tuscan* influence on Rome.

As to the earlier monarchs, it is, we apprehend, well known that in this work the two first of them are considered as purely mythic personages, as devoid of real existence as *Hercules* or *Siegfried*. *Tullus* is the first actual monarch in Roman story,—the migration of the *Albans* in his reign the first real historic event. What has led to these bold assumptions is an hypothesis adopted and justified at some, perhaps not at sufficient, length by Mr. Niebuhr, of the early history of Rome being almost entirely founded on the popular poems which, according to *Cato* and *Varro*, the old Romans were used to sing after their feasts. These, he maintains, could have been the only source; all records of any importance were destroyed when Rome was captured by the *Gauls*; and abundance of parallel cases of annals formed from poems may be brought from the historians of other countries. Though Mr. *Dunlop*, and such critics, may affect to despise these opinions as dreams and fancies, we will not hesitate to express our conviction that the hypothesis of Niebuhr is right, though we may demur to the length and compass he seems disposed to assign to a portion of this national poetry,

and think that Chevy Chase more nearly resembles them than the German Lay of the Nibelungen does. Certainly, when Mr. Niebuhr, on behalf of his Romans, insists 'on the right of taking the poetical features wherever they are to be found, when they have dropt out of the common narrative,' and collects them into one view, he exhibits the *disjecta membra* of a poem which justifies his assertion of these ancient lays having exceeded in depth and brilliancy of imagination all that later Rome produced.

It would be utterly absurd in us to attempt giving, in our confined limits, any account of Mr. Niebuhr's masterly delineation of the original nature and subsequent development of what he terms the Romulan constitution of Rome; or of the institutions of the Etruscan Condottiero Masterna, who, under the name of Servius Tullius, reigned after Tarquinius Priscus, and to whom Rome owed the institution of the classes and centuries, and the union of her citizens into one body, whence came her future strength and the conquests of the world. For, had not the means of distributing power and influence between the two conflicting orders in the state been devised; had the patricians succeeded in what they, with short-sighted cupidity, were aiming at, the grinding to the earth of the plebeians, the Roman Eagles had never lifted their proud heads on the banks of the Thames and the Euphrates, and the oligarchs, wise too late, had sunk beneath the gallant infantry of Samnium.

Besides the points already alluded to, Mr. Niebuhr has succeeded in completely developing the true distinction between the patricians, plebeians, and clients. He has, on numerous occasions, particularly in the war with Porsenna, shown the utter impossibility of the narratives of Livy and Dionysius. He has traced out the causes which led to the first secession of the plebeians; shown the true nature of that event, and what the system of debt was at Rome, that made it so oppressive; who the *Neri* really were, and why the plebeians were satisfied with so few concessions. With the appointment of the tribunes of the people the present volume ends; and it presents a delineation of Italy and Rome down to the year 260, which, if not correct in all its points, is clear, consistent, and probable, far beyond any other of ancient or modern times.

In conclusion, we must say a few words more of the translation: the character we have already given of it has, we are confident, been borne out by the extracts; and if there are any who cannot relish the simple ease of its style, we shall only say, that their notions of a good English style differ from ours, and we would bid them go back to their Gibbons and Johnsons. They may say there are Germanisms in it: what they take for such, they will, perhaps, find to be genuine English idioms. One only expression has offended us; in page 17, and one or two other places, *damals* is rendered by *as then*, instead of by *then*, or *at that time*. *As then* is not, we believe, an English idiom, neither do we commend the translators for, in imitation of the original, employing the present for the past tense, as in this instance: 'in the fifth and sixth centuries (of Rome) such as *wish* to write elegantly, *call* the Italians of their age, &c.' In such cases we always employ the past tense. Their neography, such as *soveren* for *sovereign*, *firy* for *fiery*, is

what we approve highly of, as an attempt at introducing regularity into our wretched system of orthography. But why write *allies* instead of *alleys*? Finally, we commend the practice of making English words to express the Latin ones, as curies, decuries, &c. instead of bristling their pages with terms of the latter language.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. I.

WE beg our readers not to start. We are neither Huffey White nor Thomas Brown the younger, and therefore have not robbed the mail or the Twopenny-post bag. Neither have we broken the locks, or betrayed the confidence, of some deceased friend, in order to gratify the maw of public curiosity with those letters rather than one line of which should be seen, by more than *one*, we know he would have sacrificed not his pen only but the hand which held it. These are not our ways. We are old-fashioned enough to respect the sacredness of the hearth, and of the seal, rather too much to sell honour, conscience, and good feeling for three-and-sixpence—the price, in lucre, of our intellectually-inappreciable periodical.)

But to set up a new Magazine, or begin a new series of an old one, which is very nearly the same thing, without some *lettres inédites*, or private anecdotes of living characters—or posthumous sketches of some illustrious deceased; the thing is impossible! What antediluvian tramontanes should we not be considered to attempt such a thing! No!—we will have a series of private correspondence as well as our neighbours; and we will bet the long odds—the schoolmaster and his primer against the soldier and his bayonet—Don Juan against Don Pedro—or Pasta against the field, that that series shall be as interesting to our readers as though we had broken through every moral and gentlemanly obligation to obtain it.

The 'Private Correspondence' which we intend to publish is our own—that, namely, which passes between us and our friends and contributors, touching the interest and progress of this our Magazine. Kind friends—accomplished contributors—do not be alarmed!—we shall betray neither the modest diffidence of the novice, who tremblingly submits the offspring of his virgin muse (pardon the bull) to our oracular decision, nor the business-like communication of the veteran hack, who measures out fancy, feeling, and wit at so much per pound, 'as per inclosed sample.' No—without leave asked and had, the secrets of the prison-house, our letter-box, are inviolable: but leave having been frankly asked by us, and most good-humouredly granted by our correspondent, what could justify us in withholding from our readers such a letter as the following?

The circumstances under which it came to be written are these:—A certain friend of our's chanced to call upon us the other evening, when the conversation naturally turned upon our new undertaking. 'Oh!' said he, 'I am afraid you don't know so much of these matters as I do;' and, incontinently, he began such a catalogue of dangers that we were to shun, and advantages that we were to seek, that we

entreated him to give us his ideas on the subject in writing. He promised; and the following financial communication was the result. It may at first sight seem to relate to ourselves, and our brothers of the craft, almost exclusively; but we are convinced that the whole world of letters is interested in these

HINTS FROM A VETERAN CONTRIBUTOR,

(which we may safely add are)

DRAWN FROM EXPERIENCE.

Dear Sir,—I have not forgotten the promise I made you last night, although the hour was somewhat advanced, and, therefore, I might be suspected of being oblivious. If you think the few hints I hastily throw off of any use to you, they are at your service. It is mentioned somewhere by Confucius, or, if not, by somebody else as sage, that it is easier to ask advice than to follow it; and he might have added, as perhaps he did,—for, not having the original Chinese before me, I do not wish to speak decisively—that it is still easier to give it. It is a sort of mental expectoration.

You will of course put in your Prospectus that you are starting your Magazine to promote the ends of science or literature; that your intention is to enlighten or to amuse mankind; that you are actuated by the purest love of your species in getting it up; that you have no other view than, &c. &c. &c. All this is right—nothing can be more correct. The public ought always to be told these things, for the public has no right to be let into our little secrets. The public, in fact, never edited a Magazine, nor do I think would it be very successful if it made the attempt. You and I know better. I have got the greatest respect for the cause of science and literature, and all the other good things which round off the sentences of a prospectus. Tout cela, as we say in France, est bel et bon, mais L'ARGENT vaut mieux; and, without wasting any more words upon it, we believe that no periodical is started if it is not expected to PAY. Curtius might throw himself into the gulf for his country, but he would not write a monthly Magazine for it, if the important condition of the

letters three,

Three potent symbols, namely, £. s. d.

were omitted.

This main consideration pervades every department of your work; but you wish me to confine myself principally to the contribution-line, and to give you some hints as to the management of your literary friends with most prudence and economy; on which something may be said.

It was asserted in the *Westminster Review* that “every unpaid contributor is an ass.” This remark, just and sensible in general, must, however, be taken with some abatement. If it were said “every habitual contributor, continuing unpaid, is an ass;” I believe the apophthegm would be undeniable; but there are many instances in which contributions may be, with all propriety, unpaid by the purse-bearer of the Magazine; in which, indeed, it would require no small power of face on the part of the contributor to expect any further remuneration than the parental pleasure of seeing his offspring in the sheets. I shall just draw up a chapter, in the manner of the code Napoleon.

CHAP. I. *Of Contributions not to be paid.*

§ I. Serious poetry is not to be paid for. There is not a character, from Alpha to Omega, who will not "spin his essence fine," as the late Mr. Keats remarked, for the pure glory of the muse. Giving these gentlemen solid pudding would do them harm,—it would thicken their wind, and incapacitate them for climbing the lofty sides of Pindus or Parnassus; feed them, therefore, with praise.

§ II. If an author reviews his or her book in the magazine, he or she draws no pay. *Causa patet.*

§ III. If a man signs his name to any article, he draws no pay.—That is an advertisement. It sets forth the fellow's existence.

§ IV. If a person signs another man's name, he draws no pay. It would convict him of forgery—for there would be the *studium lucri*.

§ V. If a gentleman or lady reviews the work of the person who has reviewed, or been suspected of having reviewed any work of the aforesaid gentleman or lady, then he or she draws no pay; for there can be no doubt that the proffered review is itself only a matter of trade, and that too of the rudest kind, being carried on in the way of barter—viz., oil for oil—vinegar for vinegar.

§ VI. If a person or persons unknown treat with barbarity other person or persons unknown;—if, for instance, Mr. Huggins of Chester-le-street, severely overthrow the character, political or personal, of Mr. Higgins of Bolton-le-Moor; or if one of the sept of the Smiths of Pancras, lay violent hands upon one of the tribe of the Taylors, sojourning in the subterraneous slopes of Pimlico, the aforesaid Huggins, Smith, or other person or persons unknown, shall draw no pay, the magazine people, not knowing the motive; and in case of money being asked, always *præsumitur pro neganti*, i. e. it is to be presumed you will refuse to give it, unless you know why.

§ VII. The law of § II. relating to authors reviewing themselves, holds as well of artists praising their own compositions,—whether in painting or periwigs,—china or champagne,—statuary or stout,—or, in short, anything produced by human genius or inhuman stupidity.

§ VIII. The provision of § V. extends also, as above, to artists as to authors.

This is a short chapter, to which perhaps many other sections might be conveniently added. I should, for example, not wish to pay for political economy, or tales from Ireland. Both these commodities at present lying heavy on hand, and being warehoused in great quantities, the owners would, I think, let you have samples gratis; but I am not quite clear upon these points, and do not, therefore, wish to give a dogmatic opinion. If, however, you stow away these goods in any abundance, in your Magazine, take care how you load the roof with articles that are certainly not *Flies*. The fate of the Brunswick Theatre ought to be a warning to all new establishments.

In politics, also, there are some doubts. Here there are three persons concerned—your party, (let me personify that amiable being,) your contributor, and your magazine. As it is an even bet that your contributor (supposing him a volunteer) will, by his contribution, do at least as much harm as good to the side which he espous es (indeed the bets are much higher against him—five to four would not find a taker at Tattersal's)—we may leave the first of the three out of the

question. That he would benefit the magazine is a thing still more dubious, and, therefore, in general cases—exceptions may arise of course—(upon honour I am not alluding to the paper I sent you last week, though I *do* think that a valuable one, and it has been highly approved of by—you know who—but *mum* there)—I say that, in general, you will sufficiently pay your political contributor by the applause which your publication of his ideas on the ruined or prosperous state of the kingdom, as the case may be, will procure for him at the club to which he belongs, and where, you may depend upon it, the authorship of the article will be known, in five hours, to the very waiters. If he does not belong to a club, why, you know the fellow has no right to talk politics at all. On the whole, however, it may be best to leave politics in the hands of the editor of the Magazine,* for every fool can write them well enough. Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius, said somebody—Rogers, if you like, but is not that getting a little hackneyed—or taking up the — Mercury. “Any stick will do for a newspaper.”

Before I quit the subject, I have only two matters to say a very few words upon. In the first place, there is an old saying, “Play no tricks upon travellers.” It is, in my opinion, a very needless piece of advice. I say, “let no travellers play tricks upon you.” These fellows, my dear sir, are as cunning as foxes. I knew one of them who passed off twenty pages of Maundrell’s Journey to Jerusalem, on a very celebrated magazine, as his own travels, though the rogue had never been nearer Jerusalem in his life than Duke’s Place. But even those who have actually crossed the Channel are dangerous handling. They have learned the art of gutting the road books, and they spill whole pages of Galignani over you. I should, if I were in your case, put off paying these fellows for three months at least, until I ascertained whether what they gave me was original or second-hand. I have a strong suspicion of the whole tribe. There’s Signor Beltrami, who has found out a lake upon the top of a hill, exactly in a spot where there is neither hill nor lake,—and, heaven pardon me for it, I have for some time strongly suspected that Captain Parry never gets farther than some snug wigwam in the Highlands, where he lies eating brose and braxy, and washing down these delicious viands with Glenlivet, sparkling like the dew-drop, all the time that he wishes us to believe he is *landing* upon *ice*, (which if an Irishman had said it, would be immediately set down as a bull,) or broiling bear steaks in a temperature of 212° below the freezing point. I know that he might as well be so employed, as marching due north on a floe which was all the time marching due south, thereby making his motion much resemble that of a squirrel in a cage. However, vive la plume!

Quarter-day, (*as Croly says*) has brought him back,
With his quarto in his pack.

and the business is nothing to me: I only introduce it here as a sort of illustration.

The second hint I wish to give you is an economical one. There are a great many youths, particularly youths living in retired and provincial towns, for your young Londoner is not at all soft, who are to be caught now and then. Keep a sharp eye on such youngsters. The vampire, they say, prefers young blood, and an editor of a maga-

* Thank you.—ED.

zine ought to have no more bowels than a vampire. Work the youngsters ; write them grand palavering letters which cost nothing, and now and then transmit them an unsaleable copy of a new work. There is often a great deal of stuff in such fellows, I mean good stuff, and when that is worked out of them you may turn them adrift. If they look for pay, you can always remind them that they are in fact in your debt, as but for you they would not have had the *entrée* of the literary world. Believe me, I have known this done, and well done too.

One other word—if a young lady—but hang it, no ! on that subject I can give no advice whatever : depend upon it, if *they* get about you, they will have it all their own way,—and there is no use of saying a word on the subject.

In a code there must be, I suppose at, least *two* chapters,—I therefore supply a second.

Chap. II. *Of Contributors who ought to pay.*

What, you may ask, is that possible ? why, it is a renversement of—

Wait a while, my dear sir. The interruption which I have found it requisite to suppose you would make, has imposed on me the necessity of recopying the title of my second chapter.

Chap. II. *Of Contributors who ought to pay.*

§ I. If a bookseller, either by self or proxy, should review, or, what is synonymous in this case, puff a book of his own, he is to pay ; because otherwise it is a fraud upon the stamp office ; for if the bibliopolic reviewer were shut out of the magazines, he would be thrown upon the newspapers, and thereby have enriched the treasury of his Grace the Duke of Wellington by the sum of three shillings and sixpence, current coin of the realm. Therefore, unless you make him pay you, you would detriment the resources of this impoverished kingdom to that extent, without benefitting yourself—a thing improper to do.

§ II. If a reviewer of any book receive what — Trapbois, Esq., late of the Liberty of Whitefriars, vulgarly called Alsatia, used to denominate con-si-de-ra-ti-on from the author, it is only just and reasonable that the editor should receive half of the same. As to the author himself paying direct to the editor, that is a matter of private arrangement into which it would not be gentlemanlike to inquire. (We all know that a gentleman, whose domains lie more extensively in Warwickshire than about Helicon, once upon a time intimated that fifty pounds was no object, in comparison with a *neat* little article—how he succeeded I never heard.)

§ III. A candidate for parliament, if, being Whig, he writes a paper in favour of reform, or being Tory, an article in defence of church and king, and distributes copies in the city, county, or borough, which he is canvassing ; an expectant bishop reprinting his crack sermon under the guise of an essay on the declining state of religion, and the necessity that exists for putting such able men as Doctor — into high station in the church, in the present dangerous period—(a description which will answer all periods) ; an ill-used gentleman calling for an upsetting of things in general, but particularly of one sad grievance, in which he is himself concerned—all these and similar are to pay ; and that, on the fair principle that the parliamentary gentlemen above referred to, do actually pay ingenious fellows to go down with them to their elections

to write their squibs, to polish their speeches before delivery, and to report them ultra-polished after, to supply them with puns, and concoct extempore witticisms, to take the place of croupier at the freeholders table, and instruct the *chaw-bacons* on the great merit of the gentleman whose beef and brandy they are disposing of, for actual and well understood wages. Why then should you open your columns to do the work of these wandering wits, and thereby, perhaps, cheat them out of their hire? Justice forbids it, and equity. Of other cases I say nothing.

I shall not extend this chapter any more, leaving it to your own genius to supply other sections. I do not doubt that you will be sufficiently on the *qui vive* to augment them, without requiring the assistance of a flapper. One thing, in general, is to be remarked by you, whether in your capacity of editor or man; it is a maxim of Paley's, and well worthy of that deep divine, from the north, "never pay any money until you are asked—something *may* happen."

Finally, and to conclude, you will find it a rule much practised among your brethren in the Magazine line, to take as much for nothing as you can get. This is a practice which has its advantages and disadvantages; but I would advise to have it generally restricted to the heads which I have already indicated. As for reviews, you may find it not a bad thing to, as is done by all the other Magazines that I ever heard of, viz. to be sparing of puffing any other books but those of your own publisher,* (I will not insult your understanding by saying, that they are to be puffed, *ex officio*, that being, in fact, a thing concluded upon.) A gratis article may cost a great deal of money in the end. Old Sheridan, when he saw the placard of a benevolent physician, announcing 'Advice gratis,' used to growl, 'In all probability, fifty per cent. above its value;' and I assure you, the same remark is very often applicable in a great many other cases besides medical advice.

Do not think, however, that I by any means recommend you to be extra-squeamish on such occasions. You need not look the gift horse too narrowly in the mouth. It is incredible what a great quantity of Balaam a periodical bears, without any symptom of a break in the back; and as you must have your full measure of that commodity, if you can get it for nothing, so much the better; you must take care, indeed, that the whole book is nothing else. *Toujours perdrix* is bad—*toujours Balaam*, (I do not know whether I spell the old vaticinator's name correctly in French, but suppose I do,) *toujour Balaam* would be the devil. If you set it off handsomely you need not be afraid. If there be three pretty girls at a ball, the six sparkling eyes which have riveted your attention will make you forget the rest, and you boldly assert, that such a collection of beautiful girls was never seen, though, perhaps, the majority might have passed as the most ill-looking specimens of Gorgonism at a muster of Medusas.

For these gems, the jewels of the book, pay as well as you can and every now and then, give some very talking fellow, who moves about in what is called good society, five times the value of his lucubrations. He will buzz it about that he is paid at the rate of fifty pounds a sheet—on your part, you will, of course, buzz busily to the same effect. On the strength of this, (which will not cost you a hun-

* We scorn the tribe.—*Ed.*

dred pounds extra in three years,) you may squeeze, pinch, and mortify the whole tag, rag, and bobtail of your working contributors, and obtain from mankind in general, the reputation of being the most liberal of people. Believe me, dear Sir, such is the practice of——, no matter who. I can't be wrong, for, as Tom H. says, 'I know it.'

I have just received your note, in which you tell me, that time and space are contracting, and that you have but two hours, and seven pages to spare. I therefore yield to these considerations, and shall be brief. There is only one point remaining, but that is of some importance, on which I wish to say a word or two. How do you intend to feed your contributors? I can assure you, that much may be done in this way. I agree with Mr. Jeffrey, that a dinner is a great triumph of social life, and you have no notion how strict a bond of union is made among all parties concerned in such triumphal processions. Contributors, in general, are not men of small appetites, and I have known some veterans among them who could be backed against Eating Dick, of Staffordshire, who breakfasts upon a leg of mutton, washed down by a draught of ale in the shape of two gallons; but still, by good management, and avoiding French cookery, it would not come to much to feed them twelve times in the year; and the vigour which such a system would infallibly infuse into their articles, and the unity of feeling which it would impart to your Magazine, would amply repay you. As for suppers, I am told such things are out of fashion, so I shall not say any thing about them; but I must beg leave to remark, that a man of your genius and discrimination ought not to suffer your mind to be biassed by the capricious dictates of fashionable regulation; but taking a large and comprehensive view of things, turning in upon your own reflective powers, and spurning the illiberal trammels of national prejudice, follow the example of the more polished kingdom of France, and invite all your friends to sup—whenever you find it inconvenient to ask them to dine.

I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

A. S. S.

Symond's Inn, Thursday.

P. S.—To prevent mistakes, you may as well send proceeds by the bearer. Never mind change—make the difference up to the note.

THE FOREIGN PORTFOLIO.

FRANCE.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

In Paris, as in London, the press chiefly labours with light and frivolous romances; and it is no exaggeration to affirm that of the eight or nine thousand new works which the *Journal Général de l'Imprimerie et de la Librairie* annually announces, the half at least belong to that class of useless productions which is designated in France by the name of *basse littérature*.

We have no desire, however, to condemn romance in the mass, whether French or English. We regard romances as a fit recrea-

tion for our hours of leisure, especially when, as is the case with the greater part of those which have been published within the last month at Paris, they aim at giving pictures of the manners of the age; or, associating themselves with history, they sketch some great occurrence of our own or of past times. The historical notices which such works impart are meagre, and sometimes false, enough; but if they stimulate curiosity they produce some good.

Edouard, ou le Patriote du 18me siècle, belongs to the class of historical novels. The hero belongs to the most worthy of the class of patriots of 1789. Thwarted in his passion for Lucile de Reneval, and cast into the dungeon of the Bastille, from which he obtains his liberation, not by the opening of its gates, but by their destruction, he finds the object of his passion bound by other irrevocable vows—the spouse of the Church. The portals of the cloister, however, no more than those of the Bastille, had power to retain their captives in those tumultuous times; and the adventures of Edouard and Lucile, consequent on the general revolution in usages and manners, which accompanied the great political changes of the latter end of the last century, form the outline of the romance before us. The filling up of the work consists in details of the various opinions which at that period agitated France. If elevated sentiments, and occasional felicity of expression, sufficed in a work of this nature, the one before us would deserve unqualified praise. But the ever-moving life, the rapid shifting of the scene of the world's affairs, the continuity of action, essential to a romance, are wanting in *Edouard*. We have one exception to make to the general want of the picturesque in its descriptions—the terrible and pathetic scene of the destruction of the ‘*Abbaye*.’

Le Théobald of Madame Gay likewise contains descriptions of great political occurrences. The story is founded on an episode in Napoleon's campaign in Russia; and turns on the parity of destiny of two young soldiers, the heroes of the tale. These friends are from the same school; they serve in the same regiment; they advance together from grade to grade; and both continually find themselves in new and interesting situations, in which their delicacy and courage experience the severest trials.

Le Chevalier et les Censeurs of M. le Baron de la Mothe-Langon is a veiled attack upon the censorship under which France has so lately groaned. The scene is laid at the court of Louis XV.; and the men of the eighteenth century shadow out the despotic agents of the nineteenth. The work is an amusing one. Louis XV. is portrayed as the debauched and unprincipled libertine, and Richelieu as the minister to his baseness. The pictures of the *Bosquets de Versailles*, the *Parc aux Cerfs*, and the *Petits Appartemens*, are abundantly curious.

The *Jean* of M. Paul Dekoch is a romance of manners. It is a spirited sketch of the habits of the bourgeoisie of Paris. It is necessarily a work that defies analysis.

La Cour et la Ville—Paris et Coblenz, ou l'ancien Régime et le nouveau, which M. Toulotte has just published, is not precisely a romance. It is a gallery of portraits of personages who formed the glory or the shame of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who have not hitherto been brought together on the scene in their public characters. He bestows especial attention upon the ladies who have distinguished

themselves (as most eminent ladies have in France) by their meddling with politics. With an impartial hand he awards his censure or admiration to the Duchesses de Longueville and de Bouillon, to the Ninons and de la Suzes, to the Lavallières and the Maintenons, the Pompadours and the du Barrys, to the Dames de Grammont and de Mouchy, de Polignac, de Staël, and de Genlis.

THE COURT.

THE *Courrier Français*, of the 4th of March, presents the following somewhat curious picture of a 'Cercle de la Cour' at the Tuilleries :—

'The salons of the Chateau of the Tuilleries were yesterday evening filled with a throng of personages invited to the 'Cercle de la Cour.' Among the crowd a considerable number of our honourable deputies were observable, who appear to have received cards of invitation from a list made out without any regard to party. It is rumoured, indeed, that several *Cercles* of the same description will successively be held, so that all the members of the chambers may in turn be admitted. The number who, on this occasion, had received cards, and who attended, is estimated at upwards of a thousand.

'The King, on entering, after having noticed the ladies, took his seat at the card-table. The Prince of Saxe-Cobourg and the Austrian and Russian ambassadors played with his Majesty, who often interrupted the game to address a kind speech to persons whom he recognised among the crowd, who promenaded about the royal salon ; where one table only was opened, and where a general silence was the order of the day.

'In the gallery adjoining, however, there were several tables. Madame la Dauphine sat at one of these ; she experienced repeated distractions in her game from her anxiety to reply to the frequent demonstrations of respect which were paid her. Conversation was here much freer than in the salon ; the affairs of the day were liberally commented on.'

STATISTICS.

In the article 'France' of the *Dictionnaire Géographique Universel*, now publishing in Paris, by a geographical society, the following statement is given of the capital of the French soil, and of the revenues of the empire :—

The arable lands at a valuation of 30 frs. the hectare	FRS.
are worth	13,690,800,000
The woods, vineyards, meadows, and other lands	2,628,800,000
Ponds and marshes	31,920,000
Rustic buildings	3,000,000,000
Cattle, valued at the lowest price	16,703,941,676
Poultry, 51,600,000 head at 1 fr.	51,600,000
Swine, 3,900,000 do. at 40 frs.	156,000,000
Asses, 2,400,000 do. at 25 frs.	60,000,000
Farming utensils	3,000,000,000
	<hr/>
	99,522,061,676
	<hr/>

To this may be added the annual receipts

From Manufactures	1,820,102,000
Agriculture	4,678,708,000
Colonies,	40,380,000
Foreign Countries	346,020,000
In Warehouse	52,000,000
	<hr/>
	6,937,210,000

The produce of the taxes of every class is 924,410,000

This is double the revenue of France in 1789; 'and hence,' says a journal of that country, 'an opinion may be formed if she have been a great loser by the change in her laws and institutions.'

THE DRAMA.

THREE new dramatic pieces, by authors already distinguished by success on former occasions, have been brought out at Paris, during the last month: these are, a tragedy by M. Lucien Arnault, 'La Mort de Tibère;' a comedy by M. Casimir De la Vigne, 'La Princesse Aurélie; and a Grand Opera, of Scribe, entitled, 'La Muette de Portici.'

The following is an analysis of the plot of 'La Mort de Tibère.'

Tiberius, in his retirement at Capri, about to sink under the effects of his debaucheries, learns that the news of his approaching death had spread joy throughout the empire; he resolves to disappoint the exultations of his subjects, and to make them feel that he is still master of the world. In the mean time conspiracies were preparing at Rome: all who yet remained attached to liberty rallied round the austere Galba. Macron (Macro), the prefect of the prætorian guard, was preparing the soldiery whom he commanded, to second his own ambitious projects; while Caius Caligula, the idol of the army, which revered in his person the memory of the great Germanicus, and who, by his follies, had rendered himself also agreeable to the emperor, was labouring to pave for himself a way to the throne.

In the midst of these plots, the emperor, bowed down with pain and care, rather than with years, arrives to confound the hopes of all, and to spread terror around him. The people, who hate him, are lavish of their acclamations of attachment; the trembling senate pays him the most adulatory homage. Tiberius, amidst the flatteries of the people and senate, despises their baseness and servility. The tyrant feels that he is again himself, when closeted with Macron he draws up a new list of proscriptions; he then dictates his will, and appoints Caligula his successor.

In public likewise, and in the presence of the senate, and of the court, Tiberius is master of his own thoughts, as well as of the universe; but with his physician, all the emperor vanishes, and yields place to a wretched old man, a prey to the most disgraceful weaknesses, and to the most humiliating pains.

Je souffre . . . Vous savez quel invincible effroi,
Dans mes sévérités me reprochant des crimes,
Des enfers sous mes pas entr'ouvre les abîmes,

Le mal réel n'est rien ; mais tant d'émotions
 Que produisent en moi d'horribles visions,
 De mes vils détracteurs adoptant les mensonges,
 Torturent mon réveil, épouvantent mes songes ;
 Pison, Germanicus, l'un sur l'autre appuyés,
 M'apparaissent sanglans et réconciliés ;
 Posthumus, Séjan, même et leur suite fatale
 M'appellent à grands cris sur la rive infernale ;
 Enfin, dès qu'il fait nuit, seul avec ma douleur,
 Je ne suis plus César, je suis homme. . . j'ai peur.

At the end of this interview, Tiberius, overcome with the exertion, swoons, and is carried away insensible. His attendants deem him dead. Macron, in possession of his will, hastens to convoke the senate, and to proclaim the new emperor ; Caligula assumes the purple, and, supported by the prætorian guard, takes possession of the empire. The senate, but recently so submissive, are furious in their outrages against a master whom they no longer fear ; they overthrow his statue, and devote his memory to the execration of posterity. At this instant Tiberius presents himself: he had heard the concluding words of the anathema, he beholds his statue mutilated, his throne-occupied by Caligula. He first ridicules the confusion of the senate, and pays derisive homage to the new Cæsar ; he then gives vent to his rage, and drives the senators with ignominy from their assembly: Caligula is dragged from the throne, loaded with fetters, and consigned to a dungeon.

Terror is now at its height in Rome. Tiberius demands from Charicles a draught which shall prolong his life but a day, that he may have time to avenge himself. Macron, alarmed for his own fate, suggests to Charicles how much blood he might save by hastening the term of a life about to expire ; and produces a list of the proscribed, with the names of the physician's own relations. Charicles, thus provoked, administers an envenomed draught to Tiberius, having, previously, himself partaken of the preparation. The physician is the first to feel the effects of the poison ; he announces the truth to Tiberius, whom he loads with his curses, and whose anger he defies, for he is beyond the reach of his vengeance. Despair and terror seize the mind of the emperor ; he has no longer time to proscribe. He orders Caligula, surrounded by lictors, to be conducted to his presence ; he takes delight in terrifying him by preparations for his execution ; he makes him fall on his knees, and there, while in the dust, places on his head the imperial diadem.

Such is the tragedy of M. Arnault ; all voices are raised in its favour, and some have gone so far as to say that the fourth act of the 'Dernier jour de Tibère' is one of the finest which the French theatre can produce. The acting was unequal to the merit of the tragedy, and it has been remarked that, in the midst of all the enthusiasm, it was felt that

Talma, le grand Talma, brille par son absence.

In spite of the exertions of Mademoiselle Mars, the comedy of Casimir De la Vigne could not obtain the success which attended 'Tibère,' even deprived as this was of the talents of Talma. It must, however, be owned, indeed, that this new production of the author of the 'Ecole des

Vieillards' is unworthy of his genius. The plot of *Aurélie* is, perhaps, ingenious; the piece contains some good verses, and presents some well imagined scenes: but, wanting action, probability, and gaiety, it necessarily failed.

The success of M. Scribe's performance surpassed even that of M. Arnault. The story of the '*Muette de Portici*' is founded on the history of Masaniello, the fisherman of Naples, who is represented by the dramatist as excited to rebellion by the seduction of his sister by the son of the viceroy. The piece embraces the whole brief career of Masaniello, from his sudden burst into public notice, until his fall; when his sister, in despair, casts herself into the lava of Vesuvius, an eruption of which accompanies the catastrophe of Masaniello's overthrow and death. A more dramatic and attractive spectacle has been seldom presented to a Parisian audience. Words, music, scenery, all afford exercise for the powers of the opera.

An amusing incident attended the representation of this piece. In the fourth act the scene represents the interior of Masaniello's hut, and in a niche was a portrait of the Madonna. On the first performance of the opera, there was a lamp burning, according to the Neapolitan custom, before the *Bambino*; it was remarked that this light suddenly disappeared: an agent of the ministry had ordered it to be extinguished.

SPAIN.

THE literature of this unhappy country is on a par with its political condition. Miserable as is the latter, it is evident from certain convulsive movements, by which one or the other province is continually agitated, that there exists a desire, although it be unaccompanied by the corresponding power, to emerge from the present wretched state of degradation. In the same degree, notwithstanding the low ebb to which the literary pretensions of Spain are reduced, there is still observable a certain anxiety for information, a tendency to put forth the buds and flowers of intellect, and an impatience at the sterility of the national press. If we may credit the assurances of persons who must be well informed on the subject, the people of Spain have never been so devoted to reading as they are at present. The government, it is true, has gone so far as to forbid, on pain of death, the introduction of Spanish books published abroad, and of prohibited works in foreign tongues; yet at no former period have there been so many of both classes in circulation. We want no clearer proof that this is the case, than the complaint recently made by the *Gazeta de Madrid* of the number of articles and writings in various forms, by which the government, and those who compose it, or are connected with it, are attacked. The proportion, moreover, of works of importance which now make their appearance is as great as can be expected from the state of oppression under which all classes of learning actually labour, and far exceeds that of the former despotic interval of 1814 to 1820. The theocratic party puts forth as a counterpoise their *Biblioteca de la Religion*, a periodical work which amounts already to many massive volumes, but which, as yet, contains translations alone. The first amongst these

is the work of the *Abbé La Mennais*, called in Spain the religious Rousseau. The collection contains also *La Excelencia del Catolicismo*, by Minler, the especial object of which is to attack Protestantism. Another work in preparation, and announced as a posthumous production of one Zafrilla, aims at impugning Jansenism; taking for its object of attack the 'Cartas de D. Roque Leal,' the feigned name of Dr. Villanueva, at present a refugee in London, and who in those letters, published during the existence of the Cortes, vigorously defended the ecclesiastical liberties of his country against the papal usurpations.

The *Gazette of Madrid*, which until now has never, during the prevalence of despotism, gone beyond the insertion of articles from Constantinople; and the announcement of sales, of vacant situations in children's schools, of promotions by royal appointment, and of *novenas*, sermons, and religious ceremonies in the convents, has begun, within a short time, to insert verses addressed by the Queen to the heart of Jesus; or to the blossoming wand of St. Joseph. From this it has proceeded, by degrees, to venture an occasional idea on Spanish literature in general. It has even gone still farther, and in a series of numbers has just finished copying to the letter two articles published in the *Ocios de Españoles Emigrados in Londres*, on the *España Poética* of Maury; paying high compliments to the excellent criticism contained in those papers, and to the zeal they display for the literary honour of Spain. How this mistake can have occurred, since the *Ocios* is prohibited by a special decree, would appear enigmatical. The editor of the *Gazeta de Madrid*, however, stands absolved of any wilful neglect of a royal ordinance. The fact is, that he copied those excellent articles, not from the *Ocios*, but from the *Diario di Cadiz*, which had first inserted them without avowing whence they were taken. The Gazette never suspected the plagiarist—at least it gave no signs of being aware of it. Let this be as it may, it is amusing to find the Official Gazette of Madrid paying compliments of this kind to the Emigrés, proscribed by the government, of which it is the organ; and who, while in exile and far from their native soil, are employed in upholding by their useful labours the honour of their country.

The poor editor of the *Diario de Cadiz*, although he has escaped, unpunished, the crime of copying from the *Ocios Emigrados en Londres*, has not been equally fortunate in avoiding the evil consequences of another act which he could see no reason to think other than meritorious. If there be one thing more abhorrent than another in the eyes of Ferdinand, it is the independence of America. What theme, then, could be imagined more worthy of the effusions of the press in his dominions, than to discredit and revile his rebel subjects of *Ultramar*? The honest Gaditan Diarist, thinking he could find no subject so fit for displaying his eloquence, attacks, without quarter, the unfortunate Creoles. Excellent journalist! In return, no doubt, for thy zeal, the beneficent Ferdinand, in the exercise of his royal munificence, destines for thee, as soon as may be, the honours of *Gazetero de Madrid*. But, alas, the mischance! The General Aimeriell, ex-minister at war, happens to be governor of Cadiz, and he piques himself on being a Creole; he reads the insults heaped on his countrymen; takes them as personal affronts to himself, and without any form of trial sends the zealous journalist to prison! How consistent is the course of despotic power!

The other works of note recently produced, or which are now in a course of publication, are—1. A Collection of Select Pieces from the best Dramatic Writers of Spain, made with considerable discrimination and good taste. 2. A Collection of Narratives of Voyages of Spaniards since the Fifteenth Century, by the *Señor Navarrete*; the third volume of which, relating to the discovery of Costa Firme and Venezuela, will follow the two first already published on the Voyages of Colon. 3. The *Diccionario Geografico de España*, by *Miñano*, which is on the point of being completed; it has already reached the eighth volume, and has obtained for its author about an equal proportion of praise and blame. 4. The *Biografía Española*, a work which is looked for with eagerness, and which will be shortly published; it comprises the lives of the most celebrated Spaniards of every class, from the most remote times to the year 1808. 5. The *Diccionario Militar Español i Frances*, by *Don Federico Moreti i Casconi*, a work revised and corrected by *Navarrete*: and lastly, and by order of the king, to whom it is dedicated, to be printed at the Royal Printing Office, in a large volume in 8vo. *El Arte de ver en las bellas Artes de Diseño*, (the Art of Judgment in the Fine Arts), translated from the *Italian of Milizia*, with copious Notes and Illustrations by the *Señor Cean de Bermudez*.

The following recent additions to Spanish literature require a somewhat more extended notice:—

Pintura de los Males que a causado a España el Gobierno Absoluto de los ultimos Reinados. Por Don José Presas. Burdeos. 1827.
1 tomo, 12mo.

(A Picture of the evils which have accrued to Spain from the absolute government of the late reigns. By D. José Presas. Bourdeaux, &c.)

THE title of this production, the moment at which it appears, the matter of which it treats, and the circumstances of the author, recommend it to us as a work founded on historical facts, maturely reflected on and examined. It is useful, moreover, as exhibiting the present state of Spain, and as calculated also to afford a profitable lesson to posterity. The contents of the work, however; the inconsistencies in opinion which the author betrays in it; and the manner in which he has executed his task, subject him to the charge, that, notwithstanding the pledge of impartiality with which he sets out, he by no means deserves that praise in his details of certain well known events of the Spanish revolution. As bitter against the Absolutists as he is austere with the Constitutionalists, he lays to the former many crimes of which they are innocent; while to the latter he attributes errors which have been invented to serve as pretexts for the persecutions inflicted on them. Several facts he has mistated altogether—he is inaccurate in his relation of others—and he betrays throughout the remains of that resentment which he is known to have manifested at the time of the Constitutional regime, on account of the slights which he imagined himself to have received at the hands of the government which then ruled the Peninsula.

Notwithstanding these important defects, the work of the *Señor Presas* contains a mass of information very deserving of attention. The biography, more especially of the ministers whom Ferdinand VII. has employed in the various changes which even Absolutism has under-

gone, contain portraits drawn with considerable accuracy. We may instance that of the celebrated Calomarde, and recommend it to those who feel desirous of forming just notions of the qualities of a man who has for some time past directed the public affairs of the Spanish monarchy, and who must one day occupy a conspicuous place in its history.

Obras poéticas de D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa. Tomo 1 and 2. 12mo. Paris, 1827.

(The Poetical Works of Don Francisco Martinez de la Rosa.)

This author entered when yet young on the double career of letters and freedom; and his exploits in either cause have acquired for him universal esteem. His literary labours, now that he is an exile on the banks of the Seine—his services in the Cortes during the war of independence—the sufferings with which these were recompensed by the ingratitude of a despot—the fresh ardour with which, on the re-establishment of the Constitution in 1820, he approved himself a worthy champion of the public liberties—the virtues he displayed as a minister when the diplomatic chair which he filled was shaken by the fury of adverse parties, by the intrigues of foreign policy, and by the bad faith of his sovereign whom he was serving in the name of the Constitution—all deserved for him and obtained the profoundest respect. As a writer, M. Martinez de la Rosa might claim the highest honours, if to the collection of his poems he would add the excellent speeches which, upon many of the most important subjects of legislation and political economy, he delivered to the Cortes in his character of deputy. In these he distinguished himself by a vast fund of knowledge, by great moderation in his principles, combined with remarkable energy in his manner of maintaining them; by excellent oratorical powers, and by an eloquence brilliant in language and rich in thought. In the collection before us, however, we are only favoured with a few of the productions with which the fruitful and elegant muse of Andalusia, of which province he is a native, inspired him in his juvenile years; together with a few later productions which have probably assisted him in sustaining with more resignation the hardships attending imprisonment and exile, and the privations which he has endured, and is still enduring.

ITALY.

Of the veterans of Italian literature, two alone remain: Monti, who is very old, and nearly blind, writes no longer, and has given himself up to devotional practices, a transition not uncommon among imaginative men. Monti was essentially a poet, without, perhaps, fixed principles, either in politics or religion. We are not aware, however, that he ever scoffed at the latter; and therefore we saw with surprise that some fierce zealot published in the Roman journal that the old bard had been *converted* to religion by the Barnabite fathers at Monza. Monti himself was roused by this malignant insinuation, and he wrote a reply in the Milan Gazette, denying the fact of the *conversion*; "for," said he, "he had never ceased to be a Catholic." The other old writer still

living is Pindemonte, who has been styled the *Swan of Verona*. Of a lofty, contemplative turn of mind, he early acquired a mastery over his passions, and his life has ever been calm and immaculate. His pen has been unstained by flattery, bigotry or virulence; he has chosen simple and inoffensive subjects; he has sung of nature and its beauties; of the duties of man towards his fellow-creatures. His beautiful epistle addressed to the late Foscolo, on the subject of Sepulchres, in reply to Ugo's celebrated composition on the same argument, is well known. Pindemonte has also written *Arminius*, a tragedy, in which he has introduced some fine choruses. He has also given to Italy a spirited version of the *Odyssey*. Pindemonte enjoys in his old age universal esteem, and the love of his friends. Something he owes to nature, and much to fortune, which bestowed on him the blessing of independence; but he has the merit of having applied his own exertions to make the best use of his advantages.

Among the popular writers of the present generation, we have, first, Manzoni, of Milan, who seems intended to fix a new era in Italian letters. Manzoni shews himself to be intimately possessed of the spirit and energies of the Italian idiom. His lyrics are among the noblest specimens of that kind of poetry which can be found in any modern language: he has given a new drama to Italy; and, lastly, he has produced the first Italian novel, *The Betrothed*. A man who has succeeded in these three branches of composition is certainly a writer of no ordinary powers, and we may expect still greater things from him.

Nicolini of Florence, who by his last tragedy, *Foscarini*, has taken a middle path between Alfieri's classical school, and Manzoni's dramatic reform, appears to be inclined to depart still more from the strict rule of the critics, seeing probably that the classicists are not satisfied even with the sacrifice he has made to them in his last composition. He is now writing a new play on the Sicilian Vespers, a subject abounding in excellent materials, and which he may amply succeed in dramatising, if, free from conventional shackles, he trusts to his genius, and to the dictates of natural feeling.

Giordani, one of the best essayists, and the most elegant prose writer of Italy, has been for some years living at Florence, but too indolent, or too dispirited to write, notwithstanding the solicitations of his friends, who are sorry to see his rare intellect idle and lost to his countrymen. Now and then a short letter from him, on some topic relating to the fine arts, appears in the journals.

Grossi, the Milanese poet, after deriving a considerable sum from the sale of his poem, *I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata*, one of the few instances of profitable authorship in Italy, has had to sustain the most violent attacks from the critics. Many of those who had at first extolled him to the skies, have since turned against him. Grossi, we think, has been injudicious in the selection of his subject; he has chosen to tread on a ground already hallowed by the muse of Tasso, a poet so well adapted, by his lofty, impassioned feelings, for the effusions of religion and love, and whose strains will live as long as the Italian language shall be remembered. The *Jerusalem* is the epic poem of Italy; we think there is hardly room for another. Tasso hung his lyre on the boughs of a cypress tree, according to his own beautiful expression,

and there it has remained ever since. The present taste and turn of the Italian mind are not favourable to epics.

In speaking of Tasso, we see with pleasure that a splendid monument is to be raised to his memory in the church of St. Onofrio, at Rome, where his remains have remained so long in obscurity. The learned Mai is one of the committee named for the purpose. The bas-relief will represent the funeral procession of the bard. A full-size statue of Tasso will be placed over the monument. The Chevalier Visconti has been the projector, and Professor Fabris of the Academy of St. Luke has supplied the design.

Micali, the ingenious author of the *History of Italy before the Dominion of the Romans*, is preparing a new edition of his work, with ample additions and corrections. Micali and Niebuhr meet, at least in part, on the same ground, and their respective illustrations will throw much light on that obscure period of antiquity. Another important work on a similar subject is that of Inghirami on the *Etruscan Monuments*, lately published at Florence, in six vols. 4to. with numerous plates. There is an active spirit at work in Italy, as well as in Germany, to ascertain the truth with regard to ancient history.

The historian, Botta, remains at Paris, busy about his great work, the *Continuation of the General History of Italy*, from the period at which Guicciardini left it.

The plan of cheap tracts for the diffusion of useful knowledge has been adopted in Italy. A collection of *manuals* of sciences, letters, and arts, is being published at Milan, by the bookseller Silvetri. At Milan are also published annals of agriculture, and of rural and domestic economy, libraries of education, farmers' magazines, and other works of the same popular description. Florence and Milan are the two great marts of literary business.

Besides the *Great Dictionary of the Italian Language*, published at Bologna, there are several other dictionaries in the course of publication; two are appearing at Leghorn alone, one by Zanobetti, and the other by Vanzon; to these we may add the *Dictionary of Synonymes*, by the Abate Romano, a most useful work, and much wanted in Italy; and a *Fraseologia Italiana*, independently of the well-known *Proposta*, or Appendix to the Crusca Vocabulary, by the celebrated Monti.

The news of the death of poor Foscolo has excited a melancholy sensation in Italy. The *Antologia* of Florence promises to give a panegyrical notice on the literary career of that eccentric but original genius, whose name ranks among the very first in modern Italian literature.

There is altogether an unusual activity in the Italian presses, which are busy, if not with many original works, at least with numerous reprints of the best writers of Italian literature, with ample comments, illustrations, &c. by learned and intelligent men. The number of new editions of classics, and of unedited MSS. is truly prodigious. Of a new edition, by Professor Rossini of Pisa, of all the works of Tasso, twenty-one volumes octavo have already appeared! All this shows, however, an increasing demand for information among the present generation of Italians.

Count Pecchio's *England in 1826* has been read with great atten-

tion on the other side of the Alps. The author published it at Lugano, in Italian Switzerland, where books are printed with greater freedom than in Austrian Lombardy, and whence they are easily exported to Milan. The Italians will form a more correct idea of England from Count Pecchio's work, than from any other book in their language. We cannot too much praise the candour, impartiality, and acuteness of observation displayed by this distinguished foreigner, who has evidently employed to the best advantage the time he has spent in this country. His feelings towards England are generous and kind, without flattery or servility; a pleasing contrast to the absurd tirades and ignorant dogmatisms of some other tourists. We wish the educated Italians travelled more; we find greater sobriety and matter-of-fact judgment in their observations than in those of most travellers of other nations. We are tempted to insert the concluding paragraph of Count Pecchio's work, which will give an idea of the spirit of the whole: "From the praises with which I have here and there spoken of England, some one will fancy that I am afflicted with Anglomania. But I must here declare that my commendations, although just, do not imply an advice to other nations to follow England in every thing. Every man has his own dress, and every country its own institutions. I only advise my countrymen to *study* England, as at one time people studied the Roman jurisprudence. The latter was the store of all the wisdom of the first nation in the old world; England is the great store of modern civilization. Our fathers did not study the *Corpus Juris* in order to re-establish the Augurs, the Vestals, or the geese of the capitol. We ought not to borrow from England its game-laws, its rotten boroughs, its poor tax. But yet how many admirable institutions we can borrow of her! It is my sincere and candid opinion that England is not to be servilely imitated. Her civil state is not the result of a plan, nor of a code of laws, like the institutions of Crete, Sparta, Athens, and Rome. It is the valuable offspring of time, of civil wars and revolutions, of laws and institutions, favoured by localities and climate. It is similar to Corinthian brass, which was produced by the accidental fusion and combination of several metals, but which no one has since succeeded in reproducing."

GERMANY.

At the present period, which is just before the great fair at Leipsic, there are few novelties in the German language, the important books being reserved fresh for that mart. Of those recently published the following are the most deserving notice:

Geschichte des deutschen Volkes von H. Luden. Gotha, 1825. 2 t.
(History of the German People, by H. Luden.)

THIS work, as yet wholly unknown in England, is one of the best productions that the literature of Germany has for several years produced. The name of the author is not obscure. His fame as a professor in the University of Jena is general; and his Letters on modern history and politics are acknowledged to be models of profound learning and philosophical erudition. The excellence of his

style is unequalled; and, what is of more importance, his mind is stored with those enlarged and liberal ideas, which impress on the writings of historians that dignity which renders them immortal. Qualities of this kind naturally become the objects of suspicion to arbitrary governments. The works of Luden have been accordingly persecuted in the states of the Holy Alliance.

The work before us is worthy of its author. The annals of the Germans were before scattered in various Greek and Roman writers—in traditions and chronicles. Party-spirit and vulgar prejudices had rendered this history altogether crude and fabulous. Luden has attempted to enlighten by philosophical research the obscurity which before enveloped it, and to unite in one sketch the materials which lay dispersed in many different parts. These three volumes, which will be followed by seven or eight others, deserve to be read by all who desire to form a just idea of a people who exercised so great an influence in the regeneration of Europe, after the overthrow of the Roman empire.

Geschichte der Templer von Wilken. 3 Bände.
(History of the Knights Templars, by Wilken. 3 vols.)

THE history of this chivalrous order is full of interest. Its power and wealth, and the singular manner in which it was destroyed by the intrigues of Philip le Bel and Pope Clement, have ever left the world in doubt whether the crimes with which it was charged were true or false. Mr. Wilken, who is already celebrated for his history of the Crusades, has treated his new subject with an ability and impartiality highly laudable. From his researches, it results that this order of Knights had imported into Europe from the east Mahometan deism; that consequently, in its mysteries, Christianity was rejected; that among the members admitted to the higher grades of the Templar rites, a philosophical religion, quite at variance with the dogmas of the Church, was disseminated. Hence, according to this author, the Pope and the King of France found plausible pretexts for despoiling this order of its immense treasures.

F. H. Jacobi, Ausserlesener Briefwechsel. zwei Bände. 1826, 1827.
(Selections from the Letters of F. H. Jacobi. 2 vols.)

THE works of Jacobi, the late President of the Academy of Munich, who was one of the greatest writers that Germany has ever produced, have, since his death, been enriched by the publication of his correspondence, in two volumes. These contain some documents of great value to literary criticism, among which may be mentioned excellent letters of Wieland, Herder, Lichtenberg, Geor. Forster, Lavater, and Jean Paul.

DIARY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

8th. At the assizes at Oxford, which have taken place during the present week, the following circumstance occurred. We have it from a person who was present. As the afternoon advanced, the sun began to shine into the windows on one side of the court, in a manner very inconvenient to those who were exposed to its influence. Mr. Justice Park, who presided on the bench, desired that the blinds might be pulled down. There were two windows into which the sun thus shone—one was at the extremity of the bench, which, as is usual at the assize held at Oxford in term time, was crowded with gownsmen—the other was in the body of the court. The officers proceeded to pull down the blinds of both windows,—“No, no—not that”—exclaimed the learned Judge, pointing to the window in the body of the hall,—“not that—I only meant *this*, where the sun incommodes these respectable young gentlemen,—as for the people in the crowd, if the sun annoys them, they may go out.” These words, or words as exactly similar as possible, were spoken by the judge in an English court of justice in the nineteenth century! By a judge, too, who is always complimenting himself upon being a *Christian Judge*; and who, on every possible, and almost impossible, occasion, is constantly reiterating that *that* is the capacity in which, emphatically, he sits on the bench. Now where did this learned and Christian person find that scorning and insulting the poor is part and parcel of Christianity?—where did he learn that sycophancy and servility to the rich and great and contumely to the humble, were the duty of a Christian, a gentleman, or a man? Is there any one who will say that this was *not* insult?—Is there any one who is conversant, in however slight a degree, with the feelings of the lower orders of the English people, who will say that this is not exactly the kind and quality of insult that will strike the deepest? What will the poor man who heard this, say? We can tell Judge Park:—he will say, “Listen to that; hear what *the Judge* says—after that, how can a poor man expect justice against a gentleman?” We do not say that this deduction is strictly logical,—but we do say that it is most natural—we do say that it is by no means sufficiently forced for us to be able to assert that it is *unjust*. In a country town, the assize is a matter of the highest interest and importance,—and the judge is looked up to by the bulk of the commonalty with a degree of blind veneration, that gives a tenfold extrinsic weight to every thing that falls from him. No one knows this better than Mr. Justice Park—no one swallows with more avidity all and every kind of homage which his situation procures him: his ideas, also, of his personal importance are immeasurable. With all these reasons, therefore, just and erroneous, for supposing that what he says is not scattered upon the highway, but falls into fruitful ground, it is doubly reprehensible for him to indulge in aristocratical *boutades* like this. The frivolous boys, in favour of whom he acts thus, only laugh at him,—*the people*,

whom he insults, will loathe and curse him : justly or unjustly, it matters not :—insult strikes deeper even than injury, and always excites a double measure of hatred and execration.

14th. Wars and rumours of wars begin to prevail. It seems to be almost certain that Russia is gone to war with Turkey without our leave asked and had ; and certain of our quidnuncs begin, in consequence, to ask whether we must not forthwith declare war against the Czar, to prevent, or to punish, so disrespectful a proceeding. Truly this would place us in a position somewhat pleasant. We are, at this moment, if not at war, certainly no longer at peace, with the Porte, because it will not do what we and Russia ask of it,—and, now the question is, whether we must not go to war with Russia also, for being too forward in the fray? We had better, we suppose, have a fleet in the Dardanelles to attack the Turks because they will not listen to our mediation with the Greeks, and an army on the Pruth, to beat back the Russians from attacking the Turks for the very same cause !

All these are remarkably pleasant speculations, but, fortunately, the lack of money will, in all likelihood, not allow them to become more than speculations. The country would scarcely, we think, consent just now, to the addition of another hundred millions to the public debt, for the pursuit of such whimsies as these. The idleness of officers on half-pay, and innkeepers at sea-port towns, is greatly to be lamented—but some consideration also must be paid to possibilities. It would be scarcely worth while to ruin ourselves for the sole benefit of the very estimable personages just mentioned. A war, it is quite clear, would be just now a very unpopular measure. People seem to have made, within these few years, the notable discovery that peace has some advantages of its own, independent of its merit as being a preparative for war. A vague idea has begun to exist that, on the contrary, the object of war is to procure peace, and that commerce, education, and all the useful and elegant arts flourish better when the minds of men are not devoted to the one paramount object of cutting each other's throats. Lancastrian schools, mechanics' institutes, and societies for diffusing knowledge, have begun to make people believe that the great objects of public attention should be the advancement of general intelligence, activity, comfort, and happiness ; there are now higher things in an Englishman's philosophy than bayonets and cats-o'-nine-tails. In a word, " the schoolmaster is abroad with his primer," and he is fast beating the drill-serjeant out of the field. We are aware that colonels and corn-growers will consider all these things as heretical and levelling innovations ; but let us advise these gentry to swim with the stream ; they may rely upon it, it is becoming too strong and too rapid for them to be able to stem it ; if they strive to do so, they will be drowned in the attempt.

Sir Robert Walpole, as a foreign minister, was almost the best we ever had—for his motto was Peace. The country thrived under his management, and grew fat and rich, for it was at peace. Fortunately France had, at the same time, a minister who (whether it were, in his case, from the debility of age, it matters not) shared Sir Robert's

pacific predilections. Cardinal Fleury and he would never, like some of their successors, have placed "*les deux nations en guerre pour quelques arpens de neige vers le Canada,*" and have made them "*dépenser pour cette belle guerre plus que tout le Canada ne vaut.*" Accordingly, the bills which poor posterity has had to honour for both the victories and the defeats of our ancestors are almost entirely of a later date. From the period of Sir Robert Walpole's retirement, indeed, up to the close of the late war, fighting was undoubtedly the prevailing fashion in Europe. Out of those seventy-six years, we were at war forty-five, without counting our wars in India—a pretty decent proportion, it will be owned! And what has been the result? Why, that, to use the words of Burke, "whether we be masters, or whether we be servants—whether we ride in our carriage, or whether we walk on foot—whether we wear boots, or whether we wear shoes—whether we drink wine, or whether we drink beer, still we are taxed." It is scarcely possible, in the event of a new war, to make this proposition more general—it can only be deepened in intensity.

We have not regarded the question of going to war in another light, which would at first sight seem to need some consideration, we mean the moral guilt of sacrificing a boundless number of human lives, as well as of inflicting all the unutterable miseries of war, for a trivial purpose. We have not yet mentioned this, because all the world seems to have come to a general understanding that such things do not merit, and shall not receive, any consideration at all. When, we should like to know, do we see, in the arguments used, pro and con, for war and peace, any mention made of the guilt of bloodshed and devastation? Policy, expediency, are the words in use—humanity never. It may seem very ante-diluvian, but we confess we cannot think that homicide upon a large scale ceases to be homicide; and we cannot regard wholesale homicide, in an unjust or a trifling cause, to be anything else than murder. But all this is as nothing in comparison with making a country the seat of war. A soldier, as the word implies, lets himself out to be shot at, at so much a day; and he knows when he enlists, that he is not to enquire too scrupulously into the cause in which he is to kill and be killed. But the unhappy inhabitant of "the seat of war" has made no such compact. He receives no pay for being plundered, abused, and maltreated—for having his house burned over his head, and for outrages being heaped upon himself and his family, to a degree, and of a nature, which renders it impossible to do more than allude to them. He has his enemies with him one day, and his allies the next—and the only question is, which is the more intolerable of the two? We were the allies of Spain—and any one of our countrymen who was (for a sample) at St. Sebastian's, will fully understand our meaning. Our ally-like doings there have never thoroughly come to light; but all the army knows them, if the public does not, and the tale has been currently told in society, if only the more feeble points of it have got into print. But England is an island, and thence has not, for ages, been the seat of war. Our wooden walls protect our ditch pretty effectually, and thus no foreign enemy penetrates within our fortress. With the exceptions of very partial descents upon points of the coast, we have never had a foreign enemy in the country since the reign of Henry III.; and our civil conflicts, which

certainly, in some degree, make up for this exemption, are so long since gone by, that, except when some county history laments the damage done to some church or manor-house, by the soldiery, in the great civil war, we almost forget that aught has

— filled fields with harness in the realm ;

and, feeling none of its effects, are careless of its having once existed. But if once we were to have a taste of a war of several campaigns in the heart of our country—our homes converted into barracks, for brutal and licentious troops—our only payment, blows and insult—our only redress the almost equal horror of individual vengeance—if we once knew by personal experience what these things *are*, we think, as Corporal Cramp says, “we should be in no such cursed hurry when it came to our turn.” But we had forgotten; these things—the misery and anguish, namely, of human creatures—are not to be considered by people of expanded views. The question will be decided on very different grounds from these.

19th. Lord Lansdown brought two very excellent bills into the House of Lords last night, which, we trust, will pass into laws without opposition;—the one is to consolidate and amend the laws relating to personal violence—the other to make some alterations in the law of evidence. He states that he has been led to make these propositions for improving the criminal law, in consequence of his having “recently been in a situation which enabled him to obtain that information and assistance, which alone encouraged him to take the subject into his hands.” His lordship then passes some well-merited encomiums upon Mr. March Phillips, the Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, whose assistance seems to have been given to him in these most meritorious labours. At the conclusion of his speech he pays similar compliments to Lord Tenterden, which it is delightful to think are deserved by a Lord Chief Justice.

For the first bill, in particular, the country ought to be highly grateful to Lord Lansdown; for a monstrous and most absurd anomaly in the laws will be done away by it. We allude to the law, as it now stands, making those attempts at murder, not undertaken with particular instruments, only misdemeanours:—for instance, attempting to drown, to smother, or to strangle, a person, or to beat out his brains with a bludgeon, is, supposing the attempt to fail, only a misdemeanour; while shooting at a man, or cutting him with a sharp instrument, or attempting to poison him, are capital offences. This discrepancy has arisen thus: the broad principle of the common law is, that all attempts to commit felony are misdemeanours; of course, the attempts to commit murder are included in this. At various periods, however, in most instances in consequence of some case at the moment, statutes have been passed making it a capital felony to shoot at a person with intent to kill, or to stab or cut with intent to murder, or to administer poison with the same intention: thus these exceptions were made to the general rule of the common law, but all other modes of death were left as before. That this should be so is absurd upon the face of it; and it has both occasioned many guilty persons to escape, and also, which is nearly as bad, caused judges and

juries to warp the construction of the statutes, from the moral abhorrence arising from the blood-guiltiness of the parties accused. For instance, for an indictment to lie under what is commonly called Lord Ellenborough's Act, that for stabbing, (43 Geo. III. c. 58) it has been held to be necessary for the assault to be made with a *sharp instrument*. Now, how this doctrine has been stretched, I think the following case will shew. It is copied from Professor Christian's notes to his edition of Blackstone. "Peter Atkinson was indicted at York Spring Assizes, 1806, for cutting with an intent to murder under this statute. He clearly intended to murder a woman, his fellow-servant, and struck her over the face and head with the sharp or claw part of the hammer, until he thought she was dead. She recovered. He was found guilty, but his case was reserved for the opinion of the twelve judges. They held he was guilty of *cutting* within the meaning of the statute, and he was executed. But if he had attempted to kill her with the blunt end of the hammer, he would have been guilty of a misdemeanour only*." Now, we think it must be quite clear to all people, who use only their common sense, and do not bewilder themselves with legal refinings and torturings of the plain meaning of plain words, that such a cutting as this did *not* come *within the meaning of the statute*. The statute clearly meant such instruments as swords, dirks, knives, razors, and the like—not hammers! There was very nearly the *reductio ad absurdum* of this the other day at the Old Bailey, in the case of Howard, which has made so much noise lately. One of the surgeons said that he considered one of the wounds inflicted upon the prosecutor *an incised wound*, which has been one of the criteria by which the courts have been guided in their decisions as to the character of the instrument. Now, the instrument used in this instance was a *trap-bat*!—to call which a sharp instrument, "within the meaning of the statute," would have been *un peu fort* indeed! Lord Lansdown now makes all kinds of attempts to murder punishable to the same extent as murder itself; and we think that this principle might be extended with advantage to attempts to commit any felony whatsoever. The true principle, as it appears to us, is to make *all attempts equally punishable, whether they succeed or not*. Let the *intent* be clearly made out, and then make any endeavour to put that intent into execution an equal offence with its thorough completion. The reasons upon which this doctrine is founded are clear, and near the surface. All punishment is for the prevention of crime—that is, crime is punished to deter others from committing a similar act. Now, this act cannot be committed without the *animus*, the will, the intent to do it previously being generated in the doer's mind. The great object, therefore, is to prevent the existence of that animus; hence wherever its existence was betrayed by its bearing fruit in deeds, it should be punished as though it had issued in full accomplishment. Where these attempts are made, and fail, the failure is caused by some extraneous circumstance, not by the will of the attempter. He has conceived in his mind a full intention of committing a certain crime, and it is not his fault that he does not commit it: therefore, he is as morally guilty as if he *had* committed it, and should be punished to a similar degree, to deter others from forming such

* Christian's Blackstone, Vol. IV. p. 207, n. 1.

intentions, which in their case may be perfected. The crime never can take place without the *animus*: it is *that* we should strive to prevent. In numberless cases, the jury has at present to decide upon the intent. But the law already recognises the full principle in the instances I have named above, of attempts to shoot, to stab, and to poison. If Lord Lansdown's bill passes, it will be recognised in all attempts against life—and we confess we cannot see how the *principle* is less applicable to all felonies whatsoever—to burglary, to arson, even to theft, if the *intent* can be proved. However, Lord Lansdown in this bill is considering only one subject—violence to the person; and we must not ask too much at once.

The alteration of which we have been speaking is the main and great one of this bill; but there are various other salutary provisions also. For instance, the distinction between petty-treason and murder is done away; a distinction which, practically, shewed itself only in giving peculiar privileges to the party accused of the deeper offence, as to challenging jurors, &c. An accessory after the fact, in cases of murder, is made liable to transportation, instead of as now being subject only to imprisonment. Justices of the peace are empowered to commit for offences beyond the sea, which at present can be done only by the Privy Council. Lord Lansdown cited the case of Governor Wall as having strongly shewn the extreme inconveniences of the present system. In cases of murder, where the act is committed beyond the seas, but the party does not die till he reaches England, the criminal may be tried in England. This provision Lord L. proposes to extend to manslaughter. Death inflicted in the prevention of felony is to be justifiable homicide. Using means to procure abortion in a woman *not* quick with child to be subjected to the same punishment as when she is quick. This is a step in medical jurisprudence which the destruction of old women's absurd theories renders necessary. The concealment of the birth of a bastard child to be a substantive offence, whereas now it must be preceded by an indictment for its murder. The penalties of abduction to be extended to the cases of heiresses, as well as possessors, of property; together with a variety of minor regulations upon similar principles of wholesome improvement.

Lord Lansdown's second bill is on the subject of evidence. In the first place, and every lover of liberality will hail the enactment with joy, the affirmation of a Quaker is to be received in criminal as well as civil cases. The distinction was always monstrous; and the encouragement it held out to thieves to attack the property of this most estimable class of persons was extreme. Professional thieves understand Old Bailey law right well, and they constantly endeavour so to commit their depredations as to shield themselves from the heavier class of punishments. In this case, they would escape altogether. Lord Lansdown cites a very great number and variety of such instances. In the next place, in cases of forgery, the evidence of the person whose name is forged is to be made admissible. This is extremely right. The principle of interested persons not being allowed to give evidence is carried to a most hurtful excess; and in cases of larceny, it is by necessity swerved from. It is for a man's *interest* to swear that such and such goods are his property; but we never heard

of any practical evil arising from this mode of identifying stolen articles, which is universal in trials for larceny. Indeed the principle of the *incompetency* of a witness is of very doubtful policy in any case. The best plan would be to admit them all, broadly, and let the jury decide on the credibility of the individual. The present practice is as much as saying "we cannot expect a man will tell the truth, if falsehood should be more conducive to his interest." This is giving a sort of readiness to the supposition, of perjury being quite natural, which is, we think, of bad moral example. There are some civil cases in which great injustice is done, from the plaintiff not being allowed to give evidence, subject of course to his credibility being narrowly looked to by the jury. For instance, suppose in an action against a carrier for the loss of a trunk, it was packed by the owner, the plaintiff; it would be impossible to give any evidence of the contents of the trunk to enable the jury to judge of their value. We merely cite this as an instance, but there are many such.

There are only two other clauses in this bill, which go to remove a doubt whether persons, having *undergone* the punishment consequent upon a conviction for felony or for misdemeanour, are thereby expurgated, as though they had had a pardon under the great seal. Lord Lansdown's clauses make such persons competent witnesses. Lord Lansdown, after stating that these are the principal clauses of his bill, adds, that "he is by no means prepared to assert that the improvements which they would introduce are very extensive. There is nothing in them of a very novel or extraordinary character to captivate their lordships; but their lordships would agree with him that on such subjects they ought to proceed by slow degrees, and with a watchful attention to the progress of legal proceedings, in order that any amendments introduced into the law might be introduced on safe and intelligible grounds." This is perfectly just, and the country is exceedingly indebted to Lord Lansdown for what he has done; but we confess that when a bill is in parliament on the subject of evidence, it seems most desirable that some provision should be contained in it to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of those disgraceful scenes, which sometimes take place in our courts, of refusing a man's evidence on account of his religious belief. This subject has been so amply discussed, that it is not worth while to enter into an argument to show that such a refusal is contrary to every principle of common sense and justice; but, even the better *legal* opinion seems to be that the evidence should be received. But, as such persons as Mr. Serjeant Arabin have it in their power to injure the cause of justice by deciding to the contrary, a declaratory clause ought to be introduced into this bill, setting the subject at rest for ever. It is much to be wished that either the noble Mover, or some other noble Lord, would introduce a clause to this effect, when the bill is committed.

22nd. There was a debate last night in the House of Commons, on the East Retford Disfranchisement Bill, remarkable on more accounts than one. It is remarkable not only on account of the merits of the question as they were debated, and of the odious and all-devouring spirit of the landed aristocracy displayed on the occasion; but

also for the real question which was at issue not being noticed at all, except once, incidentally, for the purpose of what we cannot but call the most extraordinary disavowal. The question nominally was whether the franchise, forfeited by East Retford, should be transferred to Birmingham, or some other large town, or to the hundred in which it is situated: the question really was whether it should, or should not, be given to the Duke of Newcastle. Every one knew this; there was not a vote given on either side without a direct view to this issue, and yet no one had the manliness to come forward and say, "This is in reality what we are arguing about—Is this Tory peer to have this additional influence thrown into his hands, or not?" Sir James Macintosh, who made a most admirable and unanswerable speech on the merits of the nominal question, had not the boldness to even mention the real one. Mr. Peel, who made a very poor speech on the nominal question, alluded to the real one, only in the following terms:—"There was an objection which was supposed to exist on the part of the government, to transfer the franchise of East Retford away from the hundred, arising from the desire they had to invest an individual (the Duke of Newcastle) with the power of returning a member if the franchise were given to the hundred. He declared, upon his honour, that no consideration of that kind influenced him; he knew nothing upon the subject except what he had heard in that house. It might be, or it might not be, that the Duke of Newcastle had such influence, for aught he knew; he certainly did not believe it to be so powerful as to sway a whole body of two thousand voters; but what place, he would ask, could be chosen where some person or persons could not be found to possess considerable influence?" Oh, fie! Mr Peel; one could not expect this miserable shuffling and sophistry from you. The motive does not actuate you? well, you so declare it, and as regards *motives*, no one can have a knowledge to be set against the assertion of him who feels them. We are bound to believe you; but your having no knowledge of such influence—it may be, or it may not be—you cannot tell—*fi donc!* The world is bound to believe a right honourable gentleman when he makes an assertion, as to what he knows or does not know; it can, therefore, only be said that Mr. Peel laboured under a most unaccountable and singular ignorance. To every one else the thing was perfectly notorious.

And now, to say a few words upon the question nominally debated: whether the franchise should be transferred to one of the great, populous, unrepresented towns, or to the hundred of Basset-law, in which East Retford is situated. The latter course would (laying the Duke of Newcastle, for the present, out of the question) transfer the franchise to the agricultural interest, the former to the manufacturing. The former course would give the privilege of electing representatives to (whether the town be Birmingham or Manchester) a place containing upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants, abounding in wealth and intelligence, and possessing the strongest interest in all those great questions of commercial policy, which are now decided for them in parliament by other people. The latter course would give this privilege to two thousand ignorant bumpkins, who already have a vote for the county of Nottingham, by virtue of which they send, or may send, to parliament a couple of agricultural members, there, in con-

junction with their numerous brethren, to keep up the price of corn and thence of bread, as the *summum bonum*, the great, the only object of political wisdom. Giving the franchise to Birmingham or Manchester would add to the small number of representatives of the commercial interest in a country essentially commercial; giving it to the hundred of Basset-law would add to the great majority of representatives returned by the landed interest, in a country in which the power has remained with that interest, after their real (comparative) importance has become as obsolete as the King's touching for the evil. It never can be sufficiently repeated, that, whatever may have been the case in days of ancient ignorance and barbarism, the landed people are now but as a grain of sand in the balance, when weighed against the manufacturing and commercial, in all that relates to the real power, greatness, and glory of England. That they still possess the great bulk of *internal* power is one of those legacies from the brutal ages of feudalism, which still hang around the neck of our advancement, and from which it will yet take long years to shake ourselves free. But each step towards it is to be striven for with every nerve, and to be hailed with delight when it is achieved. Mr. Peel says that the franchise of Penryn may be transferred to one of the great towns, and that thus a fair division is made. A *fair* division! Why Shoreham, Aylesbury, Cricklade, and half of Grampound (in effect—all nominally) have gone to pamper the already overgrown carcase of agricultural influence! And now, forsooth, giving two members to the one, and two to the other, will be a fair division! If the whole twelve members had been given to the commercial interest, it still would have been far and far behind the landed in actual numbers, to say nothing of the changed circumstances of the country rendering it fitting that it should possess the absolute majority. But as it is, to give to it only two, or at most three, out of twelve, is surely the oddest idea of a fair division that ever was heard of! We have not entered into the details of the argument; the twaddle, for instance, brought forward by Mr. Peel about the average number of members returned by each county, as if such a principle were in any degree recognized by our parliamentary constitution, or as if it ought to be merely as regards square miles. We have stuck to the broad question of the respective claims of the trading and landed interests to the forfeited franchise, and we cannot conclude better than by quoting some of the brilliant and conclusive observations of Sir James Macintosh on this point, applied individually to the places, in this instance, respectively, representing each:—

‘I have nothing to do with the question as it respects Birmingham, except (comparing it with the section of a county to which the Right Honourable Gentleman proposes to transfer this franchise) to ask, whether the inhabitants of Birmingham, an unrepresented community, a population of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, abounding with men of property, character, and intelligence; or the comparatively small number of fifteen hundred freeholders of Nottinghamshire, all of whom already possess the right of voting for Members of Parliament, should be selected as the successors of the delinquent Corporators of Retford? [hear!] Now, Sir, I ask the House whether

this is not a question which answers itself? Can any man pretend to say that the claim of Birmingham to this transfer of the Elective Franchise is not far superior to the claim of a portion only of the county of Nottingham, or that the former is not much more likely to make a sound choice of representatives than the latter? Why, I ask, should we refuse this right to Birmingham, possessing such an extensive population, in order to give it to a number of persons not exceeding one-third of the population of Nottinghamshire? Let the house consider but for a moment the vast importance of the iron trade, of which Birmingham is the chief and centre point—a trade spreading itself over a country composed, as I may say, of towns—a trade running through Warwickshire and Staffordshire. I am not sure whether iron forms the second or third of the great branches of our trade; I think it is the second; but whether second or third is immaterial to my argument; I say that that trade is the least directly represented of any of the three great branches. It is neither my intention nor my wish to mention the names of other branches of our internal traffic; but I repeat that the iron trade is the least protected of all [hear, hear!]. But, Sir, we have now presented to us the opportunity of remedying this evil, by giving two members to Birmingham on the disfranchisement of the Borough of East Retford. The Honourable Member has talked to us of the population of this hundred; I wish he had given us some information as to the population of Staffordshire and Warwickshire [hear, hear!]. I wish he had told us the proportion of representatives to the population of these counties, as compared with the county of Nottingham, instead of telling us that there existed a small arithmetical disproportion between the places to which he has alluded. The question of disfranchising corrupt boroughs, and transferring the franchise to large towns, was so ably handled by my Noble Friend (Lord Dudley) then Mr. Ward, that I think I cannot do better than quote some of his observations. That Noble Lord proceeded with such a mixture of wit and argument that every pleasantry contained a reason, and every assertion a proof. It had been said, in the course of the discussion to which I allude, that the corruption which had been carried on in the boroughs of Gatton and Old Sarum was enough to make our ancestors rise from their graves. “No,” said Mr. Ward, “that is not enough to make our ancestors rise from their graves, for they had their Gattons and their Old Sarums as well as ourselves; but there is a circumstance which is enough to call them from their graves, and that is, to see in the present day towns larger and more populous than their London totally unrepresented” [hear, hear, hear!]. Is it possible, I ask, to express the defects of the existing state of the representation better, or in fewer words? I say, Sir, that if the House does not avail itself of this opportunity of giving two representatives to one of the great towns, we shall lose one of the best opportunities that ever presented themselves of sinking the constitution more deeply into the hearts of the people; and attaching the whole of the community to our national institutions. We shall also lose the opportunity of giving to one of our greatest trading interests that protection which it requires, and in the absence of which it is left depending solely on the justice of Parliament.’

26th. Sir Richard Birnie is a gentleman to whom the public pays fifteen hundred a-year for preserving the peace of the metropolis. We beg to subjoin the following statement, which we copy from the Morning Herald, as a comment upon this fact:—

St. Paul, Covent Garden.

Yesterday morning a petty session was held in the vestry-room of this parish, for the appointment of overseers. The churchwardens and the rest of the "late select," not having condescended to consult any of the non-select, a respectable number of the latter assembled to take into consideration fit and proper persons to be recommended to the magistrates for the above office. Mr. Dow was unanimously called to the chair, and the names of eight ancient and substantial householders having been submitted by the chairman and agreed to, Thomas Halls, Esq., the magistrate, entered the room, and took his seat at the table; he was followed by Sir Richard Birnie, who approached the chairman, and with great impetuosity, asked the chairman, "Who are you, sir?"

The Chairman—My name is Dow, sir. I have been placed in the chair by the meeting; but now you have arrived, Sir Richard, I shall willingly resign it.

Without waiting to reply, the worthy Chief Magistrate seized him rudely by the right arm, which was suspended in a sling, having been recently dislocated, and said with great warmth, "Get out, sir, get out!"

Mr. Dow (retiring)—Gently, Sir Richard, you don't consider my arm; you give me great pain.

Sir Richard—I care nothing about your arm.

The magistrate then seated himself, and the list previously agreed to was placed before him; when Mr Roche, the vestry-clerk, pressed forward another list, *privately* agreed to by the churchwardens and the members of the late select. The magistrates were proceeding to appoint from the said select list, when their attention was called to the former list.

Sir Richard—I know nothing about any lists.

Mr. Corder—We are aware, Sir Richard, by the 39th of Elizabeth, you have the right to appoint without consulting the inhabitants; but allow me to explain that—

Sir Richard—I'll hear no explanation.

Mr. Corder—Then perhaps Mr. Halls will allow me for one moment, I will not detain your worships any longer, as I know your official duties oblige you shortly to attend at Bow Street, and—

Sir Richard—*Oblige*, sir! I am not *obliged* to attend. How dare you, sir, presume that I am *obliged*? I can stay away all day if I like.

Mr. Corder—You have misunderstood me, Sir Richard, I did not mean *compelled*, when I said *obliged*, although I presume under the Police Act—

Sir Richard—I tell you, sir, you have no right to presume. Where is *your* list, Mr. Roche?

Mr. Phillips then proceeded ably to argue that the usual course, where open vestries existed, was for the parishioners to be convened previous to the appointment of overseers, and to select certain old and

substantial householders, whose names should be submitted to the magistrates in petty sessions, and, as the magistrates could not, in large and populous parishes, be presumed to be acquainted with the inhabitants, they usually adopted the names so recommended. Mr. Phillips cited authorities, and quoted various precedents in support of this mode of nomination.

Sir Richard Birnie—Is there any objection to the names proposed in this list?—(The select List.)

Mr. Walker—Yes; the first man does the work of the “parish.”

Sir Richard Birnie—Well, so much the better for him. Besides he can't do it when he is in office.

Mr. Corder—There has been lavish expenditure of our money, dinners with champagne, sauterne, and rose water, &c. to wit, and we object to any of the friends of such a system.

Mr. Halls—I think the fairest manner, as well as the most proper mode, is for us to issue our precept to the high constable, directing him to furnish us with the names of all those who are eligible to serve as overseers, and I hope in future that course will be pursued.

Mr. Phillips—The 54th George the Third says, the appointment may be made within fourteen days of the 25th of March; that will be affording your worships ample time to pursue that course.

Sir Richard—I object to it now; I think it is too late.

Mr. Phillips suggested that a name from each list should be taken.

This conciliatory proposition was, however, rejected, and Sir Richard proceeded to swear in the two individuals recommended by the members of the late select. One of the new overseers was asked if he had served the office of constable. He replied in the negative.

Sir Richard—Psha! What of that, neither have I.

A parishioner said, they made me a constable before I was in the parish four months, but I dare say they will never make me an overseer.—(A laugh.)

The magistrates were then retiring, when Mr. Dow remonstrated with the chief magistrate upon his rude and offensive conduct to him. “Sir,” said Mr. Dow, emphatically, “I am as respectable a man as yourself, but your conduct to me on coming into this room was unmanly and ungentlemanly. You treated me like a dog.”

Sir Richard—Upon my word this is too bad. Take down his words, Mr. Roche,—take down his words.

Mr. Dow, apparently in much pain, and under excited feelings, said—You may be a magistrate, but I say, sir, your conduct to me has not been that of a gentleman. Mr. Roche may take down my words, if you please; but I repeat, sir, you have treated me like a dog.

The meeting then separated, apparently much dissatisfied that the magistrates should have so strenuously supported the faction of the late select.

We, the undersigned, believe the above statement to be correct, having been present at the meeting.

J. CORDER,

J. CALLAHAN.

J. PHILLIPS,

T. W. DOW.

Now this, we think, is a little *too* bad, even from a gentleman so

privileged as Sir Richard Birnie chooses to consider himself to be. This statement, it will be remarked, is not a mere newspaper report—it is authenticated by the signatures of four respectable parishioners, and it cannot be doubted that it is, in the main, correct. We are well aware that there are considerable party feuds in the parish of St. Paul;—but these are not arguments or reasonings, but facts. Moreover, one or two former displays of Sir Richard's are perfectly in keeping with his outrage of yesterday. His conduct to Belzoni at the Irish ball, a few years back, which betrayed equal ignorance and brutality, has not, he may rest assured, passed from the public memory, nor is it likely so to do while his official behaviour in general is marked by the kind of manner which distinguishes this worthy successor of Justice Thrasher. His conceptions of his own importance would be ludicrous, if they did not issue into such disgusting violence as that above narrated. To a minor instance of a similar spirit we ourselves chanced to be an eye-witness not long ago. We were coming out of the theatre, one night in November, in company with a gentleman and his wife, when, just as the lady was about to put her foot upon the step of her carriage, a man pushed rudely by, shoved us all three into the gutter, exclaiming, "Make way! make way!" "What the devil do you mean by that?" was our natural retort; when, pulling out a staff, and saying he was an officer, the man reiterated "Make way! make way for Sir Richard Birnie;" and lo! the great dignitary, with her ladyship on his arm, hove in sight, approaching along the pavement thus cleared for him. This is only farcical;—Sir Richard Birnie thinking that he is to have the streets of London cleared for his free passage is an epigram in itself. But if he goes on after the fashion of his out-break of yesterday at the Vestry, he may chance to "put the saddle on the wrong horse," and to learn that magistrates have no more right to break the king's peace than other people.

26th. Excellence of every kind is to be admired; there is something inspiring even in the perfection of wickedness and absurdity. It is thus that a *thorough lie*—a lie complete in all its details—a lie full of the most monstrous and incredible circumstances; such a lie, in fact, as the newspapers chuckle at, gloat over, and thrust into their most crowded columns, multiply in a week all through the three kingdoms, send hot to America, and receive it back from that region of wonders re-manufactured to be re-exported;—such a lie as this delights us beyond expression, and gives us vast hopes of the perfectibility of the invention of mankind. What a glorious example is the following, which has travelled up from the 'Macclesfield Courier' to 'The Times;' and, after being swallowed with all the port and porter in the city, will make itself wings to fly into every inn and pot-house in the country, till it becomes embalmed in the Magazines, and will descend to posterity in some quiet nook of the 'Annual Register':—

'We have heard of many instances wherein fright, it is said, has produced very strange effects upon the human system. The following account we give upon the authority of a highly respectable medical gentleman resident in London. At the time of the funeral of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, a gentleman well known for his

antiquarian researches, *whose name we withhold*, descended into the Royal cemetery at Windsor, after the interment had taken place, and busily engaged himself in copying inscriptions from various coffins. While thus engaged, and absorbed in thought, he heard the door of the cemetery close with an appalling sound; the taper fell from his hand, and he remained petrified by the knowledge of his awful situation, entombed with the dead. He had not power to pick up the taper, which was soon extinguished by the noisome damp, and he imagined that the cemetery would not be re-opened until another royal interment should take place; and that thus he must soon, from the effects of famine, be numbered with the dead. He swooned, and remained insensible for some time. At length, recovering himself, he rose upon his knees, placed his hands upon a mouldering coffin, and, to use his own words, "felt strength to pray." A recollection then darted across his mind, that he had heard the workmen say, that about noon they should revisit the cemetery, and take away some plumes, &c. which they left there. This somewhat calmed his spirits. Soon after twelve o'clock he heard the doors turn upon their grating hinges; he called for assistance, and was soon conveyed to the regions of day. His clothes were damp, and a horrible dew hung upon his hair, which in the course of a few hours turned from dark black to gray, and soon after to white. The pain which he felt in the scapula during the period of his incarceration, he described to our informant to be dreadful. This is, perhaps, the best authenticated account upon record of a man's hair turning gray from fright.

What a pity is it to spoil this most ingenious and really awful fiction, by mentioning a few stupid facts. The 'Royal Cemetery' is *never* opened but in the presence of the Lord Chamberlain and the Dean of Windsor, who each have keys;—the body, at a royal funeral, is lowered into a subterranean passage, which communicates with the cemetery, and, these two personages being present, is immediately placed in its 'narrow cell;' the cemetery, being locked, is never again opened, till a similar occasion unbars the tomb. Do not be discouraged, O worthy "Macclesfield Courier!"

26th. What will the world come to next? 'The Quarterly Review' is turning liberal; their article on the Police might almost have been in the 'Edinburgh;' they talk of the absurdity of old systems—*they*, 'The Quarterly.' But a far greater curiosity than this came to our ears yesterday, namely, an anti-despotic speech from a schoolmaster—and that schoolmaster the Head-master of Eton!—"church and state," we should have thought, personified. It seems that when Don Miguel was in England, on his visit to Windsor he obtained a week's additional holidays for the Eton boys at Easter, a practice very common among royal people who visit those 'antique towers'—so much so, indeed, that it is now become exceedingly extraordinary if the boys do not have a week's extraordinary holidays on some account or another. Don Miguel followed the approved custom. But it seems that, yesterday, when the boys in the upper part of the school were coming away, Dr. Keate, in officially informing them of (what they knew right w^{ell} before) the additional week's holidays, added, '*Under present circum-*

stances, it is probable it would not have been granted; but, as the Provost's word is passed, it cannot be revoked.' Bravo! Dr. Keate. The schoolmaster, undoubtedly, is abroad with his primer, when the Head-master of Eton speaks thus. We confess we should have thought, *à priori*, that the absolutists had not a greater strong-hold than in Eton College. We are delighted to find we were mistaken.

27th. Our attention has been just drawn to the case of 'Jane Scott, the Parricide,' as the newspapers call her, as to a most extraordinary metaphysical instance of sheer wickedness. It has proved to us how infinitely farther human, or inhuman, nature goes than the boldest writer of fiction *dare* invent and put into his book. This woman had poisoned her sister's child—her own child—her father—and her mother. Of the first there never was any suspicion entertained, it being supposed the child died of a fit;—the second, to use her own words, 'there was a bit of a stir about at the time, and many folks said they thought it had not died properly, but she was never taken up about it.' For the murder of her father she was tried at the last summer assizes, but acquitted on a point of law; for the murder of her mother she was tried at the assizes just concluded, and has since been executed. The peculiar and almost supernatural atrocity of this woman is that which makes the case remarkable; and her confession is assuredly one of the most remarkable documents of the kind that has ever fallen beneath our notice. What do our readers think of the following account, by a mother, of the murder of her own child? 'She also confessed, that shortly after this she formed the resolution of poisoning her own illegitimate child (as a young man had promised her marriage,) a fine boy about four years old; that she went to the doctor's in Preston, and purchased an ounce of white powder, to use her own words (arsenic), and at tea-time, she says, Tommy was sitting at the table, and he cried; she then kissed him, and made him quiet; she then mixed the arsenic in some treacle, and gave it him all; that she then set him in the chair; she took her seat opposite him, and watched him; she says, that almost directly after she saw the glass come over his eyes, and he died shortly.' This is appalling!—and yet it is right that such things should be made known, were it only to show to what an extent the depravity of those brutalized by ignorance may go.

28th. Our excellent friend 'The Morning Herald,' is prodigiously original and amusing in his account of the levee. He deals in those pretty little personal anecdotes, which shew how keenly he has snuffed the air of St. James's, and which, in his prattle about courtiers, indicate plainly that he has been

Between the wind and their nobility.

We shall follow his interesting narrative step by step:—'The Duke of Wellington having had an accident in stepping out of his carriage the other evening, in going to the House of Lords, when his foot slipped, and precipitated him, with some degree of violence, against a pillar, his Grace was obliged to wear a small black patch on a prominent part of his face—notwithstanding which, the Duke looked in

good spirits.' We cannot exactly see why the Duke of Wellington should *not* look in 'good spirits,' by reason of the 'black patch.' We may venture to think that a brave soldier has no dread of portents. To be sure, a tumble at the House of Lords is an ugly thing for a prime minister; and it is not very pleasant to fall against a *pillar* even of that house, and get his nose bruised. But his Grace is growing used to *slips* in that place, and will brave them manfully. Let him laugh at Fate! 'The Marquess of Wellesley has likewise much improved in his looks since his marriage and absence in Ireland. His Lordship, as well as Prince Esterhazy, amused themselves in chatting with Townsend, the police-officer.' What an observer of *looks* the 'Herald' is, particularly of those of the Wellesleys. The one brother smiles through a 'black patch,' and the other is much improved by marriage. But he does not tell us how Townsend looked! Impudent, and sleek, and oily to the prince and the marquess, we are satisfied—arrogant, and pompous, and sour to the unknown Mister, who sees a levee for the first time, we are equally sure. But the Herald does not read looks for nothing:—Prince Polignac is a handsome man; but Prince Lieven's countenance appeared grave and thoughtful. Lord Burleigh shakes his head! 'There are invasions, and wars, and massacres, and the capture of Constantinople, in that 'grave and thoughtful countenance' of Prince Lieven. Heaven avert the omen! But the danger thickens:—The Earl of Eldon looked uncommonly cheerful, far more than he did whilst presiding in the Court of Chancery.' Now what can make Lord Eldon cheerful? It is true, that the Duke of Newcastle is getting another borough, and Miguel is 'absolute king,' and Mr. Peel is daily growing more cunning and diplomatic, upon the old mode of governing England by stratagem. There is something brewing when Lord Eldon looks 'cheerful.'

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

'The Marquess of Hertford was the first nobleman that left the court, and his frame, once so athletic, seemed to have lost much of its vigour: his Lordship was lame. In fact, more instances of lameness were observable amongst the courtiers attending the levee of yesterday, than have been witnessed on former occasions.' Now that is wicked, and sly, and very disloyal, my dear 'Morning Herald.' That is a hit at the ministry, of whom the majority were present. We all know that Mr. Huskisson is very lame upon the matter of guarantee, —and the Duke of Wellington very lame upon the matter of political economy, —and Mr. Peel very lame upon the matter of reformation, whether of laws or boroughs, —and Mr. Goulburn very lame upon all matters; —but why lame at the levee?

'Mr. Secretary Huskisson seemed improved in health; Lord Gode-
rich's countenance indicated not the slightest regret for the loss of place as Premier; and the Marquess of Lansdowne stepped into his coach without relaxing a single muscle of his face.' Why the Marquess of Lansdowne *should* have relaxed 'a single muscle of his face' when he stepped into his coach, we cannot precisely tell. Lord Dufferin thought that it was necessary 'for a peer to be in a pucker, when a man comes from Quebec in America;' and the 'Herald' evidently thinks that an ex-secretary of state ought to laugh outright when he

turns his back upon St. James's. Perhaps the Marquess of Lansdowne 'laughed in his sleeve,' and the 'Herald' missed the circumstance.

'The Marquesses of Winchester and Camden, and Lord Melville, were accompanied by their sons, as was the Duke of Montrose, but age and infirmity seemed to be creeping on the latter nobleman.' Never mention such things, sweet 'Herald,' if you would be in the graces of the eaves-droppers of courts, from whom you may gather the choicest political information. Kings and Lord Chamberlains are never acquainted with 'age and infirmity.' Such mishaps belong to the 'sons of the earth.'

Turn we from levees to legislation. The 'Morning Herald' of to-day is deep, very deep, astonishingly wise, 'a Daniel come to judgment.' 'Next to getting rid of the vices of the people, a wise and paternal government cannot do better than render them objects of taxation, not merely with a view to revenue, but as a means of diminishing the practice of them, by throwing expensiveness in the way of their indulgence.' It is perfectly true that 'a wise and paternal government' cannot do better than render the people objects of taxation: it is the only business of all 'wise and paternal governments,' 'Rivers,' said Brindley, 'were *made* to feed navigable canals.' 'The people,' says every minister, from Laud to Mr. Peel, 'were *made* to be taxed.' It is the condition of this existence; governments might do without the people but for that single circumstance. But why *next* to getting rid of their vices? The 'Herald' (if we understand his meaning aright amidst a little obscurity of construction) says, governments should tax the people, 'not merely with a view to revenue,' but to make them virtuous. Now, if the vices were got rid of first, this care for the morals of the people, in the mode of taxing them, would be quite supererogatory. Be that as it may, the receipt for making a nation virtuous is to tax well; and, *therefore*, as we are the most taxed people in the world, we ought to be the most virtuous, and doubtless are so. This is a consolation for eight hundred millions of debt! But the Editor of the 'Morning Herald,' who can afford to drink claret, is angry with gin, and wants that taxed, taxed, taxed! But there is an antidote even to the cheapness of gin. Fashion bears 'sovereign sway' at St. Giles's as well as St. James's. Gin is growing *vulgar*, because it is cheap. We had lately the pleasure of a conversation on this subject, with a very intelligent driver of a cabriolet, who informed us, that 'gin was a penny a glass, and horrid low—no gentlemen now could drink gin.'

28th. It has always been our intention to say something about the fall of the Brunswick Theatre; but we have been waiting for the verdict of the coroner's inquest, that we might notice it altogether. The inquest, however, being again adjourned, and that to Wednesday week, we must say our say now, or not at all.

That the event was a most dreadful and appalling one, there can be no manner of doubt; and, like all such events in this metropolis, it occasioned, in the hubbub which it created, the circulation of a vast number of very great lies, mingled with the truth. The outcry against

Mr. Whitwell, the architect, during the first few days after the catastrophe, was swelled by a mass of the most gross inventions, partly, perhaps, arising from malice, but chiefly, no doubt, from that insatiable appetite for wonders and horrors with which the *badauds* of this good city are affected. That gentleman, whose conduct, indeed, seems to have been most firm and manly throughout, contented himself with publishing the following letter, in which, casting aside all the declamation which had been used on the subject, he makes, very wisely, a plain statement of facts, which he sets forth in a most concise and apothegmatic manner :—

‘ Saturday, March 1, 1828.

‘ Sir,—It was perhaps too much to hope that the public prints would have abstained, on a question of so much interest as the late accident at the Brunswick Theatre, from discussing, to some little extent, the conduct of the architect. At this moment, when every attention ought to be given to the relief of the unhappy sufferers, nothing shall induce me to intrude upon the public mind any lengthened defence of my own conduct. Yet, although I shall wait with patience the due time for vindicating my character for a competent knowledge of my profession, I cannot endure the imputation of having been careless of the public safety. I pledge myself, therefore, to the fullest proof of the following facts, on the earliest opportunity afforded me.

‘ 1. That the walls of the building were of proper strength and thickness, and in every respect fitted for their legitimate purposes.

‘ 2. That the roof, which was of *wrought* iron, was *lighter* than one of wood, and in every respect sufficient for all purposes for which it was constructed.

‘ 3. That a large floor, extending over a great part of the theatre, together with the floors over the stage, and all the machinery of the theatre, weighing many tons, were supported chiefly by being suspended from the roof, contrary to the object of the roof, and without any reference to the plans upon which the theatre was erected.

‘ 4. That over these erections I had no control whatever, they being expressly excepted in my written agreement.

‘ 5. That, nevertheless, I frequently and urgently remonstrated against this improper use of the roof.

‘ 6. That, after communicating with me on the subject, the constructor of the roof protested, in writing, against the additional loading of the roof.

‘ 7. That, from the nature of the construction and material of the roof, I knew that no accident could take place, without a notice from its appearances, which would afford ample time to prevent all personal danger.

‘ 8. That such notice of the failure of the roof under its load, was, in fact, given, and observed by the responsible persons, more than twenty-four hours before the catastrophe; but that I was kept in utter ignorance of this most important circumstance.

‘ 9. That the difficulty with which some of the box-doors are said to have shut on Monday evening, (supposing the fact to have been as described,) and also of one of the flies sinking, had no connexion with the accident, and were not at all calculated to awaken suspicion.

' 10. That, although I never, either directly or indirectly, sanctioned the suspension which caused the accident, but, on the contrary, repeated my warnings from time to time, yet I examined the roof on Monday evening, the last occasion of my being at the theatre, (my occupations there having been quite finished,) and could perceive no symptoms of failure.

' I have only to add to these facts, that I yesterday made a formal application to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, praying him to direct, as secretary of state for the home department, a rigid inquiry into the causes of the accident. I remain, Sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

' STEDMAN WHITWELL.'

This is bringing matters to issue; and accordingly, as the inquest has proceeded, we have watched to see how far these assertions were borne out by the evidence. And we consider it but justice to Mr. Whitwell, to say that we think he has undeniably proved them every one. We very much wish that the evidence of Mr. Smirke and Mr. Nash had been already given, to put the final stroke to the matter: but the coroner, it seems, by some mistake about time and place, has postponed receiving it till the next sitting of the inquest.

We confess that, if the business were not altogether of so tragic a character, we think the inquest would be very little short of farcical. The extreme and Dogberry-like self-importance of the coroner; the dawdling, dozy way in which the inquiry has been conducted; and the coquetting between this great functionary of the royalty of the 'Tower, and the Board of Works, altogether would make 'laughter for a month,' if we did not call to mind the unhappy cause from which all this mummerly springs.

But of all the circumstances connected with the destruction of the Brunswick, the most extraordinary is the account given of it by 'The Rev. G. C. Smith, minister of the London Mariners Church.' It is, we think, one of the greatest metaphysical curiosities that ever fell under our observation. The overweening and insatiable egotism, the cant of bigotry, the uncharitableness of fanaticism, which are displayed throughout his narrative, are inconceivable; and yet the man has contrived to give a very vivid and picturesque description of what he saw, heard, and did. We can readily understand his being an effective preacher to a multitude. It appears that this Mr. Smith was formerly a boatswain in the navy; the steps by which he arrived at his present condition we do not know; but his former habits were undoubtedly of great service on an occasion such as this. He was on the spot almost immediately after the catastrophe happened.

' I saw some sailors running up the street, I stood on the wall near the portico and called out upon them and any one else to come up and help us to save the people. They came immediately, and were of singular service. Mr. Sargent, agent of our asylum for distressed sailors, in Dock-street, ran to our aid with about twenty sailors. Mr. Mead, one of our secretaries, was near me, so that I could now assume something like a command, and bring things into some little order. Hav-

ing been accustomed to command in the navy, in time of great danger, this was, of course, less difficult now ; while cheering the men to work away and extricate the man who sat earnestly looking towards me with the dead man upon him, I saw a female death-like figure bursting from the further end of the ruins ; and filled with horror, not knowing what to do. Some men ran to her. I called out to them to help her over the ruins ; they brought her to the edge of the floor near the wall of the portico, and I raised her up on the floor, the people still digging in the hole by the door-way to release the poor labourers, lest the ruins should fall on them. I entreated her to sit down a minute ; her hair was dishevelled, her apparel variously torn, the side of her face covered with blood, and she supported her head against my arm until I could get a clear passage for her to pass ; she cried out, " Oh ! do let me go ; oh, send some one to my sister's to say I am alive ; oh ! how grateful I ought to be, that my life is preserved ! " I said, " Yes, it is a mercy, indeed, you will have to thank God for it as long as you live ; you would not die in a theatre of all other places—I hope you will obtain some other mode of life. It's a wonder to me how you could have been spared, bless God for it." She grew faint, and I called out to the men below to stop digging, and form a lane to hand her along. I handed her down to the men, and I must say I never saw men conduct themselves with more strict delicacy to females in such confusion than they all did, observing the most correct conduct with regard to every part of their dress. I was pleased to see this, in such a mixed multitude, and, being known to most of them, it was gratifying to them that I noticed it with approbation.'

Now this is a fair sample of this very curious tract. The description, as such, is graphic and spirited—the filthy slime of cant is apparent in a very remarkable degree—and the conclusion of the passage betrays that odious pruriency for which the saints have been so infamously famous, from the *Tartuffe* downwards. The poor girl, in the fullness of her heart, exclaims ' send to my sister, to say I am alive ; ' and then she makes an exclamation of gratitude for her preservation. What does this Pharisee say in answer ? ' You would not die in a *theatre*, of all other places ! ' The disgusting insinuation is plain. And then—' I never saw men conduct themselves with more strict delicacy to females in such confusion than they all did, observing the most correct conduct with regard to every part of their dress.' Now what sort of a mind must that be, to which such ideas could occur at such a moment ? Who, surrounded by death in circumstances of such peculiar horror, could have had a sexual idea concerning an unhappy girl, barely rescued from the fate of the mangled victims that lay around ? ' They observed correct conduct with regard to every part of their dress.' Then !—there ! Faugh ! We recollect but one thing parallel to this, and that is the behaviour of a certain sailor at the earthquake at Lisbon, as recorded in *Candide*.

Again ; Mr. Smith broaches the absurd and impious doctrine, that this dreadful event is a judgment of God, for the profanation of the Sabbath.

' Certainly I could not but reflect, when working about the ruins,

and the dead bodies, that so extraordinary had been the haste to put up this theatre, that even the holy day of God, the hallowed Sabbath, had been forgotten, and the sound of labour heard within the walls for some sabbaths of late. Nor could I forget that after hearing repeatedly of this lamented profanation of the Lord's day—last Sunday I observed from my back window the Theatre, at eleven o'clock, fully lighted up with gas, as for an evening's performance. I certainly thought those things will not do. "Who ever, in the history of the world, hardened his heart against God and prospered." *He is a jealous God.* "God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is the declaration of holy writ.'

What profane nonsense is this! Are all the coaches upset which run on Sundays? Do theatres fall down every Sunday in France, where the audience is always far greater on Sunday night than any other? The immediate and necessary deduction from this (if Mr. Smith have logic and English enough to know what the word deduction means) is that whenever Sabbath-breaking (or any other crime, for the principle, if it exists, is equally applicable to all) is committed without a visible and outward punishment following, 'God suffers himself to be mocked!' And it is a reasoner such as this who sets himself on high to expound the mysteries of religion to the ignorant! But this is too disgusting. We must not discuss further this part of the subject.

But, in despite of all this, and there is much more of it,—we recommend our readers to go through this pamphlet. It is a vivid description of the event; and is curious as shewing the mode of thinking of a certain class of religionists—for, of course, Mr. Smith knows perfectly well what will find favour in the sight of his followers, to whom, as he tells us, he 'preached' on this subject 'with much seriousness and energy.' The concluding sentence is excellent:—

'I thank God I have been able to snatch a few moments, at intervals, to hastily scribble down these remarks; and as I am going off for Somersetshire to-morrow morning, it is a subject of gratitude to God that I conclude them to-night.'

The printer's devil is waiting for copy on this, the 28th of March, late in the day; and as the Magazine must be printed to-morrow, it is a subject of gratitude that we have been able to conclude our Diary this evening.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.

THERE is not, in the whole range of periodical writing, (and there can scarcely be a wider,) a subject which is more wholesome and profitable than an occasional comparison of the taste and temper of the passing times with the taste and temper of times that are past. When we make this comparison in an honest and candid manner, and put away from us, as far as we can put it away, that love of self which always makes us the principal figure even in the imaginary picture, we are compelled to admit that, with all its liveliness and variety, with all its adaptation to times and tastes, and with all its multitude of readers, the literature, and with that the modes of thinking, and, to all appearance, the structure of mind itself, is of a more slender fabric now-a-days, than it was in the days that have gone by.

In no one respect is this truth more apparent than in that which, about an age ago, formed the grand, or at least one of the grand objects of human research—the philosophy of mind; and there cannot be a more useful inquiry than one which should attempt to ascertain to what the neglect of that delightful study is owing. The cause must be one or other of the following: that the human mind itself has become more feeble and airy than it was in the days of our fathers; that its phenomena have become less interesting; or, that the mere fashion of the day has become a despot in the closet of the literary man as well as in the drawing-room of the votary of the world.

It can hardly be asserted that the mind itself has become more feeble and airy: for the powers with which man is born, that is, the cultivation of which he is susceptible, must be, taking one man with another, nearly the same in all ages; and the number of persons in this country enjoying the advantages of education is greater now than it was at any former period: hence there must be a greater quantity of talent turned towards studies of one kind or other, than ever there could have been formerly; and consequently it cannot be said that the quantity of intellect in the country has fallen off.

Neither can it be alleged that the science of mind has lost any of its inherent interest: for no study can be pointed out, to which even illiterate man is naturally so prone. Man feels that, while the powers and motions of his body are circumscribed within narrow limits, those of his mind know no bounds. The youthful shepherd, when he sits on the lone hill-side, and eyes the blue sky, the sailing cloud and the beaming sun, cannot fail to wonder and to wish to know what it is within him that enables him to take cognizance of these remote and glorious objects; and we presume that there are few persons, at the dawn of manhood, having their powers uncorrupted by dissipation, or unchained by the formal systems of the schools, who do not build for themselves their own systems of mental physiology. Self is dear at all times, and it is doubly dear when the mind first begins to plume herself, and wing her way over the unexplored regions of fancy, without any object but her own information. It is then, and then only, that we feel the full force of the bounty of heaven, in making

rational man lord of this nether world. Man is lord of it as a subject of contemplation, though he be lord of it in no other sense; and when in this respect he first comes to his kingdom, and ere yet the world has in other respects made him its slave, he can hardly fail of devoting some attention to the nature and phenomena of those powers which open to him so many sources of admiration and delight. The beautiful description of wonder and interrogation which the poet puts into the mouth of the first man, as he awakens in the full exercise of his powers, a stranger to Eden and to himself, still forms part of the wonder and inquiry of every unbiassed and undebauched youth.

Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led :
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,—
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell—
Tell, if ye can, how came I thus, how here ?

It is no doubt true, that the anxiety of man to know whence and what he is, cannot be so intense now, as it can be conceived to have been in the case here alluded to: for the man whose feelings the poet is labouring to embody, was called into existence in a moment, and in the full exercise of all his faculties; and all that met his newly-awakened senses was altogether unknown and new; while now, the external world and also his own powers dawn upon man gradually and almost imperceptibly. He remembers that himself was a little child; he sees other little children; and the volume of inspiration informs him that all things are of God. Still, however, all the knowledge given by experience and inspiration cannot satisfy his curiosity or prevent him from speculating about what he is. Revelation tells him that there is a living and thinking principle within him, altogether different from his body; and that this shall live and be happy or miserable when the body shall be mouldering in the grave. His own observation confirms the testimony: for he cannot fail to notice, that, in every action of his body, every motion of his limbs, there is a feeling within him altogether different from that action or that motion. Neither can he fail to observe, that, when the objects which interest him are separated from his immediate view, either by space or by time, he possesses a power which can recall them, and set them before him at his pleasure, in all the warmth of their colouring. Nor can he overlook that magic energy which, out of the treasures of what he has seen or heard, can embody new objects, and people the desert with subjects of delight. He must feel that this power is in himself—not that external self, indeed, which is discernible by the senses of his companions, but himself in a more exalted meaning of the term, as a contemplative and reasoning existence. He must soon know that this internal and invisible man can act independently of his bodily organs: for when he is stretched upon his bed alone and in the darkness of the night, and when, to every sense of the body, the world

is as it were not, the ever-restless power within him pursues its operations;—nay, when the body is lost and forgotten in the depth of youthful sleep, fancy continues to mould her forms and to spread her colours; and her airy and involuntary fabrics are stamped as indelibly upon the memory as the most important occurrences of waking life. All this must stimulate his curiosity to know the nature and the laws of this his wonderful existence; and, if the business or the amusements of the world do not completely occupy his time, there will often dart across him a train of inquiries not unlike those put by the poet. Those inquiries, though they are stated as if made by our Common Father under circumstances in which none of his offspring can be placed, are yet to be regarded as nothing more than a lively and poetic picture of the ordinary feelings of men. They are what Milton himself must have experienced when he first began to reflect on his own existence.

A variety of circumstances will naturally present themselves to every thinking reader, under which he himself has been completely absorbed and carried away by speculations relative to the nature of his mind, the extent of its powers, and the modes of its operation; all of which prove, that mental physiology is a study quite natural and congenial to man. It should seem, too, that while the great Author of our being has in kindness revealed to us the means by which we may find happiness both in this world and in the next, he has, with equal kindness, left our own minds, as well as the external world, unexplained, in order that, by the study of them, our powers may be enlarged, and fitted for more varied and complete enjoyments. The wise in every age have, accordingly, devoted themselves to both of these branches of study, distinguishing the former by the name of "Natural Philosophy," because its object is more immediately the supplying of our bodily wants; and the latter by the name of "Moral Philosophy," because it tends more immediately to the regulation of our conduct. Although, however, both of these have, in all enlightened ages of the world, been studied to some extent or other, each has, in turn, had its progress and decline; and very often the one has declined when, to all appearance, the other was advancing.

A falling-off of the severer modes of thinking has usually been a pretty sure sign that the age of intellect among the people where it happened had passed its best. It was by a general and successful cultivation of the fine arts, of the lighter species of literature, and of all that adds to the mere ease and luxury of life, that the nations of antiquity first showed symptoms of decline: and that which was a fatal omen for Greece and Rome cannot be regarded as a favourable one for England.

Proofs that we have abandoned the more profound paths of thinking and philosophizing are to be found almost any where. The books which issue from the studies of our literary men (unless, as it happens in—we do not like to say how many cases out of every ten, they be made up of "organic remains of a former world") now are of a very different description from those which they sent forth about half a century ago. Then, we had systems of philosophy, essays on the most abstract parts of morals and politics, and disquisitions upon the nature

of man and the relations of society; and now, we have novels and little poems, and patches of topography, and treatises upon rocks. The former class of authors set us to our closets, and make us think; the latter call us to the drawing-room, and make us laugh; or the museum, and makes us wonder. No doubt, we had novelists and writers of light essays then as well as now; but they were men of weightier calibre and more extensive grasp. Smollet, notwithstanding his occasional grossness, has more of the general display of human nature, as well as more sound philosophy, in some single chapters, than there are in the best novelist of the present day. And whom, of the modern writers of works of amusement, shall we dare to name in the same hour with Fielding? We presume, then, that a falling-off in the more profound and severe branches of study must be admitted; and, being admitted, the causes become very natural subjects of inquiry. These causes are many; and they are sometimes so interwoven with each other, that they cannot easily be separated. Still, however, they may perhaps be all arranged under a few divisions.

1. The natural difficulty of the philosophy of mind, and the impossibility of making a figure in it by imposture, may have tended to render it unfashionable; and it may thus have fallen into neglect.

In every other branch of science, the thing studied can always be in so far detached from those with which it is usually united or compounded, and made, to some extent or other, cognizable by the senses. We believe that the mind is something different from that body through whose organs of sense it perceives and knows the external world; but as to what it is in itself, or what it shall be in its separate state, we cannot form even a conjecture. The most anxious watching of human actions cannot detect the separate operations of mind; nor can we even say, unless by analogy, that there is within each of our brethren a living principle the same as that which we feel within ourselves. Nor can we borrow any assistance from natural philosophy or from the dissection of the human frame. The nicest apparatus of measurement, and the most powerful menstrua of decomposition, fail us when we would apply them to the principles even of animal and vegetable life; we must not, therefore, feel disappointed that they help us not in our inquiries into the more subtile principle of thought. We may dissect too the organs of the senses; but we cannot thence discover why they should convey information to the mind. We know, for instance, that there is in the eye an apparatus by means of which an image or picture of visible objects is formed upon the retina, or posterior coat of the organ; and we believe that the formation of this image is, in some way or other, connected with the perception of whatever is new. We know this, because, when the eye-lids are shut, and the rays of light which form the image excluded, or when, by disease, the retina is rendered unfit for its formation, no object is perceived; but the formation of the image is one thing, and the perceiving of the object another, differing not in degree but absolutely in kind: and where a recent eye is taken from its place and held up against the light, it paints the image still, though we know that, under these circumstances, the eye cannot see, and has ceased to have connexion with mind of any species. The very first step in the study of mind

is therefore abundantly humbling to our pride, and calculated to damp the spirit of inquiry—it is this, we cannot tell what the mind is in itself, nor can we point out how it acts.

Hence, a countless herd of theorists sprung up, each contending that he was himself in the right, and denouncing all who differed from him; and as religion often mingled more or less in the disputes, it was given out that the very foundations of the eternal well-being of man were shaken, and all but destroyed, as if the idle conjectures of men about that which is wholly out of their reach, could affect their happiness in any other way than by irritating their minds and wasting their time. One has contended that the mind is matter; a subtle matter, something more refined than the etherial fluid of the ancient philosophers, as the caloric, electricity and galvanism of the moderns; others have called it a mere modification of matter, a result of organization, and, as such, perishable at death; while a third party have contented themselves with what is set down in Holy Writ, and called it an immaterial substance, knowing no change, and incapable of decay, decomposition, or destruction.

And while some have been thus fooling away their time in effectless conjectures about the essence of mind, there have been others equally solicitous to find out in which part of the body it had its home and chamber, and which of the organs are the handmaids of its immediate presence. It would avail little to recapitulate all the nonsense which has been put forth upon this part of the subject, and the singular and subordinate places in which some of these geographers of mind have decreed that mind should dwell. The vulgar opinion divides the matter pretty equally between the heart and the head—making the former the seat of the passions and affections, and the other that of the intellectual and unimpassioned faculties,—the former being, as it were, a town residence to which the mind resorts for enjoyment and luxury; and the latter, a country-house, where it retires for contemplation and study. Now if there be any organ of the body upon the ordinary functions of which the mind appears to have less influence and constraint than another, that organ is the heart, which must rise to receive and propel the blood, not only without any effort of volition on the part of individuals, but without so much as being guessed at by philosophers for so many thousands of years.

Of the phrenologists, who are decidedly making some strides to popularity, we must speak very cautiously and briefly. Their experiments *may* eventually afford considerable helps in the philosophy of mind;—at present, their system is little more than an amusing theory for speculative men, and a vain plaything for fond mothers and doting grandpapas.

The study of mind bears a closer resemblance to natural religion than to any thing else with which we are acquainted; and in pursuing it we are apt to fall into many errors. While mankind were left to grope toward religion by the light of their own understandings, the great majority believed in a plurality of superior beings or gods, some of them kind and beneficent, and others evil and malignant. Whenever any new phenomenon of nature appeared, or even any new art was invented by man, a god was immediately set to watch over it;

till the earth, the sea, and the sky, and every condition of human life, teemed with divinities. Precisely the same sort of method has been pursued with the human mind. Faculties, powers, affections, propensities, passions, and principles, some good, and some bad, have been multiplied without end; and they have been set in opposition to each other, till the mind has been represented as a scene of more conflicting elements than all the world beside. The Passions were represented as a turbulent and rebellious race, ever in arms against reason, their legitimate king and governor. Then, in order that this microcosm might be wanting in none of the attributes of kingly government, conscience was set up as a spy upon the passions and affections. All this was, no doubt, merely figurative expression; and mankind gave those varied and sounding names to the different states of the mind, just because they knew not what else to say concerning them. Still, however, it was irreconcilable with the doctrine of an immaterial and immortal soul, as that must be simple and indivisible; for to admit that it is compounded of many and even contradictory principles, is to admit that it is capable of decomposition, and consequently of destruction. We pursue not this speculation; and we have noticed it merely to show, that even that part of the knowledge of mind which is legitimate and attainable, is a subject of extreme difficulty; and this difficulty seems to be one of the causes of its having fallen into disrepute.

Besides its difficulty, it labours under this disadvantage, that the study of it makes no show. Here there are no curious apparatus for investigation, and no rare specimens and preparations for exhibition. The philosophy of the mind is a philosophy only for the closet, and it cannot be brought into the morning lounge or the evening drawing-room, with any sort of effect. It comes severely home to people, too, by pointing at the reproof and correction of their vices. It has, in short, every thing to repel the attention of a voluptuous and trifling age, and nothing to recommend it to their favour; and therefore its neglect, and consequent decline, are almost necessary consequences of the time.

2. The ample and successful prosecution of the physical sciences in their details, and the rich harvest of discoveries to which it has led, have produced a tendency to set no value upon any inquiry which does not lead to the finding out of something new—something that is cognizable by the external senses, and which may be either applied as an object of use, or exhibited as an object of wonder. Now the mind contains nothing new—no power or faculty which has not been felt and described again and again; and it mocks the scrutiny of the senses, even when they are aided by the whole machinery of art. We cannot gauge its dimensions by the scale, find its weight in the balance, or learn its temperature by the thermometer: as little need we muster the tools of chemistry—for all our crucibles, and retorts, and engines, and troughs, would not help us a single iota. When we go about the study of mind, therefore, we cannot put on the external semblance of wisdom; and as the world judges a good deal from that, we cannot get credit for being wise. The moral philosopher exhibits no object of wonder or admiration, and therefore the crowd

does not follow him. He sits quietly in his study; or in society he is a patient and almost silent observer of the moods of the mind, as they display themselves in the conduct and conversation of those about him. It is, no doubt, true, that those quiet studies and unobtrusive observations have a wonderful influence upon all that makes human life valuable,—upon legislation, and government, and manners, and morals: but, then, the herd of wonderers would much rather look upon the spots on a shell, or snuff the fœtid gas of a cracker. The chemist, the botanist, the mineralogist, all the subalterns of physical science, exhibit something to the gaze of the multitude; and, in return, they get the multitude to applaud and cheer them on; while the student of mind must, at least for a long time, rest contented with his own approbation. But the number of men that will leave easy pursuits that bring applause, in order to follow difficult ones that bring none, must always be very limited; and hence, when praise is so easily acquired in the pursuit of the simple departments of physical science, as at present, the students of the philosophy of mind must be comparatively few.

In every town, nay almost in every village, there are learned persons running to and fro with electrical machines, galvanic troughs, retorts, crucibles, and geologists' hammers; and if a crystal of felspar, a prism of basalt, or a plate of mica happens to be found out of the place assigned to it by the fashionable system, we have a hundred heads settling and describing the anomaly. Nor lack we an abundant store of persons of both sexes, cunning in mosses and in shells, who can at a glance know the texture of the smallclothes of every heath and hill, and the little cuirassiers of every ditch and puddle. To all this, when kept in its proper place, there cannot be the smallest objection. Nay, it is very meritorious and commendable. The more that the contrast of mind and matter is increased, the greater is the sum of human enjoyment. The more that fashionable persons are engaged in rational pursuits, however trifling, the less time have they for setting an example of vice and dissipation to those who naturally copy them. Besides, of the minds that can afford time to study a little out of the lines of their professions, the majority are always dwarfs; and it is better to see those philosophize with trifles than to see them trifle with philosophy. None can rejoice more heartily than we do, that there are now things called sciences which are level to the capacities and germane to the tastes of boarding-school misses and heirs apparent to idleness and luxury; but still we do think, that there not only may be, but actually is, too much of these good things. Their fashionableness and elegance, and above all, their lightness, have made many minds of more powerful grasp drop more proper and legitimate pursuits, and run after them. They have obviously, and to a very considerable extent, destroyed the relish for the philosophy of mind; and we have some fears, that if the case were properly inquired into, they would be found to have destroyed the relish for the more profound philosophy of matter. Notwithstanding the adroitness with which our mathematicians can now manage their calculus, we fear that there are among them few men who take so extensive and philosophical views as Newton and Maclaurin and the Gregories; and though

chemistry as a science is almost entirely modern, we are not sure that any of the living chemists of Britain, notwithstanding the improvements of their apparatus, are entitled to rank as philosophers with Black, and Cavendish, and Priestley. It may be that the strength of our philosophical intellect shall in time return to us; but, meanwhile, we have no great reason to boast of it; and, that we have not must in part be attributed to the light and frivolous nature of our fashionable studies.

3. A third cause of the neglect of that science, and also of all the more abstruse parts of the other sciences, is the little account to which it can apparently be turned in the business of life. The immense sums which the public debt, the public establishments, and what is called the public service of this country, annually draw from the proceeds of its industry and the profuse and wasteful luxury of the upper ranks of society, render it absolutely necessary that those who do labour, should both begin earlier in life, and work for a greater number of hours every day, than was formerly required. The labouring classes are now obliged to send their children to toil from morning till night in manufactories, when they are mere infants, and without any mental cultivation whatever. In the dusty and confined air of these their bodies are enfeebled and their minds dissipated, before they have acquired any degree either of physical or moral strength. It is true, that, in snatches of time, most of them learn to read and write; but, then, their learning is purely mechanical; and, amid the din of wheels, the darkness of dust, and the pollution of loose jests and obscene songs, they are almost to a certainty degraded in the moral scale; and therefore they cannot send forth those emanations of mind which, in better though less showy and pretending days, had wont to issue from the retired and moral and religious peasantry of Scotland, ere they were driven from their huts and villages to the squalid lanes and sickly cellars of manufacturing towns. The middle classes of society, too, are obliged to hurry their children away to business, before the rational part of their education be so far matured as to give them a proper relish for abstract thinking. The muster-roll of their classes and the table of their school-fees are, no doubt, both a good deal more extended: but philosophy consists more in weight than in either number or measure; and if all that is necessary for making them look smart in society and be successful in business in enabling them to earn food and cloths, and cut and wear them with becoming grace were discounted, very little would be left behind. Now, the very taste for the philosophy of mind is acquirable only by long and patient study, and therefore, under such a course of preparation and action, it cannot well be acquired. The higher classes of society, again, are not exactly the persons among whom, with one or two brilliant exceptions, we are to look for the cultivation of abstract science. Moral philosophy has no obvious bearing upon the dazzling business of the world: she does not point out the steps by which one can rise to an elevated rank in the army, or climb to a lucrative office in the state: neither does she tell how the rent of land may be raised; or how one may show off in finer style on the parade, in the assembly-room, or on the turf; or how one may be more knowing in the betting-room or at

the gaming-table. To follow her, would therefore be a mere waste of time for the gay and the noble. Nor fares she much better with professional students. Like Falstaff's "honour," she will not "set an arm or a leg, or take away the grief of a wound,"—she "hath no skill in surgery;" and thus she finds no favour in the eyes of the student of medicine. She has no fee, place, or living in her gift; and thus she has but few allurements for those who are destined to follow the other learned professions. Study, or that which goes by the name of study, has become so obviously and exclusively a trade, or at least the serving of an apprenticeship, that those branches of learning which do not bear specifically upon the profession for which a young man is destined, or contribute to his external and personal appearance, are held as being not only useless, but as being an improper and unnecessary waste of time. Hence, of those who do attend the classes for intellectual philosophy, there are many who do it merely that they may say they have been there; and they consider the class-room as a lounge, where they may be amused by the rhetorical powers of the professor, rather than as the gate to any subsequent course of study.

From indolence, incapacity, and several other causes, nine-tenths of those who are called the learned, that is, of those who are in possession of certificates that they have attended the classes at some college or other—are mere drivellers or copyists in all matters of thought. Students, too, in general, enter upon the study of every subject as a task—a piece of labour which it is their interest to perform in the easiest manner; and as the routine matters propounded to them by a plodding person of inferior capacity do not call for so much exertion on their part, as the disquisitions of a man of talent, they naturally prefer the former. Persons of genius, too, are apt to be so much absorbed by the studies which occupy their powers, that they pay less attention to that idol of the world, the accumulation of wealth, and the managing of their worldly matters craftily, than men of an inferior order; and hence, tender parents are afraid that their children should borrow from such men a portion of their indifference for the chief good. A man of genius is generally, if not invariably, a man of warm affections, and fond of liberty and of justice. He is naturally, therefore, but ill armed for the warfare of the world; and his mental pursuits, of what kind soever they may be, prevent him from putting on that armour of selfish circumspection which protects the herd of dunces. The general stupidity of mankind makes him pity them, and their wickedness leads him to despise them, till, ere life be half run, he looks upon society with a feeling bordering upon disgust, or else he shrinks away from it in pity to the peaceful solitude of his own closet.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

WE have ever observed that the public (properly so called)—that is, that very large and respectable portion of society who, leading the most virtuous and retired lives, have not the remotest glimpses of what is *really* going on in the world—have the greatest curiosity to be ‘Behind the Scenes.’ To be, *personally*, in this, in all cases, very dirty, vulgar, unideal, unpicturesque *limbo*, requires considerable fatigue, impudence, and carelessness of character. Take, for instance, the most accessible ‘Behind the Scenes’ in London—that of the Opera—for which you may purchase a special ticket of Andrews or Sams, if you have not the honour of knowing the manager, or the treasurer, or the attorney, or the door-keeper, or the reporter of the Morning Herald, or any such illustrious personages. What a den of filth is *that* ‘Behind the Scenes!’ You wind through low and dark passages (as low and as dark as that leading from the condemned cell to the front of Newgate) till you reach a wilderness of painted cities, temples, and thrones, and cars, and——(but every body has seen Hogarth’s glorious print of a Theatrical ‘Behind the Scenes’)—and then you crowd to a room twelve feet square, where you have the inexpressible felicity of seeing Brocard attitudinizing before a glass, and the B——e (not he of Bannockburn) *en attendant* with her shawl. Now really, good, innocent people, who want to be ‘Behind the Scenes’—this is a most filthy place—redolent of musk and tallow—and which is not in the slightest degree redeemed from its vulgarity and discomfort, by the presence of fifteen lords and Mr. Bochsa. And, to say the truth, most other ‘Behind the Scenes’ are as bad. The Bishop in the vestry—the minister at Bellamy’s—the Attorney-general in the robing-room—the ordinary of Newgate at breakfast, after an execution—the Lord Mayor at four-handed cribbage—the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas at his Bible—a fashionable publisher dictating to three writers of paragraphs;—all these matters weaken your faith in the dignity of human nature, and the power of genius and learning to fashion all things unto their own fashion. If the world were wise, it would be content to be well deceived. Why should it want to look upon the wrong side of the tapestry? Was any human being ever pleased with a fine, spirited, sketchy picture, if he went up poring into its defects, and ascertaining whether green was green, upon the most approved pattern of pea-shells? All this weak and unphilosophical desire to look beyond the surface is a perpetual source of disquietude. Let the music ring out its most stirring echoes—let the lights sparkle their best brilliancy—let the flowers exhale their purest perfumes—let the women wear their gayest smiles—we will enjoy them all. Shall we linger in the ball-room after the music is dead—and the lights are in the sockets—and the flowers are *fade*—and the women are asleep—merely because we would *reason* (psha!) upon the material of which our pleasures are made? We hate all ‘Behind the Scenes?’ We love the art which dupes us. All mankind are actors; and why should we lose the pleasure of their acting, to hear the prompter give ‘the word?’ We would willingly know nothing about ‘O. P.’ or ‘P. S.’ But the public are not as wise as we are; and we are, therefore, quite sure they want to be in *our* secrets. We

know this to be an infirmity in the public. Why cannot they let people be oracular, upon the old Delphic principle? "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*," is a safe maxim. The world has been guided by it for several thousand years; and now, all at once, the world wants to take the height and breadth of its instructors. Even an "Editor's Room" has no sanctity in the eyes of the readers of a Magazine;—and thus, before we can expect any favour in the sight of the dear public, we must admit all the *privileged* world (our purchasers) into our *penetralia*;—as if we were a monarch at a levee, surrounded by gold-sticks, and other sticks, and a thousand "appliances to boot;" instead of being exceedingly unpretending personages, living in uncarpeted rooms, and hearing the small breeze that insinuates itself into *our court* whistling through undraped casements—with no books besides a thumbled Entick's Dictionary and Byshe's Art of Poetry,—and no provisions (bodily) wherewithal to welcome any portion of the public, but "the remainder biscuit after" a short dinner,—and the half-bottle of whiskey that our learned friend from Cork bestowed upon us for inspiration.

We wish we had no editor's room, no domicile, no *locus in quo*. We should rejoice in a peripatetic editorship. We should delight to be guided like old Isaac Bickerstaff, by the mood of the moment, and date from Brookes's, or the Athenæum, or the Royal Institution, or Alice's Coffee-House, or the Coal-Hole, or the Clarendon, or Offley's, or the British Museum;—even as we were in the political, or the twaddling, or the dosing, or the legal, or the slang, or the dandy, or the cigar, or the antiquarian vein. What an infinite variety and spirit would it give to our articles, if some were concocted at Birmingham, and some at Battersea;—some on the top of the Liverpool mail, and others at the bottom of the Thames tunnel! But this cannot be.

For this once, however, we are resolved to have no 'editor's room';—and this article, No. I. (which we intend to be a considerable one, and to be regularly continued,) bears the title, because it has been put together in sundry places, which we shall never visit again, and where no one (even in imagination) will ever visit us. *Lucus à non lucendo*. But we *do* intend to have a real editor's room; with as many busts as Leigh Hunt himself would desire—and maps—and encyclopedias—and new novels—and wax—and flowers. Then shall the public (*represented* by one or two very social and sincere friends) visit us, and we will be *at home*;—not at a formal conversazione, with cold coffee and colder smiles—but with brilliant wine, (as much as we can afford,)—and bursts of sweet song—and the prattle of female voices—and the laugh of happy spirits. In the meantime, we will take a suburban ride in search of quiet—upon a public vehicle, upon which all the public may ride with us if they please—just as all the public are comfortably present in Mr. Soane's spacious and commodious courts at Westminster.

The suburbs of London are described to be amongst the most beautiful suburbs in the world. Hampstead and Highgate are unquestionably perfect, although they have had the misfortune to be the subjects of as many sonnets as the River Duddon. Of Brompton and Clapham—that flat alluvial land of gardens and nurseries—we can say little in praise beyond the asparagus and the apple blossoms. But we had never seen Camberwell. We pictured to ourselves a pretty little retired village—coaches running through certainly—but without doubt a

snug, white inn, with a trim garden behind, stretching up with its pretty borders of violets and polyanthes to the neat parlour, round whose windows the China-rose was teeming in wild profusion. We mounted the coach in high spirits ;—the day—what a beauteous day was the 15th of March—beauteous even at Charing-Cross. A considerable blue bag, well stored with new books, and a provident umbrella, were our only appurtenances. On we rolled ; the Bricklayers' Arms* we left behind at least a mile ; but still the town was there. Is there never to be a pause to these eternal rows of tenements with three stories, a grass-plot in front, four steps up to the door, and two mignonette boxes in the parlour windows ? One after another they come—the same London particular pattern. Surely we shall soon be in the country. 'Where will you please to alight,' said the coachman. 'At Camberwell.' 'This is Camberwell.' 'Well, well,—drive me as far as you go ;'—and onward through the same rows of tall brickwork we proceeded till we reached the last inn—some Lamb, or Lion, or Fox,—with a bar, and a beer-machine, and four coaches standing at the door, and three caddies bawling for passengers, and a tap-room where the drivers of short stages were cutting their lordly jokes upon the aforesaid caddies, and one sanded parlour, smoke-dried. We did not admire the outward appearance, or the inward promise, of the Lion, the Lamb, or the Fox (whichever it might be)—but work must be done ;—and we were soon established in the sanded and smoke-dried parlour ;—the implements of war were unfolded ;—the mouth of the blue bag gaped with its victims anxious to be slaughtered. An incipient ill-humour was coming over us ;—and, by way of conquering it, we took out the exceedingly elegant edition, with wood-cuts, of Mr. Brougham's delightful Treatise on the Pleasures of Science. We must growl, however, a little even over this book. The work was not written to be illustrated with cuts, and we, therefore, feel that the cuts are a little out of place—they are stuck on—they are parasitical. Now for our notice :—

A Discourse on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science.
New Edition. Small 8vo., with cuts. Baldwin and Cradock.

IN many respects this is one of the most extraordinary as well as delightful productions that was ever given to the public. It is equally extraordinary in its origin, in the vast quantity of matter that is condensed into its little volume, in the fascinating manner in which that is imparted, and in the wonderful thirst that it leaves in the mind of the reader to know more—to know all—about every subject upon which it touches. We need not add, that the sale of this work, in its cheaper form, has been extraordinary : for, unprecedented as it has been, in any *useful* work, and probably in any work whatever, it would have been extraordinary had the case been otherwise. We can compare the effect of it upon those who are not acquainted with those enchantments of the understanding of which it gives so sweet and so captivating a taste, to nothing save that of men who have lived amid the cold and sterility of bleak mountains, coming to the nearest summit, and looking down upon the beauty and richness of the valley, when the first beams of the morning sun have just lighted up the more lofty spots and objects, while the breadth of the mountain is yet veiled in the fog

* You don't pass this house on the Camberwell Road,—*Quare*, The Elephant and Castle.—DEVIL.

of night. "What a glorious country! let us hasten onward and see." In so narrow a compass as about two hundred and forty very small pages, embracing the whole field of science, the points only can be touched; but these points are selected with the most admirable tact; they are uniformly those that combine a *maximum* of the three essential qualities of striking curiosity, apparent use, and obvious connexion of one part of the subject with the others. The order followed in the notices of the various branches of science is judicious. The pure Mathematics, the sciences of abstract number and magnitude, or those which have no reference even to the simple properties of matter, but which contain in themselves both the knowledge to be arrived at, and the means of arriving at it, very properly take the lead; and though they be, from this very simplicity, less attractive than the branches which follow, enough is stated to show how valuable they are in themselves, as well as how indispensable they are in the prosecution of the more practical sciences. The next branch is Natural Philosophy, in which some of the leading facts and the applications of mathematics are clearly stated. This part of the discourse is, we think, the least perfect,—there is not a sufficient allusion to chemistry; but chemistry is so much a matter of detail, that it cannot be "written short;" and the sketch could not include every thing. Besides, as the chemistry of the schools is only the chemistry of dead matter, and not of the animals and vegetables when alive,—as the functions of these, and the adaptation of their several parts to the performance of those functions, are the most enticing applications of science, and as the mechanical sciences apply to these as well as to matter not in the vegetating or living state,—they are of course more essential than the doctrines of chemistry. The section on the application of the Mechanical Sciences to the natural history of plants and animals, occupies a full third of the book, and contains a very clear exposition of some of the most wonderful contrivances of nature. The Discourse concludes with a very plain, but very powerful argument in favour of the study of science, as it tends to improve the condition, the minds, and the morals of those who have the happiness to devote themselves to it.

The most extraordinary thing about the Discourse is, the varied and, as one would think, the adverse pursuits of the author. We question if there be now, or if ever there was a regular philosopher by profession, who could produce any thing like it. Paley's work is deficient in mathematics; and besides, the science of Paley is subordinate to his main and most laudable object, the establishment of the doctrine of final causes, and the necessity of an all-wise Creator; while in this little work, that is taken for granted, and thus the views of science are primary and unmixed. And yet the author is no professional philosopher; but one who, in each of the important functions of advocate and statesman, does more, not in power and principle merely, but in absolute detail, than would be full and overwhelming occupation to many who would not be pleased if a large heritage both of talents and activity were not conceded to them.

This notice may seem a work of supererogation; but as there are many who value a book for its fashionable size and price, more than for its intrinsic value, it is proper to let them know that this book is now in a form to their mind; and if they will read it attentively, we are

sure that it will amuse them as much as any work of light reading, and inform them more than nearly all of that class taken together.

Ugh!—the din of that tap-room is unbearable. Away we rush again in search of quiet, up the hill which leads to Dulwich. We manfully stride along under the weight of the blue bag, thinking with infinite self-complacency upon our resemblance to the celebrated grammarian Budæus, who is represented on the title of one of his books printed by Henry Stephens, trudging away with a wallet on his shoulders, and ‘*omnia mea mecum porto*’ issuing from his lips. We thought, too, of Henry Stephens himself, and his critical labour of dividing the Bible into verses ‘*in itineralando*.’ Zounds, how heavy these books are!—there is not a single light article in the whole bag;—Wilmot Horton’s Emigration Report was nothing to them. Ah! we must halt to lean upon this railing?—and we will employ this breathing-time in asking—‘our truest friends, the public’—as those horrible sycophants, the stage-managers, always express themselves when they are deprecating cat-calls—we will ask the public a few questions—which public, by the bye, we shall occasionally catechise.

WHY do people talk about the wisdom of our ancestors, while they complain of the folly of their children? Our ancestors were the world’s children—ignorant, uncontriving, and helpless; the only question is, whether we are more than *hobbledehoy*s, or whether we have yet arrived at the age of maturity.

WHY is it the fashion to crowd to see a company collected from the *tréteaux* of the French provinces (with one or two exceptions), while Kean, Young, Macready, Kemble, Liston, Farren, in short, the whole dramatic strength of England, are voted *mauvais ton*. ‘Nobody goes to the play!’—it is quite true. And *why* don’t they?

WHY is it that there are some men who not only are received in society, but courted and made much of there, who are swindlers, and known to be so? Why is it that one man is kicked out of company for that which gets another the character of a knowing fellow? Why is it that some men are dragged through a horsepond for that which places others at the head of their knot, and more than their knot—and which causes them to be flattered and crouched to by all around them? Men—and a high class of men—about town, *know right well what I mean*. I do not desire to have an action of libel brought against my publisher, or to be way-laid, on my road home, by a parcel of ruffians, with bludgeons, hired to break my bones, for these fellows are capable of any thing. But again, I ask, *why* are these *honourable* men—for there are honourables among them—why are these scoundrels, who ought to be pumped upon as pick-pockets, still the glass in which it is the fashion for gentlemen to dress themselves? Why do men, knowing them to be knaves, play with them? Why do women receive them at their houses—welcome them—smile for them?—Faugh!

“Thus rung our doleful speech,
Its how, and when, and why,
And like Sir Thomas Leatherbreach
Found none to make reply.”

And now we have climbed Herne Hill, let us pause to look around us,

How fresh and balmy is the breeze—how pure and bracing the atmosphere. There is nothing like a bright day in March for brilliant effects. That white villa is a little too *prononcé*—spotty;—but then the trees about it are yet leafless—in another week their first transparent buds will throw a pleasant veil before that dwelling of elegant comfort. What a blessing is it that the fashion of the city sends her care-worn, money-scraping sons a few miles from her smoke. In these glimpses of nature the ‘genial current of the soil’ gets a little food. They feel that there are more pure and healthful processes going on in the world, than the eternal round of mercantile gambling. But do they feel thus? Rothschild has a villa—and so have fifty others who haunt that den of evil passions, the Stock Exchange. When they hear the thrush piping in their laburnum trees, pouring forth a full tide of joyous song as if there were no misery on earth, can they forget for a moment the complicated wires that they must pull from day to day, to make their pitiful machinery work its ends? No, no. The demon has taken possession of the whole man, and the holy voice of Nature whispers no rest to their feverish hopes. Psha! what has this landscape to do with stock-brokers.

There is not a creature stirring in this broad meadow;—one could almost fancy it an African solitude. By the way, that pretty volume of Pringle's will pass a half hour luxuriously on this stile.

And now Dulwich is reached. Ah!—this is a village. But what a Cockney air has its inn, with its holiday attractions of an ‘Ordinary,’ and a bowling-green. Waiter! a pen and ink.

Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems; written in Scotland and South Africa. By Thomas Pringle. London. 1828. Smith, Elder, & Co.

VERY superior to the numerous collections of miscellaneous poems that of late years have issued from the press, this little volume bears, on every page, indisputable marks of a cultivated and poetical mind. There is in it a freshness and originality, combined with a gentleness and benevolence of spirit, that cannot fail to strike the imagination, and to interest the affections. It is a pleasure to us, therefore, compelled, as we must often be, to denounce the unhappy pretenders to the honours of verse, to meet with a work presenting so many redeeming traits in the poetical character of the day. It would, indeed, be injustice, both to the author and readers of poetry like this, as unassuming in its title as excellent in quality, not to give it the full praise so undeniably due to it.

The volume contains a variety of small pieces, all bearing the stamp of amiable feeling and a highly cultivated mind. The sentiments are such as do honour to human nature, expressed in language at once fervent and poetical, such as finds an answering chord in every noble bosom, and speaks from the heart to the heart. The tone of lofty and indignant scorn against the oppressors, and the soothing accents of compassion and encouragement for the oppressed, form another feature of the work, entitling it to the approbation and good wishes of all the wise and honest.

For the most part, however, the pieces are of a gentler character, consisting of domestic incidents, descriptions, and pictures from Scottish scenery and rural life. These are among some of the most

pleasing; the style is at once simple and graceful; while in some passages there breathes a peculiar air of poetic tenderness and sweetness, that strongly reminds us of the muse of Allan Ramsay and of Logan. The poem entitled "The Autumnal Excursion," affords evidence of kindred imagination and powers, not unworthy some of Scotland's more favourite poets, as the following will sufficiently attest:—

' But chief when summer twilight mild
Drew her dim curtain o'er the wild,
I loved, beside that ruin grey,
To watch the dying gleam of day.
And though, perchance, with secret dread,
I heard the bat flit round my head,
While winds, that waved the long lank grass,
With sound unearthly seemed to pass;
Yet with a pleasing horror fell
Upon my heart the thrilling spell;
For all that met the eye or ear
Was still so pure and peaceful here,
I deemed no evil might intrude
Within the saintly solitude.
Still vivid memory can recall
The figure of each shattered wall;
The aged trees, all hoar with moss,
Low bending o'er the circling fosse;
The rushing of the mountain flood;
The cushat's cooing in the wood;
The rooks that o'er the turrets sail;
The lonely curlew's distant wail;
The flocks that high on Hounam* rest;
The glories of the glowing west.'

There are numerous passages in the same poem, of equal power and beauty; and others, throughout the volume, full of genius and exquisite poetic feeling. Of the shorter pieces, we shall offer two examples of sonnets:—

TO SCOTLAND.

' My country, when I think of all I've lost,
In leaving thee to seek a foreign home,
I find more cause, the farther still I roam,
To mourn the hour I left thy favour'd coast;
For each high privilege, which is the boast
And birthright of thy sons, by patriots gained,
Dishonour'd dies when right and truth are chained,
And caitiffs rule—by sordid lusts engrossed.
I may, perhaps (each generous purpose crossed),
Forget the higher aims for which I've strained;
Calmly resign the hopes I've prized the most,
And learn cold cautions I have long disdained,
But my heart must be calmer, colder yet,
Ere Scotland and fair freedom I forget.'

This is, perhaps, exceeded by the next, which presents a correct

* A mountain on the banks of Cayle-water.

picture of the scenery and character of the Cape, as novel as it is striking :—

‘ O Cape of storms ! although thy front be dark,
And bleak thy naked cliffs and cheerless vales,
And perilous thy fierce and faithless gales
To staunchest mariner and stoutest bark ;
And though along thy coasts with grief I mark
The servile and the slave—with him who wails
An exile's lot—and blush to hear thy tales
Of sin and sorrow, and oppression stark ;
Yet, spite of physical and moral ill,
And after all I've seen and suffered here,
There are strong links, that bind me to thee still,
And render e'en thy rocks and deserts dear ;
Here dwell kind hearts, which time nor place can chill,
Loved kindred and congenial friends sincere.’

The ‘Excursion,’ in particular, contains much good poetry ; the whole composition is exceedingly pleasing ; and the most serious faults are a few words rather carelessly introduced, and little incongruities, proceeding rather from inadvertency than want of taste. The few vices observable in Mr. Pringle's style are trivial, and easy of correction. There are some terms, perhaps, not strictly poetical ; and there is a peculiarity in regard to employing the adjective too invariably after the substantive, at the end of a line.

This coffee-room is abominable—a coffee-room at Dulwich, with boxes, and square mahogany boards damp with last night's ale !—And then the tobacco—Shall we never be quit of that tobacco ?—Well—well—a beef-steak, and a pint of port.—Heavens !—I now find what weighed us down on Herne Hill—Johnson's Dictionary, *complete* in one large octavo. The preface is evidently by a masterly hand—it is at once lively and erudite, an union of merit not very common in these days of pertness without knowledge, and learning without facility. Come ! We must write a nice little puff of this capital Dictionary :—

Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language, Stereotyped verbatim from the last folio edition corrected by Himself. royal 8vo. pp. 1369.

THIS is a *reprint* of the most valuable description, containing the *two folios* of Johnson, in one octavo. This beautifully printed volume is accompanied by an admirably written preface, in which both Horne Took and Mr. Todd are roughly handled. ‘The philosopher of Wimbledon,’ as the writer facetiously terms Took, is treated with, perhaps, too much severity, considering his claims as a philologer. In Mr. Todd's case the chastisement is sufficiently wholesome. Nothing is more nauseous than the attempt to improve what is beyond the grasp of the would-be amender ; and, when we consider that Mr. Todd has done little else besides making a large book of reference of double ponderosity, heaping up words that are utterly useless, either for the technicalities of science, or the elegancies of literature, such as ‘palaver,’ ‘pattypan,’ and ‘Parmesan cheese,’ we are not unwilling to leave his edition to the tender mercies of the critic before us.

I am getting very hungry, and the steak—oh, what a contrast to the

expedition of Dolly's!—Be tranquil. Let us moralise;—and jot down a few thoughts that occurred to us on the top of the Camberwell coach:—

He who is always thinking of the end is the least likely to arrive at it, because he cannot attend properly to the means.

The ungratified wishes of man are the chief sources of his pleasure, provided he does not despair of their gratification; and they are also the chief sources of his improvement. It is *the next step* that carries us on.

He who would mount in the world should imitate a man climbing up a ladder: he should look up. They who look down get dizzy and fall: and the danger of this is always the greater, the higher they have climbed.

Men of genius are always getting tumbles, because they drive fast, and take new cuts: dull fellows seldom tumble, because they drive slowly and in the rut.

Public sympathy is always a bungling almoner, because it has no measure of suffering but the noise made by the sufferer.

When a man tells you that he is wise, he limits your inquiry to his folly.

Facts are the flesh of conversation; opinions are the feathers.

A man's mind is a paradox: the more that is put into it there is the more room.

A penal law against suicide is the most absurd that can be imagined, because suicide involves a voluntary choice of the very greatest punishment which the law can inflict.

Oh! is that steak not ready yet? 'In ten minutes, Sir.' We must cut up some book or other, *pour passer le temps*. Here goes.

Marly; or a Planter's Life in Jamaica. 8vo., pp. 363.¹

THIS volume appears to have been written with the very laudable intention of exhibiting to the people of England the state of Arcadian felicity in which the slaves live in Jamaica; and also of displaying how entirely unworthy they are of every thing bestowed on them by the planters, excepting the cart-whip. Marly's being bitten to pieces by mosquitoes, his being saluted by field negroes, and his watching the slaves employed in a boiling-house, and a million of such interesting incidents, are detailed with both minuteness and gravity. To those who can be gratified by such affairs, we recommend this volume; and that our readers may form some idea of the comforts of the 'children of labour' in this fine island, we subjoin Marly's account of three Negro women, who had sat down for life upon the property:—

'They received the same allowance as if they had been working, in consequence of each of them having, or had living at one time, six children: in pursuance of a colonial law to that effect. They were the mothers of families as reputable, industrious, and well-behaved as any upon the property; and which reputable families were enabled from their own private industry to provide themselves with superior clothing to what the estate allowed, in addition to supplying themselves with many other comforts which

they were thereby enabled to obtain. Punishment they never received, neither was the whip ever applied to them; and it was a pleasant sight to observe the brothers and husbands of the females taking their stations beside each other in the field, lightening the portion of the labour of the females, by assisting them, as often as they could get their hoes in.

'These negroes comparatively speaking were in a state of comfort and happiness. They did not know what liberty was,—the greater part of them had been born and had lived the whole of their lives upon the property, and it was their home. Those who were industrious had formed comfortable houses, which were their own. They had no cares—they apparently had as few wants—the estate furnished them with herrings, and their grounds furnished them with provisions more than sufficient for their consumption, the overplus of which they carried to market. Some of them, also, had a few poultry, some pigs, and two or three goats; and from these sources, they raised a little money to purchase some little finery in dress, and some little luxuries to consume. They knew they would be attended to when sick, and that they would have the benefit of a buckra doctor and buckra medicines. They thought if they were free, they could not procure any of these, and with the exception of a few of the head men and tradesmen who can appreciate the value of their labour, few of the decent, well-behaved negroes desire it, for, say they, "if him free, who gib him clothes—who gib him house—who gib him neger grounds—who gib him fish—who send him doctor when him sick. No, massa, no. Better him neger massa dan him free massa."

'These respectable negroes unfortunately, in general, do not numerically amount to above the one-half of the slaves upon an estate. There is upon every property, especially if it is any thing large, as there was upon this, a numerous body of idle, disorderly, and dissolute people of both sexes, upon whom punishment has a very slender effect, and who, as must be expected, are eager for their "freedom." Which word, however, they, as well as almost the whole of the negroes, consider in a light far wide of what their friends in Britain explain it,—and their interpretation of it would prove instantaneously destructive to the colony. They think, that freedom means a cessation from labour altogether—and that when they are allowed freedom, they are to work no more, farther than growing provisions for themselves, and this being so easily done they would then be satisfied.'—pp. 91, 92.

That will do! We can smell an indifferent book by instinct. Jeffrey drives a bodkin through an octavo, and tells by the scent of the steel whether the octavo be worth any thing—as dealers in hams judge of their freshness. The very paper knife of a critic ought to be able to find out the tit-bits, either of beauty or absurdity.

Well—well! That steak compensates for many exils. And now we will review *Don Pedro*, and then compose ourselves for a nap:—

Don Pedro; a Tragedy. By Lord Porchester. 8vo. pp. 99.

By the statement in the preface we find that Lord Porchester's name may be added to the long list of individuals who may justly exclaim, 'Save me from my friends.' It is through their kind offices that his drama appears in print. It is in this preface stated, that this play, on its first representation, met with 'flattering success;' now, in this particular, both Lord Porchester and his ill-judging flatterers should be set right. The truth is, that when the manager (Mr. Wallack) attempted to give it out for a second representation, he was compelled to leave the stage unheard. The plot having been copiously detailed in contemporary journals, we shall content ourselves with ob-

serving that the play, as far as regards representation, is perfectly undramatic; there is a total absence of that intensity of interest which alone can rivet the attention of an audience; added to which, the whole weight of the drama rests on the female character *Maria de Padilla*, and which to personate required an actress uniting every leading requisite in her profession—a star not at present observable in the theatric hemisphere. Throughout the play in question are scattered many poetic passages, and some there are that evince cleverness both in the conception and the putting together; but these are too few to atone for the pages of languor and feebleness. Indeed, the whole of the part of *Blanche* is in the worst style of maudlin sensibility. The vigorous passages are to be found in the dialogue in the last scene between *Raban the Jew* and *Maria*, when the Jew has fallen into the snares of *Maria*, and is led into her presence in chains and proceeding to execution. We insert the whole of it; and think the Jew's simile of the sculptor and the clay poetic and beautiful, although very much out of place.

[*Raban is led in guarded, and in chains.*

Ha! in chains!

I ever loved to look upon thee, Raban,
And trust me, now it glads mine inmost soul;
Yet this our parting words portended not.
Thy faith forsworn, the Saracen unpaid,
What signified, fair sir, the bond we signed?

Raban. And what, kind mistress, meant the treacherous toils
Thou hadst prepared for me?

Maria. (*surprised.*)

Ha. who betrayed me?

Rab. Thyself!

Mar. Thou speakest well, and yet thou liest.
Thy fate was fixed, but never did my tongue
Give utterance to the deep design.

Rab.

I grant it—

Nor word, nor scowling look, nor altered voice,
Nor any dubious circumstance, awoke
Suspicion of thy foul intent—all seemed
As calm as heretofore—nor yet too calm—
'Twas thy unsparing, ruthless nature warned me.
Had we not sat concerting others' deaths,
Had we not framed such murderous lists before,
Together plotted—for empire thou, and I
For vengeance—till on thy brow the long-sought crown
Seemed to alight?

Mar.

And came not with the crown
Thou dull conspirator, the power to aid thee?

Rab. To need mine aid no more. Could he who knew,
And counselled every dark and lawless deed,
That to the imperial object of thy wishes
Smoothed the ascent—he who alone might say,
'Tremble, *Maria*, tremble on thy throne!'
Hope to live scatheless when his task was done.

Mar. I stand amazed! and scarcely know which most
To marvel at, his folly or his craft,
Who knew his peril, aimed his dart so well,
Yet could not save him from the vengeful fangs
Of the expiring lioness!

Rab. 'Twas zeal
To work my sovereign's will, and guide the exploit
Against the Queen, too long delayed and lost.
The loyal Jew—(*pauses*)—oft hast thou called me thine own
True Raban—(*ironically*)—could the lynx-eyed lady err?
Oh, no! then let her servant die faithful
As he has lived. His need borrowed this scroll;
[Taking out of his bosom a paper.]
His zeal restores it at the earliest hour
That prudence would allow. *[Gives it to her.]*

Mar. (*astonished.*) My lists of death!
Rab. How often hast thou promised to exalt me?—
Most well-kept vow! Here hast thou noted down
Thy trusted friend—thy dear good Jew—amid
Spain's bluest* blood—distinguished lot! to die
With such a noble company—Oh! last
Unhoped-for kindness! unsolicited,
Not unrequited: for the hour he knew
Thou hadst enrolled him on thy courtly list,
The grateful Jew inscribed thee upon his.

Mar. Thy list! base, jeering, crafty traitor. Thy list!
Thou serpent—

Rab. That fostered only to be slain,
Hast strangled thee, while thou wert snaring him.
Thou wouldst have used me, as sculptors do their clay,
Wherewith to mould thy greatness; when thou hadst shaped
Its vast proportions, the vile earth was broken.

Mar. Caught like a fool—go, like a felon die!
Try if thy gold can save thee now! Revenge
Is sweet, and thou shalt taste the bitter joy,
To close the last act of my government.

Rab. The last act of thy tyranny. I die
Soothed by that thought. My Christian tyrants, welcome!
Now ply your tortures, slay the wretch whose power
Dispersed your hosts like chaff before the wind,
And gave your realm away! Henceforth again
Hate, fear, oppress, but think of me, and scorn
The Jew no more! (*turning to his guard*)—lead on!

Mar. Aye, to his fate!
Take thy cold comfort with thee to the block.

[Exeunt Raban and guard.]

Zooks! How long we have slept. Alas, here is an importation of citizens; and they have been to the Dulwich Gallery; and they are admiring Mr. Soane's Mausoleum;—and seem to think that one Murillo was not half so good a painter as the gentleman who takes likeness on Ludgate Hill. Ah! we must be off. But let us first get through a bit or two that even five wonder-hunters and their wives cannot spoil

Africa Described. By Mrs. Hofland.

THIS interesting volume is a selection from the works of ancient and modern travellers; the compilations have been made with care and judgment. Important as works of this nature are, we hope Mrs. Hofland will still find leisure to favour the juvenile race with some

The families of oldest descent in Spain were termed of the bluest blood.

volumes, blending fiction and moral lesson as agreeably as in those which have proceeded from her pen.

In order to facilitate the description of Africa, Mrs. Hofland has divided her volume into several distinct parts. And at the conclusion, is a concise and well-written account of the islands off the coast of Africa. The description of Madagascar we think might have been advantageously extended. The volume is accompanied by an explanatory map, and cannot fail to find its way into every circle who wish that their younger branches should possess a knowledge of that vast and almost unexplored portion of the habitable globe.

Herculaneum, and other Poems. By Charles Room, 8vo., pp. 98. Longman and Co.

THIS volume is the first poetic attempt of a very young man, and displays some promise. The principal poem in the volume exhibits much harmony of versification, and is written in the Spenserian stanza. The minor effusions, as might be surmised, are the best; some thoughts are very happily expressed, as the following short specimen will show.

“Where interest plies the oar of love,
The bark may sail in gallant show,
With stately dullness onwards move,
And idly boast its gilded prow.
But when affection swells the sail,
Swifter than thought the vessel flies,
Spreads wide its canvass to the gale,
And proudly braves inclement skies.”

The Arcana of Science. Limbird.

THIS is a very unpretending and useful little volume, with a most absurd title. Why will people persist in the use of the mystic terms of the alchemists, instead of calling things by their right names? When an author or compiler descends to this quackery, he disgusts sensible people, and misleads and abuses the credulous. The compiler himself seems to have been aware of this; for he hints that his compilation is a sort of “annual register of the useful arts;” and if he had given it that name, it would have been far more appropriate than the present one. With “Arcana” the book has nothing to do, for it discloses no hidden mystery; and it has almost as little to do with “science” properly so called. It is a gleanings from the journals of the year of a collection of facts and fragments, some of them of value and some not, taken from the publications of others, without note or comment, but having this advantage, that all the authorities are given; so that, though it be a book made out of the matter of other books, yet it is done as honestly as a work of the kind can be done; and to those who have not read the journals from which it is compiled, it may be useful. It has one very laudable property, considering the quantity of matter in it,—it is cheap.

And now for marching. Daintiest of blue bags, you shall travel back to town alone;—and we shall plod on through the green lanes, with a nice little book or two in our pockets. Ay! The Fairy Mythology,—written by a very excellent scholar and critic, and exquisitely

embellished by one of the most spirited of designers, Mr. Brooke, who has caught the most delicate graces of the land of Fay. Pleasant will be our walk with thee, thou prettiest of books.

Ha! a new inn with the sign of 'the George Canning,' somewhere between Dulwich and Brixton. This looks like posthumous honour;—and we would scorn to pass the invitation of that brilliant name. A pretty inn, faith;—and a snug parlour;—and ale of the most sparkling. To work—to work; for quiet must abide here.

The Fairy Mythology. Two volumes, 8vo. London, 1828. Ainsworth.

We had long considered some work of this kind a sort of desideratum in English literature, aware as we are how abundantly informed and entertained our neighbours, the French and the Germans, have for some time been with works on a similar subject. It was the same with regard to the history of fiction; we were far behind our continental contemporaries in that branch, till Mr. Dunlop attempted to supply our want of information; and what Mr. Dunlop has done for fiction in general, Mr. Keightley has here very successfully accomplished in regard to the supernatural world, and in behalf of that neglected race of modern elves and fairies. We see no reason why Mr. Lempriere and his classical brethren, indeed, should keep the whole field of fabulous invention for their own use, and why other nations, as well as ancient Greece and Rome, should not vindicate a portion of their mythological fame in the eyes of the young people of "merry England." For we scruple not to maintain that there is inherent in the fabulous character of more modern nations something of a more attractive and enlivening kind; a more genial temper, and a nearer approach to the ideas and good-fellowship of mere mortals. There is not so much stateliness, coldness, and statue-like air in the beings of the northern land of fairy, and in the eastern *Peris*, as in the more stern and colossal divinities of Greece and Rome. They seem to interest themselves in human concerns; to exercise a more benignant power, and to possess greater liveliness and variety in their respective callings and pursuits.

Accordingly, Mr. Keightley seems to have entered upon the subject with *perfect zeal*, as the Germans express it; and to have spared no pains in tracing the national stems and genealogies, in all their resemblances and varieties with which the fond credulity—the "*mentis gratissima error*," as old Burton has it, of all nations, more or less, is known to abound. From the researches, too, of the author, it would seem that the belief in these little deities is by no means so nearly put to flight as this age of science would lead us to imagine; but that there are many secluded vales and glens, even within the precincts of England and Wales, where they are still in the habit, as the villagers well know, of holding their nocturnal revels. In short, the author has here, we think, made out a pretty clear case, that every people, as long as human nature is what it is, must entertain a delight in some supernatural lore or other, be their religion ever so pure and excellent, on which to rest the inherent love of the marvellous—apparently one of the most pleasing indulgences of the human mind.

At the outset, Mr. Keightley expends no little labour and research, to ascertain, as near as may be, the true derivation of the word *fairy*, which he is inclined to refer to the Italian *fata*, borrowed from the Latin, in preference to the Persian *peri*. On this point we shall not stop to decide, the author's reasoning being more ingenious, we think, than either satisfactory or entertaining. We rather prefer to follow him in his observations upon the various orders of beautiful beings, with the peculiar agencies and feats ascribed to them at different periods and among different nations.

After some philosophical inquiry into their origin and belief, he commences with his fairy memoirs of the most fascinating tribe belonging to the regions of Peristan. In this he was correct, as they were, in all likelihood, the ancestors of the whole ærial race. With so wide a field before him, he was compelled to leave them too soon, with their relatives, the Arabian genii, of whom we could have wished to hear much more. The succeeding Peris, Genii, Ghosts, Deeves, &c., who peopled Asia, are decidedly less interesting; and we could well have spared a part of the honours bestowed upon them, in order to have had a little more entertainment from the company of our own elves and fays.

Next to the various races of the East, we are introduced to the more grotesque and singular creations of the middle ages,—the more fearful and powerful personages who figure in the pages of Ariosto, during the ages of chivalry and romance. The descriptions of these are also brief, but happy and amusing. Indeed, the whole may be said to be too slight and sketchy, though correct and satisfactory as far as they go, until the author fairly enters upon the enchanted circle of modern fairyland. This portion of the work is executed in a very able and agreeable manner; although the whole, we are bound to add, is equally creditable to his learning, industry, and research, if not equally entertaining, from the character of the particular branches of which he treats.

The fairies of England are evidently the dwarfs of Germany and the north, though they do not appear to have been ever so denominated. Their appellation was Elves, subsequently, Fairies; but there would seem to have been formerly other terms expressive of them, of which not a vestige is now remaining in the English language. They were, like their northern kindred, divided into two classes; the rural elves, inhabiting the woods, fields, mountains, and caverns; and the domestic, or house spirits, called Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows. But the Thames, the Avon, and the other English streams were never the abode of a Neck or Kelpie.

For the earliest account we have of the English fairies, we are indebted to the Imperial Chancellor Gervase of Tilbury, who gives the following particulars respecting the fairy mythology of England in the thirteenth century:—

“There is (says he), in the county of Gloucester, a forest abounding in boars, stags, and every species of game that England produces. In a grovy lawn of this forest, there is a little mount, rising in a point to the height of a man, on which knights and other hunters are used to ascend, when fatigued with heat and thirst, to seek some relief for their wants. The nature of the place and of the business is, however, such, that whoever

ascends the mount must leave his companions, and go quite alone. Whed alone, he was to say, as if speaking to some other person, 'I thirst,' and immediately there would appear a cup-bearer, in an elegant dress, with a cheerful countenance, bearing in his out-stretched hand a large horn, adorned with gold and gems, as was the custom among the most ancient English. In the cup, nectar of an unknown but most delicious flavour was presented, and when it was drunk, all heat and weariness fled from the glowing body, so that one would be thought ready to undertake toil, instead of having toiled. Moreover, when the nectar was taken, the servant presented a towel to the drinker, to wipe his mouth with, and then, having performed his office, he waited neither for recompense for his services, nor for questions nor inquiry.

"This frequent and daily action had, for a very long period of old times, taken place among the ancient people, till one day a knight of that city, when out hunting, went thither, and having called for the drink and gotten the horn, did not, as was the custom, and as in good manners he should have done, return it to the cup-bearer, but kept it for his own use. But the illustrious Earl of Gloucester, when he learned the truth of the matter, condemned the robber to death, and presented the horn to the most excellent King Henry the Elder, lest he should be thought to have approved of such wickedness, if he had added the rapine of another to the store of his private property."*

In addition, however, to views and sketches of national fairy mythology like the above, Mr. Keightley has very agreeably blended with his dissertations and traditions some characteristic tales and anecdotes, which give a lively air, and pleasing relief, by their variety, to the more learned and philosophical portions of his work.

We wish all the fairies of England, and the dwarfs of Sleepy Hollow to boot, would combine to get rid of that most horrible of nuisances, the skittle-ground of every public, whether of town or country. Here is this pretty parlour of the George Canning Inn utterly ruined for an editor in search of quiet, by that infernal Boom—Boom—

Booming its sullen thunder,

in the back-yard. We must be off again. But first despatch we two small fry in our pocket;—and then for tea at Brixton:—

Mary Harland, or a Journey to London, a Tale of Humble Life.
18mo., pp. 320.

THIS volume, which displays typography in all its neatness, details the adventures and vicissitudes which befall a young woman who leaves her native village and fond parents, in the hope of finding 'a comfortable place' in delusive London. Many moral and religious episodes of merit are scattered throughout the volume. Candour, however, compels us to observe, that some of the anecdotes with which the author has favoured his readers are the perfection of absurdity: such as, the good servant intending to bestow on the chimney sweeper her master's bread and cheese. The description of Mary's return to her native village possesses much nature and feeling; her taking leave is also well described, and is illustrated by an exquisite wood-engraving.

* *Otia Imperialia, apud Leibnitz. Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicarum, vol. i., p. 18.*

Companion to the Almanac.

VALUABLE as the labours of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have been in the sciences, and rapidly as their good books, of unprecedented cheapness, must banish from perusal those vicious accumulations of the compilers, of which the mere receipt would be a loss to the receiver, it is doubtful whether, in any one point, they have done more good than by taking the Almanac under their superintendence. The observance of terms and festivals rendered almanacs necessary before any other part of science had made much progress; and they, of course, partook of the vices of the times at which they were established. With the exception of the Nautical Almanac, and that is, of course, chiefly adapted to the class whose name it bears, and of three purely scientific almanacs, published by the Company of Stationers, the silly prognostications, the doggrel rhymes, the unseemly allusions, and all the follies and impurities are kept up, as if those who make a gain of these articles, (any thing but 'shrines for Diana,') had conspired to perpetuate superstition and scatter impurity, year after year, among the people of this country, even when nations far behind us in other matters had reformed their appendages to the calendar. It was, therefore, with pleasure that we hailed the appearance of '*The British Almanac*,' containing all the good without any of the evil. With equal satisfaction we hail the '*Companion*,' which contains a body of scientific, popular, and statistical information, no where to be obtained for ten times the price, and not, indeed, to be obtained in any other single volume with which we are acquainted. The calendar as now used, and the calendars of the Saxons, the Jews, the Romans, and the Mahomedans are explained; and so are the 'notes' by which the moveable feasts are calculated; then the particular festivals in the several months; next the instruments used in ascertaining the changes of the atmosphere and the weather, the phenomena of the heavens, with their causes, and the appearances of the earth for each season; and the doctrine of the tides. These form the first part of the Companion, or that which more immediately explains the technicalities of the Almanac. The whole of this part seems to have been written expressly for the work, with much care, and corresponding clearness and value. The second part contains tables of chronology, statistics, latitudes and longitudes, and weights and measures, very full, and with explanations where the nature of the subject admits.

The third part contains very wholesome advice to the poor; a list of poisons, with their antidotes; directions for keeping farming accounts; and an account of the nature of assurances.

The fourth and last part contains an abstract of the acts and documents of Parliament for the previous year; and an account of the principal public improvements and mechanical inventions for the same.

The whole work contains an exposition of every thing connected with the year, as produced by nature and as arranged by man; is a general index to the great events of human history, and the great outlines of the more interesting countries; and a very full and particular index to the state of the British islands, and the great changes which took place in the preceding year. Need we add, that such a book must be valuable, not for mere reference only, but for positive instruction?

'As useless as an *old almanac*,' used to be a proverb; but there is in the British Almanac and in this Companion enough of matter of permanent interest to prevent it from becoming old.

And now that we are comfortably seated in the bay-window in the pretty inn upon the rise of Brixton Hill, we will bestow a few retrospective glances upon our critical labours. What a pleasant vocation is that of a critic—how gratifying, how influential. It is no labour to us to review fifty book in a summer's day, with the most perfect justice and accuracy;—to others 'it is as easy as lying.' It is a thriving trade, for all the world is beginning to follow it. The *Reviewing* spirit is spreading on every side. Literary journals are becoming almost as numerous as the books they notice;—publishers write puffs with a truly analytical and discriminating tone;—and even the second-hand dealers in the 'works of the learned,' sit in judgment upon the commodities they vend. The old class of booksellers—the Edwardses, and Paynes, and Cuthells, good easy men, were satisfied with the business-like commentary of 'fine tall copy'—'scarce'—or 'elegant in russia.' Their successors cannot be happy in their stalls without perking up their critical noses into their customers' faces;—and proclaiming in their catalogues what *they* think of the illustrious dead. 'To what base uses must we come at last!' In a recondite work of this description, now in our pocket, being a 'Catalogue of a Choice and Valuable Collection of Rare and Curious Books, now offered for Ready Money, on exceedingly advantageous terms, at the Prices offered, by James Hyde, 4, Wellington Terrace,' we have an excellent list of valuable works, and a wilderness of criticism, for the small price of one shilling. This Scaliger of biblioplists informs us, that 'Madame de Sevigné's Letters are in esteem;—that 'seldom does the world see such a mighty master-spirit, as that which fired and warmed the bosom of—Hugo Grotius;—that 'Dryden's mind exhibits infinite versatility of talent;—that 'Sir Richard Steele lived in a *golden age*;—that 'of Dr. Parr the less said the better; he was a scholar undoubtedly, a democrat, and a misanthrope;—and that 'Venice Preserved will rescue Otway's name from oblivion.'—Some of Mr. Hyde's critical flights are, however, of a loftier daring than the pithy specimens we have here exhibited. Unmindful of the fate of Icarus, he disdains the humble safety of his shop;—and

Soaring with supreme dominion,
Through the azure realms of air,

looks down, with a bird's-eye glance, upon all the wide fields and sparkling streams of ancient and modern literature. No wonder that his head is sometimes dizzy with his flight. What will the genius of Retrospective Reviewing say to the following exhibition of curious knowledge picked up behind the counter, in untradesman-like glimpses beyond the secure region of title-pages?

'FIELDING's talents, though various and peculiarly available in any work of public interest, *have been rather over-rated*. His Tom Jones is a chef-d'œuvre, and universally read and admired, whilst, on the other hand, *his* Sir Charles Grandison, once so popular, is now scarcely looked at.'—*Hyde's Catalogue*, No. 709. 'Ne Sutor!' A word to the wise, Mr. Hyde!

And now that it is dusk, we shall put ourselves within the Brixton stage, and seek the city again. The iron ladder of the hackney-coach is let down at our door, at eight o'clock. We are rather too tired for the Opera; so must amuse ourselves with a little critical doings in 'our own room' before we sleep. A Book of Travels—lies in abundance, without a doubt. Let us see.

A Pilgrimage in Europe and America, leading to the Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi and Bloody River, &c., &c. By J. C. Beltrami, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS is altogether an extraordinary work, as it combines a vast deal of valuable information, a fair proportion of amusing anecdotes, both old and new, and a superabundance of those truisms and hacknied reflections that are to be met with in most volumes of travels, rendering them as tedious as a "thrice told tale." From the preface we learn that this work first challenged criticism at New Orleans; and from the preface we also learn another interesting fact, namely, that, rare as the thing is,—the author has formed a correct idea of his own style. He candidly says, 'With respect to my style, it is no easy matter to characterize it.' As he has found this secret out, we would advise him, in any future work he may favour the public with, to adopt a style somewhat less equivocal, and less tinged with the affected sentiment and flowing tinsel, so lavishly scattered throughout almost every page of these volumes, and relate events of interest in concise and manly language. Had he made choice of such a style in this work, it would have been infinitely more valuable, and our table would have had only to sustain one volume instead of two. The dedication, 'To the fair sex,' is a remarkable feature in the book. We suspect it has been written for 'The Lady's Magazine,' and rejected; and the author, thinking it a pity to have written it in vain, avails himself of the opportunity of enlivening with it his volumes of travels.

As no criticism can supersede the judgment of the reader, we present him with what appears to us the most interesting adventure of the traveller:

'The day and night of the 12th were the most dreadful of my whole life. I tremble whenever I even think of them; thank God, however, I did not tremble at the time. I was aware that, if I exhibited before the Indians the slightest indication of fear, it was all over with me. I carefully preserved, therefore, my self-possession, and intrepidity, I flatter myself, of no easy attainment.

'A number of these Indians who *drink at two fountains*, had just been visiting the English agents at Romaine island, on lake Huron; and among the presents distributed among them, they had received some barrels of whiskey. This was soon circulated through the encampment, almost every member of which soon became violently heated and maddened by it.

'It is a usual practice of the female Indians, when they see cases of intoxication in their own tent, or in the camp, to preserve to themselves the strictest sobriety, that they may be enabled to prevent or mitigate the frequently dreadful consequences of intemperance in the men. But on this occasion the women were more completely inebriated than the men, and, with the exception of a few young persons, all were plunged in the most frightful state of intoxication.

'The hell of Virgil and of Dante, or even that painted by Orcagna, at St.

Maria Novella, in Florence, in a style so deeply impressive, are only faint sketches in comparison with that full display of terror and death presented in the tragedy, exhibiting in all their horrors the Bacchantes, the Furies, the Eumenides, Medusa, and all the monsters of history or fiction.

'Hatred, jealousy, long-standing quarrels, mortal antipathies, all the ferocious passions were in most exasperated excitement and conflict. The shrieks of the women and children mingled with the yells of these cannibals, and the bayings of dogs, added the tortures of hearing to all the agonies which appalled the sight.

'Standing on a mound of earth with my cutlass in my girdle, my gun in my hand, and my sword half unsheathed at my side, I remained a spectator to this awful scene—watchful and motionless. I was often menaced, but never answered, except by an expressive silence, which most unequivocally declared that I was ready to rush on the first who should dare to become my assailant. My *Bois-brulé* had concealed himself, and I had great difficulty in rallying him to my side, where he at length appeared to feel more confidence and security than elsewhere, for he became convinced that there was a greater probability of escaping the threatened catastrophe by courage and resolution than by indecision and terror.

'But it became necessary for me, for a few moments, to quit my entrenchment. The life of the chief, *Cloudy Weather*, was in danger. I was his host, and he was the father of the beautiful *Woascila*, who, by giving me timely notice in two instances of plots formed for my destruction, and thus kindling into stronger power the fierce and menacing expression of my countenance, had been twice my preserver. I darted forward with her and my *Bois-brulé*, who was now become a hero, and we saved him, by disarming of their knives the two assassins who had attacked him, and against whom, merely with a small piece of wood, he defended himself like a lion. We pushed him into his tent, and committed him to the care of a warrior chief, one of his intimate friends, who was enjoined to protect him, and prevent his going out. He found, however, a knife which had been concealed, and whether from that impulse natural to Indians, which often occasions them in their passion to make a victim of the first man they meet; or whether through real mistake, he rushed on his friend and stabbed him with repeated thrusts: we, however, returned instantly at the call of *Woascila*, and fortunately in time to prevent the completion of murder.

'On this occasion I was exceedingly surprised and affected, my dear Countess, by a display of genuine magnanimity and generosity.

'The son of the wounded savage, about eighteen years of age, entered the tent, and surveying with an expression of terrific dignity the assassin of his parent, with heroic self-possession thus addressed him:—Thou hast stabbed my father—thy own friend. I ought to avenge him, and I could do it; but thou wouldst not have this done, hadst thou not been intoxicated. I pardon thee. In this young Indian, the son of *Bear's heart*, I perceived Rome and Greece united. He was the hero of the day: he was not only able to resist the temptations of a liquor so exceedingly attractive to Indians, but he contributed greatly to mitigate the effects of its deadly influence. I embraced him with sentiments such as these savage people had never before excited in me. The noble conduct of this young man is also one of those circumstances which infuse such contradictions into the character of Indians, and almost preclude the power of defining them. In order to testify my admiration of his conduct, I gave him a liberal quantity of powder, the most valuable present that, situated as I was, I could possibly bestow upon him. I would have conferred on him an empire had I been able; but my destitution was even greater than his own.'—

Another Traveller—but one of a very different slipping. It is marvellous how admirably our sailors can write. There are Parry, and

Franklin, and Hall, and Glascock, and, now, Smyth—all nervous, clear, unaffected, manly masters of our native English. They have much that is interesting to tell—and they have told it admirably. We must give a quotable praise to this volume.

Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia. By Captain William Henry Smyth, R.N., K.S.F., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 351.

THE author of this volume was employed by our government, in 1823, and 1824, on a maritime survey of the coasts of Sardinia, in which employ he had ample opportunities of acquiring every species of valuable information relative to the history and resources of this important island. In bestowing on this volume unequivocal commendation, we do but yield to Captain Smyth the praise which he in reality deserves, as we have rarely seen so small a volume possessing such varied stores of information, accompanied by a style uniting conciseness and perspicuity. Much learning and industry is displayed in the opening chapter, containing 'The Political History of Sardinia;' and those succeeding, on the produce and resources of the island, and the account of its inhabitants, their manners, and customs, are replete with interest. The work is illustrated by an admirably executed map by J. and C. Walker, of the hydrographical office of the Admiralty, and by several well-engraved plates from Captain Smyth's own drawings.

We have been abusing a work from our late worthy publishers, (we trust it is only a commission affair,) so we feel double the pleasure in noticing a work which is excellently done, and is evidently the suggestion of their own very intelligent minds:

A General Biographical Dictionary. By John Gorton. 2 vols. 8vo. Hunt and Clarke.

THE importance and utility of well written and authentic Biography must be evident to all. The leading fault of most dictionaries of this description consists in their containing a superabundance of articles or no interest; while those individuals who, by their talents, virtues, or achievements, are deserving of considerable space, have their merits briefly discussed, and, in some cases, are dismissed by the biographer with a flippancy truly disgraceful. These errors, we are happy to say, have been avoided in the work before us, which is rendered most valuable by every biographical sketch being accompanied by an intimation of the sources from which it is derived; from the number of authorities quoted, the compiler appears to have exercised considerable industry. He has displayed much judgment in his important labour of condensation; and as the public are presented with two well printed volumes, of nearly 1000 pages each, of amusement and information, at a very low price, we think the book will be as widely circulated as it deserves to be.

This 'Diary of Burton' will do Colburn honour. Pepys, and Evelyn, and such a work as this before us, are for higher uses than his staple manufacture. We intend to write a capital article of a sheet and a half, in our next number, to be called 'The Protectorate,' and Burton

shall supply the materials. In the meantime Colburn must content himself with the following notice :

Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq., Member in the Parliaments of Oliver Cromwell from 1656 to 1659 ; now published from the original Autograph Manuscript, with an introduction containing an account of the Parliament of 1654, from the Journal of Guibon Goddard, Esq. M.P. By John Towill Rutt. 4 vols. 8vo.

THE period of English history, to which this diary alludes, is one of the most eventful the annals of our country can furnish ; and to those interested in the details of that stormy epoch, we recommend this work, as amidst the mass of information it presents, may be found many pages calculated to throw considerable light on several important transactions in those days. It is, in fact, a book that should take its place in all libraries, where political history is a distinguished feature.

Thank you, Mr. Murray, for this very early copy of the new Quarterly. The fibbing of Hunt is good ;—and knocks him about quite as well with the *muffs* on, as Wilson with his most desperate facers. Wilson's smashing was capital—though somewhat overdone ;—nothing could be *better* than the magpie and his cage—but why did not he leave off with that ? “ *On diminue ce qu'on exagère.* ” But we have nothing to do with the controversy,—except to pity poor Hunt (for he is really in many points worth pity) against such terrible odds. Some of the quotations in the Quarterly, from Byron's letters to Murray, are superb. For instance :—

‘ Barry Cornwall will do better by and by, I dare say, if he don't get spoiled by green tea and the praises of Pentonville and Paradise-row. The pity of these men is, that they never lived in *high life* nor in *solitude* ; there is no medium for the knowledge of the busy or the still world. If admitted into high life for a season, it is merely as spectators—they form no part of the mechanism thereof. Now, Moore and I, the one by circumstances, the other by birth, happened to be free of the corporation, and to have entered into its pulses and passions, “ *quarum partes fuimus.* ”—Both of us have learned by this much that nothing else could have taught us.’

‘ With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that *he*, and all others—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I, are all in the wrong, one as much as another ; that we are upon a wrong, revolutionary, poetical system (or systems), not worth a d—n in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free, and that the present and next generation will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this, by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way : I took Moore's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even *imagination, passion, and invention*, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the lower empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us ; and if I had to begin, I would mould myself accordingly. Crabbe's the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject ; and Rogers, the grandfather of living poetry, is retired upon half-pay, since pretty Miss Jaqueline, with her nose aquiline, and has done enough ; unless he were to do as he had done formerly.’

Good night, “ my public.”

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. II.—MAY.

ROBERT BURNS.*

THE object of Constable's Miscellany—that of furnishing the public with good books at a cheap rate—is very praiseworthy; and those who love to see human genius bounding over every obstacle, and taking firm hold of immortality, even when the mortal casket, “strong by nature, strengthened more by toil,” in which it is contained, is dissolving in the agonies of poverty and neglect, the most illiberal jealousy, and the most black-hearted ingratitude, will be thankful that, of those neat and cheap volumes, one is devoted to the Bard of Coila.

Of lives, and memoirs, and notices of Burns, and attacks and defences of his poetry and conduct, and of the conduct of those who might have rendered both attack and defence needless, but did not, there is, indeed, no lack. Any one of these lives is, however, incomplete in the details without the others; and therefore there was room for one that should embody the better parts of the whole. This has been well performed by Mr. Lockhart; and though it looks rugged and uneven from being so studded with quotations, his book gives, perhaps, a better general account of the Bard—certainly a better account of his later years—than any of its predecessors. Mr. Lockhart has evidently come to the task with every desire to be impartial, and he has gone about the execution of it with a good deal of diligence; but still we have some doubt whether this be exactly the book that was wanted, or the author from whom we were entitled to expect it; nor are we sure that justice can be done to the moral or the poetical character of Burns, until one rise up in his own class and circumstances capable of doing it—an occurrence of which the probability is not very great.

Splendid and singular as are many of the names which their owners have cut deep in the tablet of fame, we are inclined to think that Robert Burns is the most splendid and the most singular of them all,—that he is the solitary individual of his genus, with no model going before, and no imitator coming after. That many men should write verses—lines that join in chorus at the end, and in which there is a modulation of music—we do not at all dispute, even though they should not have formally got what is called “an intellectual education;”

* The Life of Robert Burns. By J. G. Lockhart, LL.B. Constable's Miscellany. Vol. 23, MAY, 1828. M

because a perception of the modulation of sounds is not the highest, and certainly not the most intellectual of human acquirements. But the singular part of the matter is that, with every disadvantage to struggle with, both from without and from within, Burns was, for practical purposes, the best educated man of his day,—had his mind in the most perfect and constant discipline,—had not only a much more keen and perfect perception of those subjects that came more immediately within his range, than the professional literati of his time, but could actually, and at once beat them with their own weapons. It was to this, we fear, more than to any thing else, that Burns owed his want of success in life. The literati and leading men of Edinburgh, at no time very much famed for their liberality, and not always for the depth and transparency of their perceptions, invited Burns to come among them, as a plaything that they could “lift and let be seen;” but finding him too heavy to be lifted, and too dazzling to look at, they neglected him, or rather, shrunk away from him as fast as they could. Mr. Lockhart states the one half of this theory, and states it well; but he does not hint at the conclusion, to which his statement points so very clearly.

‘It needs,’ says he, ‘no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride, manifested, in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation, a most thorough conviction, that, in the society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble—nay, to tremble visibly—beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it; and,—last, and probably worst of all,—who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent; with wit in all likelihood still more daring; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the beginning, and had, ere long, no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves.’—pp. 130, 131.

Whether Burns was the burly boy, shoeless and bonnetless, driving the cattle to the pasture, or studying nature in the woodlands,—whether he was the bold youth, turning the furrow or swinging the flail,—whether he was agonizing as a lover, or making the place of rustic carousal rock to the echoes of his glee,—whether, solitary, amid the desolation of the storm, he mused upon the misery of man, or, turning his keen glance upon the crowd, he made folly and hypocrisy to run howling to their hiding-places,—whether, to the booming of the wind and the rush of the water, he poured the whole witchery of song—humorous, gay, gloomy, terrific, and sublime—

into "Tam o' Shanter," or, laid upon the straw, with his dark eye rivetted upon "the bright star of eve," poured out his own soul "to Mary in heaven,"—whether, toiling wearily along in the tempestuous night, he concentrated the whole volume of patriotic and noble daring into the wildness of the Bruce,—or whether, in gratitude for the wisdom and virtue which his pious parent had implanted in his mind, he made the mortal muse mount up to the very threshold of the "golden gates," and by one angelic touch turned this world into a paradise,

When kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;

in every turn of life, at every touch of time, under every shade of circumstances, the mind of Burns was a machine that never stood still,—no darkness could come from it—no obscurity could hide,—what was seen was known,—what was known was remembered; and when the hour of inspiration came, the whole was poured forth in song, of which the truth is as powerful as the force is irresistible.

Whatever be the subject which inspires the muse of Burns, one never finds a particle of verbiage, or any one subject introduced, of which his knowledge is not altogether complete. There is no mere noise making,—no heavy passages for the purpose of "sething" the gems, and shewing them off to advantage,—no gilding or polishing of the surface; the whole is virgin from the rock—unbroken and untarnishable; and yet the circumstances under which he lived were, as ordinary men would think, little calculated to produce a keen observer and a profound thinker, or indeed, any observer or thinker at all.

No doubt, in the years of his infancy, he enjoyed advantages greater than those, who have not felt the effects of similar ones, are aware of. The circumstances and character of his father saved him from those temptations to idleness and infant luxury, by which the talents of so many of the richer classes are nipt in the bud; while the feeling, then universal among the Scottish peasantry, to live upon their own earnings, however small, owe no man any thing, and either stand in their own strength, or fall, imparted that sturdy independence, which made his mind,—and probably tended to mar his fortunes. In the short time that he was at school, too, he seems to have acquired not a little of that very best part of education, the art of getting more for himself; and this was further augmented by the readings and explanations of his father. Many people acquire the form of education without the substance; but Burns had the substance without much of the form: the early bias towards inquiry and reflection which this gave, seconded as it was by the absence of temptation, till he had reached rather an advanced period of youth, was, next only to his natural powers, the cause of his greatness—his support, and also his torture, under those reverses and misfortunes, that so thickly chequered his life.

Burns was not one of those precocious prodigies, which the wondering world is, ever and anon, finding out for itself. We hear of none of his odes at eight, and tales at ten, years of age, which, when they do occur, are merely patchwork out of the thoughts of others. His

muse gave not forth one note, till inspired by that passion which calls all the children of nature into song. It was the buxom lass, who shared the labours of the harvest field more immediately with the bard, who first kindled another fire ; and it was the desire of making her warble to the praise of her own charms, that first made him attempt the practice of poetry ; and we believe there are very few young rustics, of perfectly pure minds, and with any fancy at all, that do not make similar attempts in " the first young love of gay fifteen."

These first love songs of the bard were, as might be supposed, neither very vigorous in the conception, nor very accurate in the expression ; and so far as one may judge from the specimens, (and we remember seeing a good many of them, which have never appeared in print, in the hands of a gentleman in Kilmarnock, only two years after the death of the poet), so far as one may judge from these, the merit which they had, was the merit of thought and not of fancy,—they evinced that the author was a reflective and sensible youth, rather than that he was a poetical one.

Nature had given to Burns both a mind and a body of the most robust description ; and adversity had kept hammering them on her anvil, till they had, at a very early period of life, acquired the firmness and the elasticity of beaten steel : and when his passions, which were equally strong, would no longer allow him to rest contented with his humble fare and his hard labour, they burst forth by the only outlet that was open to them—the song of his native district. Even after the fame of Burns had " sealed his destruction," he shewed an universal thirst for information, and busied himself in the formation and management of libraries ; and in his early years he gave sufficient proofs that, had his desires been seconded by means, his aim would have been to wanton in the whole field of knowledge. The success with which he studied the elements of mathematics, at the school of Kirkoswald, when in his nineteenth year—although love distracted the doctrines of sines and tangents not a little—clearly proves, that, under other discipline and circumstances, he might have probably stood as high among the philosophers of his country, as he now does among the poets.

We have thought proper to make these few remarks in favour of the general powers of Burns—and they are deductions from inquiries made in Ayrshire, while his personal friends there were yet many, and his recent death had caused every trace of him to start painfully into recollection ; because, those who look only at the surface of the matter, are apt to consider Burns as a mere poet—a hare-brained rhymester, whose fate was occasioned by that unguardedness and want of thought, which, somehow or other, have been set down as the certain and unalienable inheritance of poets.

Severely as he did toil, and expert as he was at all the labours of the farm, his mind was too mighty for being wholly occupied by these duties ; and the fields of science and literature, in which other young spirits of the same wing work off their superabundant energies, were to him, to use his own emphatic quotation, " a spring shut up and a fountain sealed ;" the few books in the " auld clay biggin" were soon exhausted ; the world around him became the only book of the ardent

and insatiable student ; and the keenness of his satire, the accuracy of his description, the warmth of his feeling, and the glorious flow of his pathos and sublimity, shew how closely and how well he studied.

That the strong passions of Burns betrayed him into indiscretions, and that oppressed and resourceless as he was, his merry talents—the keen perception, and the powerful expression, which made him so great in company—were in so far snares to him, we do not mean to deny ; but that these or any other causes made Burns permanently, or mentally at all, dissipated, or caused him to neglect his duty either to society, or to those who more immediately had claims on him, is wholly and utterly false.

The relations of the lady whom he married caused her to burn a written promise of marriage, which he had given to her when he was in the depth of his poverty, and before the first publication of his poems. But notwithstanding this, which was a legal absolvment according to the law of Scotland, and would have been a moral absolvment, even to those who affect to put on saintly looks when the name of Burns is mentioned, the poet no sooner heard that the lady herself had been ill-used—turned out of doors in fact—upon his account, than he started from a sick bed, and flew to her aid. And what were the circumstances under which this deed of generosity and justice were done ? Was it when his fortunes ran low ? No such thing. It was after he had been introduced to the notice and the admiration of the learned and the titled in the Scottish capital, had made the tour of that end of the island, and was certainly, of all Scotchmen then living, the foremost in fame. Nor was this done as a mere impulse of the moment ; for it was a calm, steady, and calculated purpose ; and Burns—though the office into which he was degraded forced him to be both from home, and in the ale-house professionally—continued a regular family man, instructing his children and bearing up against extreme poverty, till persecution the most unjust, and neglect the most disgraceful, broke his heart ; and, even then, though his family was six persons, and his income never more than seventy pounds a year, and seldom so much, he died without being in debt.

All men of the present day, and Englishmen of almost any day, would wonder why a man who was thus highly talented, and thus resolutely determined to be virtuous, could be “ the man cast away,” in any country, and especially in a country like Scotland, where the sounds of patriotism, and patronage, and encouragement to literature are so loud. This wonder increases, when one considers, that Burns was exactly the man of whom Scotland, at that time, stood much in need. This part of the case is put with so much force and truth by Mr. Lockhart, that we shall quote his words :—

“ Darkly as the career of Burns was destined to terminate, there can be no doubt that he made his first appearance at a period highly favourable for his reception as a British, and especially as a Scottish poet. Nearly forty years had elapsed since the death of Thomson :—Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, had successively disappeared :—Dr. Johnson had belied the rich promise of his early appearance, and confined himself to prose, and Cowper had hardly begun to be recognised as having any considerable pretensions to fill the long-vacant throne in England. At home—without derogation from the merits

either of *Douglas* or the *Minstrel*, be it said—men must have gone back at least three centuries to find a Scottish poet at all entitled to be considered as of that high order to which the generous criticism of Mackenzie at once admitted “the Ayrshire Ploughman.” Of the form and garb of his composition, much, unquestionably and avowedly, was derived from his more immediate predecessors, Ramsay and Ferguson: but there was a bold mastery of hand in his picturesque descriptions, to produce any thing equal to which it was necessary to recall the days of *Christ’s Kirk on the Green*, and *Peebles to the Play*: and in his more solemn pieces, a depth of inspiration, and a massive energy of language, to which the dialect of his country had been a stranger, at least since “Dunbar the Mackar.” The Muses of Scotland had never indeed been silent, and the ancient minstrelsy of the land, of which a slender portion had as yet been committed to the safeguard of the press, was handed from generation to generation, and preserved in many a fragment, faithful images of the peculiar tenderness, and peculiar humour, of the national fancy and character—precious representations, which Burns himself never surpassed in his happiest efforts. But these were fragments; and, with a scanty handful of exceptions, the best of them, at least of the serious kind, were very ancient. Among the numberless effusions of the Jacobite Muse, valuable as we now consider them for the record of manners and events, it would be difficult to point out half a dozen strains, worthy, for poetical excellence alone, of a place among the old chivalrous ballads of the Southern, or even of the Highland Border. Generations had passed away since any Scottish poet had appealed to the sympathies of his countrymen in a lofty Scottish strain.”—pp. 115, 116.

“Ramsay and Ferguson were both men of humble condition, the latter of the meanest, the former of no very elegant habits; and the dialect which had once pleased the ears of kings, who themselves did not disdain to display its powers and elegancies in verse, did not come untarnished through their hands. Ferguson, who was entirely town bred, smells more of the Cowgate than the country; and pleasing as Ramsay’s rustics are, he appears rather to have observed the surface of rural manners, in casual excursions to Penycuik and the Hunter’s Tryste, than to have expressed the results of intimate knowledge and sympathy. His dialect was a somewhat incongruous mixture of the Upper Ward of Lanark and the Luckenbooths; and he could neither write English verses, nor engraft English phraseology on his Scotch, without betraying a lamentable want of skill in the use of his instruments. It was reserved for Burns to interpret the inmost soul of the Scottish peasant in all its moods, and in verse exquisitely and intensely Scottish, without degrading either his sentiments or his language with one touch of vulgarity. Such is the delicacy of native taste, and the power of a truly masculine genius.”—p. 117.

But though Burns was just the man who was wanting to give a beam of glory to his country, and though he came at the particular time, and found an introduction to those who had, as it were, the keeping of the country’s honour, they had the folly, the cold-blooded cruelty, to throw him away; and however they may palter and shuffle, and equivocate about the matter, they threw him away for this little, and truly dirty reason—that *he was of nobler mind, and mightier powers than themselves*. They may lecture, and they may lie; but the brand is on them, and all the labour even of their viscous tongues will never be able to lick it off.

It is hard that this should be the case; and that we should write it, or read it, or certify its truth, is gall and wormwood; but it stands upon the record, and no pigment will hide it, no tool will scrape it, and

no detergent will bleach it away. They may build monuments to their own vanity; and they may carve upon them what they please; but the words that will, in the judgment of every honest man, branden and blacken over the whole, are "Destroyed by an ungrateful country:"—and they may meet and carouse, and make speeches—and they who battered upon the bard in his misery, may be foremost and loudest,—and they may thump the table at his name, roar out his songs, quaff till they reel; but in the midst of all this, "the fingers of a man's hand will come forth, and write upon the wall" words of sorrow and of reproach, which will be eternal as the name and the songs of the bard. Aye, and when years and ages shall have rolled away, when the dust shall have been gathered to the dust, and not a tittle of the Edinburgh literati, during the ten fatal years, from 1786 to 1796, shall be found even in the limbo of waste paper, the memorial and the execration of this act of slow moral poisoning will be as fresh as ever.

Even from Mr. Lockhart's book—from the shewing of a man who cannot be presumed to have had any wish to show it—there is an impression of the progress of the evil deed, though that impression be given rather by some *lacunæ* that want filling up, than from any thing that is said.

Before Burns went to Edinburgh, he was by no means addicted to drinking; and, indeed, a young man whose average yearly income, over and above his food, was about seven pounds, out of which he had to clothe himself and buy his few books, and of which, after all, he made some savings which helped to stock the farm of Massgiel, could not possibly indulge much in that way. The first three or four months that he was in Edinburgh he was equally abstemious, except in the companies where he was invited to be gazed at; and so careful was he, that he shared the room and the bed of a writer's clerk; and had the "gentry" only had the decency to shut their doors against him in the beginning as they did in the end, Burns would have gone back to the country uncontaminated even in idea. But though they gave him some patronage for his book,—a thing, by the way, that he did not need to thank them for—and though they initiated him in their dissipation, in which, then especially, and even now, Edinburgh outrages every other place in the kingdom,—they gave him no friendship. He spent an entire season in Edinburgh, saw all the "gentry" in it, was universally described as a most sensible man and delightful companion; and yet, at the end of the time, the only persons who had attached themselves to him, or indeed shewn any hearty desire of doing so, were, a schoolmaster of irascible temper, vulgar manners, and dissipated habits, and a clerk, who, though free from those offensive qualities, was certainly no *Œdipus*. The one of these was subsequently his "Boswell" in the south of Scotland, and the other in the north; and after "seeing" Edinburgh for two years, Burns, who at that time had powers that would have done honour to any situation, was—*made an exciseman, with fifty pounds a year!*

This was bad enough; but there was worse to follow. As might have been foreseen—and prevented—the discharge of his duty as an exciseman, which, even on the shewing of his enemies, Burns dis-

charged with great fidelity, were incompatible with his proper management of his farm; and thus he was forced to give that up, retire to the little scandal-dealing provincial capital, Dumfries, and depend wholly on his seventy pounds a year, with which his more laborious duties there were rewarded. Excise officers have never been, in Scotland, characters which stand very high, and they have not always deserved it. Thus the very calling of the bard banished him from the society of the small gentry who, unable to spend their winters in Edinburgh, spent them in Dumfries. This must have irritated him on the one hand, and on the other it forced him to associate with his brother officers; an association which was not very likely either to elevate his mind or improve his morals. If the "gentry" of Edinburgh were afraid of being eclipsed by the rustic bard, much more must they of Dumfries have been; and as, in such coteries, there are usually very choice subjects for satire, they had no reason to hope that the bard would spare them. This led to irritation in the first instance, and in the second, to revenge.

At that time the French revolution broke out; and, singular as it may seem, the effects of it were, perhaps, more baneful in Scotland than in any other country. Those who were in power, in that country, were needy, rapacious, and venal; and if they could but recommend themselves to the notice of the state, they did not much mind the way in which they did it; alarm and treachery were the order of the day; and if any of the *minions* could succeed in making it be believed that any man, more especially a man of talents, was a *democrat*—disaffected to the king, and more especially to the minister, it was the same as finding a treasure. The tools of this miserable faction, partly out of hatred to talents of which they were afraid, and partly in the hope that they would thereby win what they had not ability to work for, marked Burns as their prey. The bold, open, and manly character of the bard rendered him an easy victim to those vermin; and for some words of course spoken in hours of conviviality, and some foolish matters about toasts, he was reported as a dangerous and suspected person; and every lie that any one professing pseudo-loyalty chose to form against him was believed. In consequence, that society which had drawn him out of the country by its plaudits deserted him; and, in mental agony that cannot well be described, he sunk into an early grave—fell a victim to neglect and treachery in the very prime of his days. No sooner had they procured his death than they came with their crocodile tears; and men, who might with one word have averted the catastrophe, but did not, came fawning in to steal a little fame by being mourners at his bier.

All the neglect, and all the persecution that he suffered, could not, however, destroy the immortal spark within him. Even in these years, in which he bore the iniquities of a degraded country and a despicable faction, Burns poured forth some of the choicest of his lyrics. For any thing but fame—and that to a man who, upon the brink of starvation himself, is fattening others, is not quite enough—his muse might as well have been silent. For the songs which he contributed to Johnson's collection, Burns got two copies of the book!

and for the labour of years towards that of Thomson, he received five pounds as a gift, and five pounds as an alms! Mr. Thomson and his friends attribute this to the wayward pride of the bard, who would insist upon throwing away his time. Upon which Mr. Lockhart makes the following very homely and pertinent remarks:

'Why Burns, who was of opinion, when he wrote his letter to Mr. Carfrae, that "no profits are more honourable than those of the labours of a man of genius," and whose own notions of independence had sustained no shock in the receipt of hundreds of pounds from Creech, should have spurned the suggestion of pecuniary recompense from Mr. Thomson, it is no easy matter to explain: nor do I profess to understand why Mr. Thomson took so little pains to argue the matter *in limine* with the poet, and convince him, that the time which he himself considered as fairly entitled to be paid for by a common bookseller, ought of right to be valued and acknowledged on similar terms by the editor and proprietor of a book containing both songs and music.'

Mr. Lockhart's closing remarks on the character of Burns, have in them a great deal of truth, good sense, and fair critical acumen.

'As to Burns's want of education and knowledge, Mr. Campbell may not have considered, but he must admit, that whatever Burns's opportunities had been at the time when he produced his first poem, such a man as he was not likely to be a hard reader, (which he certainly was,) and a constant observer of men and manners, in a much wider circle of society than almost any other great poet has ever moved in, from three-and-twenty to eight-and-thirty, without having thoroughly removed any pretext for auguring unfavourably on that score, of what he might have been expected to produce in the more elaborate departments of his art, had his life been spared to the usual limits of humanity. In another way, however, I cannot help suspecting that Burns's enlarged knowledge, both of men and books, produced an unfavourable effect, rather than otherwise, on the exertions, such as they were, of his later years. His generous spirit was open to the impression of every kind of excellence; his lively imagination, bending its own vigour to whatever it touched, made him admire even what other people try to read in vain; and after travelling, as he did, over the general surface of our literature, he appears to have been somewhat startled at the consideration of what he himself had, in comparative ignorance, adventured, and to have been more intimidated than encouraged by the retrospect. In most of the new departments in which he made some trial of his strength, (such, for example, as the moral Epistle in Pope's vein, the *heroic* satire, &c.,) he appears to have soon lost heart, and paused. There is indeed one magnificent exception in *Tam o' Shanter*—a piece which no one can understand without believing, that had Burns pursued that walk, and poured out his stores of traditionary lore, embellished with his extraordinary powers of description of all kinds, we might have had from his hand a series of national tales, uniting the quaint simplicity, sly humour, and irresistible pathos of another Chaucer, with the strong and graceful versification, and masculine wit and sense of another Dryden.

This was a sort of feeling that must have in time subsided. But let us not waste words in regretting what might have been, where so much is. Burns, short and painful as were his years, has left behind him a volume in which there is inspiration for every fancy, and music for every mood; which lives, and will live in strength and vigour—"to soothe," as a generous lover of genius has said—"the sorrows of how many a lover, to inflame the patriotism of how many a soldier, to fan the fires of how many a genius, to disperse the gloom of solitude, appease the agonies of pain, encourage virtue, and

show vice its ugliness ;"—a volume, in which, centuries hence, as now, wherever a Scotsman may wander, he will find the dearest consolation of his exile. Already has

——— Glory without end
Scattered the clouds away; and on that name attend
The tears and praises of all time.†

Taking him altogether, Burns is, perhaps, the greatest man, without any of the favourable accidents of greatness, that ever lived; and his fate is one of the darkest stigmas which, in the case of a single individual, were attached to a nation,—the most wanton, gratuitous, and heartless piece of cruelty by which the leading people of any country ever laid the foundation of their own infamy in the first instance, and suffered their underlings to complete it for them in the end. As concerns that language and those customs, of which the poems of Burns will soon be the only monument, we fear the indignant prediction of Roscoe must be fulfilled:—

‘ Never more shall poet tread
Thine airy heaths, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breathed the soothing strain.’

THE MYSTIC SCHOOL.

WE have just been reading the second number of the ‘Foreign Review’, and very able and interesting it undoubtedly is; plenty of information, of variety, of learning, and of spirit. But it is not of the work in general, whether as to merit or demerit, that we are about to speak. We wish to say a few words concerning a certain species of criticism and tone of writing, which have latterly been creeping into our critical literature, and of which there is a very strong specimen in this number of the ‘Foreign Review.’ We allude to the article on Goethe’s ‘Helena,’ or rather, perhaps, to the general remarks on Goethe and on German writing, which introduce it. We should not, indeed, have felt it worth while to animadvert upon a single paper; but, exactly the same spirit and tone are to be traced in two or three articles which have latterly appeared in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’—precisely the very last place where we should have expected to find them.

The ‘Edinburgh Review’ set out, as regarded ‘the German school,’ with all the prejudices of the re-action naturally arising from the extravagant absurdities which had been glorified by a certain class of persons, during the last ten years of the last century. Like all re-actions, it went too far: the follies were on the surface; they were gross, glaring, and most invitingly open to ridicule; and they were ridiculed with all the wit of the wittiest men of a witty age. The real mind, and feeling, and poetry, and philosophy, which were mingled with, and went far to redeem, those fopperies and extravagancies, were

* See the *Censura Literaria* of Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. ii. p. 55.

† *Childe Harold*, Canto iv. 36.

overlooked; and undoubtedly, for some years, great injustice was done to German literature in this country. Several criticisms appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' which were very little short of parodies; those, for instance, on Goethe's 'Auto-biography.' But still, with all their severity, and perhaps injustice, they supported the great cause of sound sense and just feeling, against megrim affectation, gigantic egotism, and a general tone of false, feverish, and sickly sentiment, which manifestly went far to poison the merit of the works they considered.

Some years afterwards, they reviewed 'Wilhelm Meister;' and, though the tone of sarcasm, and laughing yet crushing irony, was dropped, yet their eyes were more open to the gross sins we have named above, than to the beauties which undoubtedly do exist in that most curious production, if not to redeem, at least in some degree to counterbalance, them. Still, right, fresh, sound, vigorous thought and feeling were what they advocated; affectation, extravagance, and mysticism were what they abused and scorned.

Thus matters stood, when, last summer, without the slightest note of preparation, or any profession of changed faith on the subject of the German school, forth comes an article on John Paul Richter, couched in a style of the most blazing Germanism; written, indeed, in an idiom purely (or rather impurely) foreign; shewing, it is true, much command of words, and considerable ingenuity in intertwisting and confounding ideas; but, as devoid of strong, clear, manly English thought or diction, as could have been expected from the maddest partisan of Kotzebue, in the early years of the French revolution. *Et tu Brute!* thought we, as our amazed eyes advanced from page to page, and found straight-forward nature cast contemptuously aside, and all the vague, hair-splitting, endlessly-involved jargon of German mysticism supplying its place. What! and is this the 'Edinburgh Review;' which hitherto, in literature as in politics, has, whatever its faults may have been in either, ever preserved its unity of tone and consistency of opinion in both? We should as soon have expected an article against catholic emancipation, or in favour of the game laws, as this piece of inflated, overwrought, hot-headed spouting.

We had scarcely recovered our breath from this, when in the next number there appeared an elaborate article on German literature in general, written—certainly less wildly—in more english English, and, though with less apparent enthusiasm, with more solemn and oracular self-importance. It lays down a complete profession of faith, touching German literature, which all those who do not follow are damned into the Tartarus of Dunces—a profession, by the way, in diametrical opposition to all that, up to the appearance of the tirade about John Paul, had ever appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' every word of which it passes over in the most scornful silence. Now, we are quite ready to agree with the writer of this paper, that nothing can be more unjust, and few things more absurd, than the sort of wholesale condemnation and ridicule of German literature in this country, some twenty years ago; but, we consider it to be rather more absurd and infinitely more mischievous, to cry it up as next to faultless—and to exalt it for the

worship and imitation of all mankind. He denies that it is extravagant, he denies that it is mystical—and thus considers those things which have hitherto been so regarded to be within the limits of good taste, and of explicit reasoning and feeling. He goes, indeed, into a long discussion on the latter point, and says, that nobody knows what they mean by mysticism. "Examined strictly," he says, "mystical in most cases will turn out to be merely synonymous with not understood. Yet surely there may be haste and oversight here; for it is well known, that to the understanding of any thing, two conditions are equally required; intelligibility in the thing itself being no with more indispensable than intelligence in the examiner of it. 'I am bound to find you in reasons, sir,' said Johnson, 'but not in brains;,' a speech of the most shocking unpoliteness, yet truly enough expressing the state of the case."

Now this, though certainly shockingly unpolite, does not in the least truly express the state of the case. The true question is, "Does this writer propound his ideas intelligibly, to persons of adequate intelligence?" The latter part of the proposition must be taken for granted;—otherwise, it might be termed mystical to talk to a Spaniard in English, or a German in Greek, knowing he did not understand a word of the language. Mysticism is of two sorts:—in the ideas, and in the expressions. In the ideas, it is when the thinker himself has no very clear conception of what he is aiming at—when thoughts and images crowd upon each other, like the fumes of a drunken dream,—brilliant, perhaps, and striking in themselves, but connected by no logical link, and directed to no definite end. In the expression, it is when the writer, having a positive meaning, so involves it in obscurities of illustration (this is no Bull) and other disguises of language, as to prevent the reader arriving at any clear conclusion of what he really does mean. We might easily exemplify both these positions from the critic's own criticism. Take the following passage for instance:—"The problem is not now to determine by what mechanism Addison composed sentences, and struck out similitudes, but by what far finer and more mysterious mechanism Shakspeare organized his dramas, and gave life and individuality to his Ariel and his Hamlet. Wherein lies that life; how have they attained that shape and individuality? Whence comes that empyrean fire, which irradiates their whole being, and pierces, at least, in starry gleams, like a diviner thing, into all hearts? Are these dramas of his not verisimilar only, but true; nay, truer than reality itself, since the essence of unmixed reality is bodied forth in them under more expressive symbols? What is this unity of theirs? and can our deeper inspection discern it to be indivisible, and existing by necessity, because each work springs, as it were, from the general elements of all Thought, and grows up therefrom, into form and expansion, by its own growth?" Now, we dare say this writer *believed* that he understood himself;—but did he?—did he understand what he meant by the words contained in the last sentence, beginning at "What is this unity of theirs?" What does he mean by a thing—no matter what, physical or moral, direct or metaphorical, but *any* thing—growing up by its own growth?

can this mean any thing? Again:—"Art is to be loved, not because of its effects, but because of itself; not because it is useful for spiritual pleasure, or even for moral culture, but because it is Art, and the highest in man, and the soul of all beauty." Now, what does this mean—but that we are not to love Art for the only things which make it worthy of being loved—but for *itself* without them? This is, in fact, the translation into plain language of the apophthegm of the reviewer. What Art *itself* is, after depriving it of all its beauties and advantages, we cannot readily determine. Is not *this* mysticism?

But this, it will be said, is only the reviewer; and, however he may have imbibed his taste from the writers upon whom he is commenting, it is not *their* mystification. True: we will take, therefore, the following specimen, translated, we conclude by the reviewer himself, from Schiller:—

"The Artist, it is true, is the son of his age; but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favourite! Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, when a suckling, from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time, that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return, in a foreign shape, into his century; not, however, to delight it by his presence, but dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it. The matter of his works he will take from the present, but their form he will derive from a nobler time; nay, from beyond all time, from the absolute unchanging unity of his own nature. Here, from the purer æther of his spiritual essence, flows down the Fountain of Beauty, uncontaminated by the pollutions of ages and generations, which roll to and fro in their turbid vortex far beneath it. His matter Caprice can dishonour, as she has ennobled it; but the chaste form is withdrawn from her mutations."

We confess that we cannot trace the glimmering of a meaning here; we perhaps might have some distant guess at it if the words 'matter' and 'form' were put into each other's places, each time they are used; though, even then, this would not in the least interpret the meaning of the milk of a better time, the Grecian sky, and the Fountain of Beauty uncontaminated by the pollutions of ages and generations! We wish somebody—the critic himself, for instance—who thinks he understands this, would translate it into intelligible words, though we fear even that would advance us scarcely at all.

Pass we now to the article in the 'Foreign Review,' on Helena, which first suggested to us to jot down these hasty observations:—being unwilling to postpone our protest against these vagaries another month, and being obliged, if we wished to catch our present number, to write *currente calamo*. We are quite aware that the subject would warrant a more regular essay, but a few note-like remarks such as these will do no harm in the mean time, it being understood that we do not present them as being any thing more.

The writer in the 'Foreign Review' is,—whether the same person or not, we really have no knowledge—manifestly of the same school as his brother in Edinburgh. He does not—which seems to us to be the common sense of the matter—admire and praise the good and great

—and blame and laugh at the affected, the extravagant, and the mystic—(for both are to be found in plenty in every work of Goethe's)—but, as others formerly lumped every thing German under one undistinguishing pumping of ridicule, so does he exalt it all, bodily, as an idol to be worshipped in unquestioning and prostrate reverence. It is true he begins rather more candidly than his predecessor. "Helena," he says,—“like many of Goethe's works, by no means carries its significance written on its forehead, so that he who runs may read; but, on the contrary, it is enveloped in a certain mystery, under coy disguises, which, to hasty readers, may be not only offensively obscure, but altogether provoking and impenetrable. Neither is this any new thing with Goethe. Often has he produced compositions, both in prose and verse, which bring critic and commentator into straits, or even to a total nonplus. Some we have wholly parabolic; some half-literal, half-parabolic; these latter are occasionally studied, by dull heads, in the literal sense alone; and not only studied but condemned; for, in truth, the outward meaning seems unsatisfactory enough, were it not that ever and anon we are reminded of a cunning, manifold meaning, which lies hidden under it; and incited by capricious beckonings to evolve this more and more completely from its quaint concealment.”

This, in itself, goes far towards constituting what forms one great branch of mysticism, viz. unnecessary involvement and gratuitous obscurity. The reviewer assumes that there are meaning and motive in all this—a proposition, which we take to be true rather as the exception than the rule—but *wherefore* should there be a “quaint concealment?”—Why should we be “incited by capricious beckonings to evolve it?”—Why not tell openly and clearly—as eloquently or poetically as you please, but still clearly—what you have to say? Did the best, the greatest, the most poetical writers, use any such trickery—for it is trickery—as this? Did Homer?—did Dante, gloomy and recondite as his subject is?—did Shakspeare?—did Cervantes?—did Milton?—does Scott? Do not the works of these men contain all extremes of human reason, of human passion, of super-human aspiration? And have they thought it necessary to adopt “coy disguises,” for their glorious thoughts, and still more glorious feelings?—Do they “produce compositions which bring their readers to a total nonplus?” It is true that there has often been considerable difficulty in tracing the meaning of certain passages of Dante; but this has been from the rude state of the language at the time, and from the frequent elisions which he adopted into his style: it has not arisen from cunning and tricky mysteries, assumed solely, like the disguise at a masquerade, for the pleasure of exercising the ingenuity of the spectator in discovering what is hidden beneath. But let us hear what this writer says in defence of the system:—“Under Goethe's management, this style of composition has often a singular charm. The reader is kept on the alert, ever conscious of his own active co-operation; light breaks on him, and clearer and clearer vision, by degrees; till at last the whole lovely Shape comes forth, definite, it may be, and bright with heavenly radiance, or fading, on this side and

that, into vague and expressive mystery ; but true in both cases, and beautiful with nameless enchantment, as the poet's own eye may have beheld it."

Now, here he begs the question—"the whole lovely Shape comes forth, definite, it may be,"—aye, but it may not be also. It is very probable that it may *not* be definite ;—and as for "vague mystery" being "expressive," it is really beyond us to comprehend the existence of such a quality. But again *cui bono*? Why disguise the Shape merely that at last it may come forth definite? Poetry is not an enigma. We are not to be called upon, in the first instance, to "give it up," before the poet will deign to tell us the solution. The great masters of Art have thought it best to tell their meaning in clear terms ; and in this, as in nearly all things else, the great masters of Art have adhered to the principles of Nature.

This critic falls into the error, natural to an ingenious but warped mind, that plainness and triteness are synonymous—that works which are thoroughly comprehensible at a first reading are scarcely worth reading at all—and that we should read great authors with minute care and study, as though it were a treatise on severe science. Now, this seems to us to be totally false from beginning to end. A truly great work is completely intelligible at first ; nay, if it be read as such works are almost secure of being read, all its beauties are visible at first. What we mean by the frequent phrase of "discovering new beauties," is only that dwelling upon the beauties of which we were already aware gives rise to new and almost endless combinations of thought, which, of course, adds a new pleasure to that which we already felt. But this reviewer seems to think that we ought, on a first reading, barely to get a glimpse of the author's meaning, and then to follow it out, by repeated endeavours, slowly, painfully, and submissively. Does this hold good with regard to Othello?—with regard to Phèdre?—with regard to Childe Harold or Waverley? Have we to study *these*, like problems in Euclid, before we can guess what they are about? Is it necessary to spell and re-spell productions like these, to discover the drift and meaning of their noble pictures of human passion, of their splendid specimens of human thought?

But, moreover, no degree of study can make any body understand that which is in itself incomprehensible. We have cited one or two samples of this as regards a few sentences and positions :—but what will be thought of the eulogist of this mystic style admitting that, after all, it is extremely difficult to fix upon what you believe the meaning to be, and absolutely impossible, when you have fixed, to be confident that you are right! "This *Interlude to Faust* presents itself abruptly, under a character not a little enigmatic ; so that, at first view, we know not well what to make of it ; and only after repeated perusals, will the scattered glimmerings of significance begin to coalesce into continuous light, and the whole, in any measure, rise before us with that greater or less degree of coherence which it may have had in the mind of the poet. Nay, after all, no perfect clearness may be attained, but only various approximations to it ; hints and half-glances of a meaning, which is still shrouded in vagueness ; nay, to the just picturing of which this very vagueness was essential. For

the whole piece has a dream-like character ; and, in these cases, no prudent soothsayer will be altogether confident."

The expounder of dreams then proceeds to give his version of this strange vision—premising that he understands that there are all manner of "strange comments" extant upon it in Germany. Surely, this is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the mystic system, when each reader of a poem declares it to have a different meaning ; and the great majority of them have only "hints and half-glances" of any meaning at all.

We are perfectly aware that, as regards the disciples of this school, all we have said will merely prove us in their minds to be "dull heads"—"worldlings"—in short, dunces and ninnies of every shape and denomination. And the worst of this is, that we cannot return the compliment. We believe all these things to be errors, extravagancies, and often absurdities, but we feel also that they are the errors, extravagancies, and absurdities of gifted men. A fool never could fall into such errors ; a dull man never could be guilty of such extravagancies. But, exactly in the proportion that we must esteem the capabilities of these gentlemen, do we lament their having taken up this paradoxical and unreal system, and do we dread the power of their talents in making the wrong appear the better reason. We would also be thoroughly understood as not depreciating German literature in the mass : far from it. We admire its vigour, its warm feeling and strong passion, its original, ingenious, and elaborate thought ;—but we cannot be blind to its vices—we cannot be brought to admire its extravagance, its puerilities, above all its *mysticism*.

That this is a blemish that will pass away we cannot doubt. Where there is so much that is real and sound, this foppery and impertinence must ultimately decay. The more angry, therefore, are we at seeing it praised up as a merit, in itself almost decisive of greatness of mind and superiority of genius. Alas ! let the lauders of these crooked ways look to the practice of the great names we have cited. In their works, they will find all that is fresh, and sound, and natural, and clear. Manly ideas, vigorous expression—no affectations, no "coy disguises," no "vague mysteries." These gentlemen, by a most preposterous piece of inconsistent injustice, assume to themselves the style and title of *par excellence* the admirers of Shakspeare. We will stake our life upon this cast : if they will produce any work of his which bears them out in any one point, we will give up our argument. Till then, we must continue, as occasion serves, to lift up our humble voice in favour of Truth, Nature, and Simplicity, as opposed to affectation, euphuism, enigmas, mysteries, and *mysticism* ; however set off by ingenuity of argument, or fecundity and power of diction.

THE CONDITION OF THE IRISH POOR:

A LETTER TO A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FROM A FRIEND IN IRELAND.

B——, 17th March, 1828.

MY DEAR ———,

THIS is St. Patrick's day, a festival here on which the light-hearted and much-enduring Irish drown their shamrocks and their cares in whiskey. Extremes, we are told, meet; thus, as the fine ladies and gentlemen in London take laudanum and Curaçoa, so do the wretched Irish, whiskey. But these fine ladies and gentlemen upbraid the Irish for their dirt and their drunkenness; and even those who are of a better order seem to consider the Irish as more prone than other races of men to the peculiar vices that misery engenders on the half civilized. I am ready to admit that they are:—the best natures, when perverted, become the worst. This unfortunate country may present an unexampled picture of discord, of recklessness—even of crime; but it undoubtedly does present one of unexampled misery. For myself, however, I am apt to think, paradoxical as it may appear after admitting what I have done, that it also presents more virtue than any other country ever exhibited under circumstances equally deplorable. Other portions of the globe might, perhaps, be pointed out where there exists equal or even greater poverty, with all its attendant sufferings; but none, I think, where the people are equally civilized and equally destitute—and this adds the barb to the sting of misery. Pray observe, I mean only to express that the Irish, however low in the scale of civilization, are exposed to greater misery and poverty than any other people *at the same degree of social advancement*.

It is not my intention to demand why this is the case, nor to enter into any political argument upon the subject; but I am sure that it is sufficient to justify my opinion that they suffer more than any other nation; and that, suffering more, whatever be the terrible outrages that take place, and the continued disturbed condition of the country, they still *endure* with a degree of patience and virtue that you in England can form little idea of. The character of the people has been the produce of centuries of discord and injustice. The English found Ireland at war within herself, torn by internal faction; and they have kept her so. I do not intend to blame either party, far less to take the usual course of attributing all the existing evil to one side:—my only desire is to draw your attention to the real *sufferings* of Ireland. Its political evils may partly cause them; but I am sure there are measures which both parties might unite in promoting, that, even without touching upon Emancipation, would lead to some arrangement under which the population might obtain employment and food. The Scotch and English are beginning to exclaim that their labouring population will be degraded in their habits, and reduced to a level with the Irish, by the immense numbers that flock over from this country, and undersell their industry. This ought to give some notion of what must be the state of Ireland. Mr. Wilmot Horton proposes

MAY, 1828.

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emigration; and justly says, that even tranquillity would not, in any great degree, bring over to Ireland sufficient English capital to occupy the superabundant multitude of living souls. Machinery is a cheaper workman than even the Irishman can prove;—and the collieries present the natural site for the iron and hardware works, which give employment to such a multitude of hands in England. But whatever may be the difficulties of the case, it is one that imperatively demands to be investigated. Politicians and political economists are, I fear, too prone to argue with something of the temper of the Cardinal Mazarin, who, when a poor man, appealing to him, said, “Sir, I must exist,” is reported to have replied, that he did not see any necessity that he should.

Mr. Brougham tells us, in his late celebrated speech on the state of the law, that “the man was guilty of no figure of speech, indulged in no metaphor, who said, that the king, the lords and the commons, the army and the navy, and all of which the state consisted, were made to bring twelve men into the box to listen to the law, and to decide by the evidence. This was the use of all government.” To maintain justice, then, do we invent and submit to government;—the first duty, therefore, of government must be to provide that men may live who are willing to work;—that is justice. Society, as distinct from the gregarious flocking together of wolves or beasts of prey, who hunt together, and then fight for the spoil, should afford a sufficiency for all. Society depends upon the principle that *all shall live*. I sicken when I listen to the owners of thousands making speeches upon the impropriety of early marriages, and the multiplication of the poor in Ireland, as though, instead of a fertile land, the country was a besieged town, where policy might propose some scheme “to vent their musty superfluity.” Prudence and humanity may wish to restrain the birth of beggars—but the North American savage, who is condemned to a life of misery by her stronger husband, whose toils and privations are such as often to induce her to put to death her female offspring, that they may not live to endure the hardships of her lot,—goes only a short step farther than these legislators, who, instead of removing the causes of poverty, sternly denounce it as the just and necessary consequence of youthful unions—and, unmindful of the strongest impulses and the tenderest feelings of the heart, desire the poor to remain unwedded till the brightest season of life has passed away. I doubt if, in every view of the question, they are not mistaken; and, I believe, the only effect their doctrine produces is that of hardening the hearts of the rich, and turning men’s thoughts from devising means for alleviating that which they prefer declaring irremediable. I believe there has not been one unit the less in the increasing number of our population, for all that Mr. Malthus and his followers have written.

In England, the poor laws, with all their evils, with all their demoralizing effects, still attest the first principle of society, and attest it with the loud tongue of the law, *that every man shall live*. I am, therefore, convinced their principle is just, and attribute the evils they produce to their ill management, and the corruptions and abuses which have crept into the system. They prevent you from having any

notion of what Irish poverty is. But even were the poor laws withdrawn, you have a population mainly employed; your trade and resources, in some degree, meet your numbers, and prevent your experiencing the evils which the imperfection of our social arrangements introduces, where our people abound beyond the numbers which the capitalists demand to employ. I worship liberty with an abstract love and faith that lead me religiously to trust it must eventually raise mankind to a higher state of improvement,—or I should think the condition of the Russian boors, that belong to the owner of the soil, far preferable to that of the Irish peasantry. It is the interest of the landed proprietor there to take care of his human live stock; they must, even for the sake of his revenues, be clothed, fed, and lodged, with that degree of comfort which shall ensure their healthful power of labour. But liberty and the sacredness of property would be no advantages, if they *necessarily* entailed that degree of suffering inequality which exists in Ireland, where men are willing to labour, yet can find no employment—where families subsist by wandering from one end of the island to the other, and begging, in God's name, a night's shelter, or a few potatoes from the farmers, or even the poorer inhabitants, who are but one degree better provided than the mendicant himself who solicits a share of their scanty meal!

I live within nineteen miles of Dublin, and personally know nothing of the most wretched parts of Ireland; yet what I see *here* you would scarcely credit. This is quite a corn district, which, of course, is favourable in affording employment; the neighbouring fishing towns, although they have but few boats in comparison to what you might suppose their proximity to the Dublin market would support, still maintain a considerable number of families, so that anything I can relate to you will, in fact, convey no sample of what really is the degree of suffering poverty in Ireland. I believe some political economists say that the Roman Catholic religion is productive of mendicity; whether it is so or not I shall not examine; but it most undoubtedly fosters a degree of charity which is equally striking as the want which it relieves. I am told nearly all the families of the men who go to England and Scotland for the harvest, live, during the absence of their husbands and fathers, by begging—and I can well credit it from what I see here. You will meet a woman with scarcely any other clothes than a patched and ragged cloak, followed by three or four children—generally, indeed, with one of them on her back—a tin kettle and a small sack carried by the biggest;—she tells you her husband “is gone to look work; she has tired out her own people; or she has none to look to her; and she is *walking the world*, begging her bit, for God's sake;” * and she will often return at night to the temporary lodging she has secured, with her sack full of potatoes, which may have been collected from the small farmers, or by twos and threes at the houses of the poorest inhabitants. I know several widows

* We have heard before of this phrase, as used by the Irish poor; and have ever considered it as one of the most striking instances of that poetry of expression by which they are so strikingly distinguished from our own lower classes. There cannot be a stronger or more brief description of that state of utter destitution and abandonment, which makes all places alike, than those four words—to *walk the world*. ED.

who have, for a constancy, entirely existed, together with their children, on the benevolence of their neighbours. "Looking their bit," is a regular phrase to denote this way of living. But imagine what it is!—the scanty meal of cold potatoes, or the wretched fire, which is made of "sprigs," (that is, bits of furze pulled from the few fences that offer even that,) and morsels of manure, which have been dried to supply the fuel necessary to boil the small refuse potatoes which they glean, if I may so term it, from the general digging of the neighbouring crops!—Think of such a family, on a winter's day, wandering along the country with not always the degree of covering necessary for decency, never that sufficient for warmth;—look at the bare legs, mottled blue with cold, and scarred with burns which they have scarcely felt, when, in their eagerness to profit by the permission to warm themselves, they have almost put their limbs into the fire!—The mother deploring the existence of her children, and looking with double sadness at the inclemency of a day of storm, when they must remain within their cabin, destitute both of food and warmth—their bed, on which they try to sleep away some of the hours of misery, a heap of worn-out straw, without other covering than the tattered cloak, a piece of an old sack, or, may be, the remains of a blanket, which you would think too vile a rag to hang out amongst your peas as a scarecrow! This is no fancy-drawn picture—I know several families equally destitute.

We have heard much of late of the evils of sub-letting, and a bill, I believe, is in force to remedy some of them. It has not fallen within my means generally to investigate the tenures on which the poor inhabitants hold their mud cabins; for, where I cannot relieve, I shrink from questioning the poor—their wretchedness I respect. But I know the great majority tell me they "live under a poor man;" they often give, as rent, the heap of manure which they have collected and made with a diligence and success that you English could not comprehend might be achieved, where the proprietor of this source of profit possesses no animals but a few hens, or perhaps a pig. This dunghill, which, therefore, you need not wonder is placed at their door, for it is their riches, will frequently procure them land on which to set potatoes, that will chiefly support them through the year. Farmers give their worn out quarter or half-quarter of an acre of land to those who can manure it; and if, by labour and the sale of the pig, the rent of the cabin has been paid, and enough potatoes procured for seed, the man is in a thriving state, and his family, though, in the spring of the year, they may have subsisted on one meal a day, and are never half-clad, may still be considered very well off.

The scantiness or abundance of the potatoe crop is the chief criterion of the degree of starvation which is to be the lot of the majority. The farmers give in proportion; and the poor who have them of their own, or who purchase them, equally depend for comfortable subsistence on their abundance. In years where they have failed, I have known families, of which the father enjoys constant employment every day in the year, reduced to one meal in the twenty-four hours. What, then, is the degree of starvation of those who in abundant seasons depend on charity? Last spring, though there had not been

an absolute failure of potatoes, they were very dear; and I will give you one instance of the sufferings endured by a family consisting of a man, his wife, and five children, the eldest a girl about twelve years old. The man, whose name is Donough, usually works with a farmer who feeds him, and gives him seven-pence a day; but in the scarcest part of the spring, the farmer diminished his number of labourers, and this poor man could find no employment. He left home to seek for work, and at the end of three weeks returned scarcely able, through weakness from want of food, to crawl to his door. His wife was not in a much better condition;—they begged from the neighbours, but what they got was only sufficient to preserve them from actual famine;—they constantly passed two days without food—their children would, as she expressed it to me, “ge megrims in their heads through emptiness, and then they would fall down on the floor, and sleep—but they would groan in their sleep, and their father would cry out, ‘Well, thank God, they will die, and be out of their pain before morning, and I shall not hear those heart-breaking moans any longer.’” The father could scarcely endure his home where he witnessed such things. What did the *mother* feel? She regretted that she was a wife and mother, and all the fond overflowing warm feelings of nature, the best emotions of the heart, were turned to bitterness and despair;—she wished to stand alone in the world, she hugged her infants in agony, and prayed God would take them! But they lived through their sufferings. Summer came, and with it employment; hay-making, gleaning, and, above all, the potatoes. They lived through their sufferings, to endure them probably again, or, if not equal misery, something very nearly approaching to it. At this moment, I am supporting a family where the father is in the ague, and the wife lying-in of her sixth child. You would think their cabin not good enough for a cow-shed;—the bed the poor woman lies on is not as warm as the litter in your dog-kennel. Their landlord is a man who holds an acre and a half of ground, and finds it difficult enough to support his own family; yet he is very patient for their rent, a pound a year, which I cannot imagine how they *ever* pay.—You would scarcely take this woman to belong to the United Kingdom;—her hair hangs in the jagged locks which you see represented in prints of the Esquimaux women—filth begrimes her, till her naturally fair complexion is imperceptible—her large blue eyes look wild and haggard with misery—her tone is that of hopelessness. You cannot imagine the dead sad tone of voice which accompanies this state of destitution.

The women suffer far more than the men; they are worse clad, though exposed equally to the hardships of the weather; for, if they do not labour for the farmer, they are employed in collecting fuel—in making up the heap of dung—in begging. And the toil of bringing up their children adds to their physical suffering, as much as to their moral: they generally suckle their children for upwards of two years. I have never met any human beings that moved my compassion so much as the female peasantry of this country; their appearance often excites disgust; nor can you wonder that misery should be careless of arranging rags that no care could make decent. Cold and wretchedness must pro-

duce dirt and neglect; their features quickly acquire the sharp hard lines of habitual suffering, their persons all the tokens of squalor, their characters the recklessness of despair. Yet have they warmer feelings of relationship than any other people. I have found what might even be termed sentimental delicacy of feeling, amongst those who have only not been reduced to the last stage of living by "begging their bit." I have known the wife hide her illness and suffering from her husband, "that he might not fret," or spend his money in trying to get her bread, when she was unable to swallow potatoes. I have known them give up the likelihood of permanent employment in a distant part of the country, in order to stay and watch the last years of their helpless parents—as my poor woman at Balrothery said to me, "Sure I would not leave my mother, if the paving stones of the road were made of silver;" and I have seen an old miserable half blind hen cherished more than the "laying pullet," whose eggs were to purchase the only new clothing that was to cover the child,—I have seen this hen helped to her perch near the fire, because it had been the mother's hen—the last remaining token of the parent who had been buried ten years ago!

What must be the hearts of people whom even misery cannot chill to the neglect of affection, though it renders them utterly careless of themselves? and what right have men to talk to such people of the necessary degradation and misery attendant upon early marriages? It is not the law of nature that entails such misery; the cause exists in the arbitrary arrangements of our laws and social system. I call aloud upon you who have the power to attract attention, to tell the public what is the state of misery in Ireland. The demagogues threaten when they talk of political disabilities—I do not threaten when I tell of sufferings that strike at the very foundation of society,—sufferings, which it is a disgrace to a country calling itself Christian, to permit. I know the poor-laws are deprecated in Ireland—I judge not whether wisely or not—but I am certain men can have no right to pass by on the other side and leave these wretches to perish, telling them to clothe and provide for themselves by industry, when there is no field on which they can exercise their industry. The longer this misery remains the more idle must the population become, the more unable to labour even when work is found them. Prudence then alone would teach us, if humanity did not, to attempt to remedy the present state of Ireland.

It is vain to talk of the moral degradation of their religion—starving people must be degraded. Superstition and bigotry can have no such objects on which to fasten as on the suffering, who exist by beggary, or who are in that state of destitution and hopelessness in which the imagination becomes excited and depraved. The miserable instinctively turn their eyes to heaven; and religious feelings (if they can be called religious) sway those breasts, from whence habitual abject want may have driven all sound judgment and practical morality. The grossest forms of the Roman Catholic religion are peculiarly suited to such circumstances; and I can conceive no better method of conversion, than providing employment and comfort for the idle and starving people. Thus think of them as im-

mortal souls to be saved—as fellow-creatures of like passions with ourselves—as the population of a fine country—as a most important portion of the people whom you are called upon to rule, (for, though an individual and an English member in your capacity of “parliament man,” you are called upon by duty to rule them,)—consider them in a point of view political, philosophical, moral, or humane,—all unite in the first cry of nature, and tell you to give them food. While the people can find no employment, and are unprovided for, on what right can property hug itself in its own security? We can have no right to revel while others starve. The evil I know is great, but it should be met manfully; you are unacquainted with the habitual sufferings of the Irish poor, notwithstanding the constant attention which parliament and commissioners have been bestowing on the country. The Irish members may know more than they tell; ignorant of any positive scheme of radical improvement, they may advocate education, emancipation, emigration, and think too much interference hurtful to the internal condition of a country, leaving individuals to take care of their own concerns. But, in my opinion of the poverty and misery of Ireland, it demands interference. The political grievances are rather symptoms than causes: they aggravate the malady no doubt, and demand instant attention—but, considered as party-questions,—in which light they appear to me alone ever to be considered,—they strike not at the root of the evil. I wish to call your attention to Ireland, as a humane and philosophical man, not as a political partisan of any school. I fear my letter is too tedious to propitiate you—but I know your good heart, and I assure you it would bleed, if you saw what I daily witness.

THE EASTERN STORY-TELLERS.

It is a circumstance, even in a philosophical point of view, by no means undeserving of attention, that at no time has any of the nations, now professing the Mohammedan faith, possessed a *drama*. The ancient courts of Memphis, Jerusalem, and Susa; the modern of Bagdad, Cairo, Cordova, and Ispahan, though, in every other branch of luxury and splendour, vying with or surpassing all others of ancient or modern times, never enumerated among their sources of enjoyment the imitation of the scenes of many-coloured life by the combined efforts of several individuals. Yet in Greece and Italy on the one side, in Hindostan and China on the other, the theatre arose in every city and town of eminence. Even the simple islanders of the South Sea had a rude pantomimic mode of representing the events and the business of actual life.

It would be perhaps idle to seek to point out any general cause of this fact; for what argument would apply to the state of society in ancient or modern Persia, or Egypt, that would not be of equal force in the case of India or China? But as, under every form of society, man seeks to be entertained and interested, we may justly enquire what

has, with these nations, supplied the place of the drama; and we at once find our reply—the *story-teller*.

Rude nations, such as were our Gothic sires, the Huns of Attila, and the old Romans, according to Niebuhr, used to divert their leisure, after the feast, by listening to the deeds of their fathers sung in measured language to the accompaniment of the harp or pipe, by the poet or minstrel. Fictitious heroes and fictitious events, where magic lent its aid to increase the interest, were also sung; and gradually these essays ripened into the drama. But in the east, by the skill of the narrators, the art of story-telling was brought to a high degree of perfection; and this perhaps it may have been that prevented the growth of the scene and theatre. The story-teller, in fact, is what Matthews is, compared to the regular companies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. In his own person he combines the talents of many; and his power of interesting and detaining an audience is fully equal to theirs.

Accordingly, throughout the Mohammedan East, the story-tellers are everywhere to be met; and in the cities, they are so numerous as to form, like the trades, a corporation, under a particular head called the Sheikhul-Meddah, or Sheikh of the coffee-house narrators. In all places, and at all hours, they are ready to produce their wares; and everywhere they are sure to find an eager and attentive audience. "Sail," says Mr. Von Hammer, "down the Tigris, or up the Nile; travel through the deserts of Irak, or the delicious plains of Syria; seek the valleys of the Hejaz, or the delightful solitudes of Yemen; every where you will meet professional story-tellers, in listening to whose tales the people find their greatest amusement. They are to be seen in the tent of the Bedoween and the hut of the Fellah; in the village coffee-houses, as well as in those of Damascus, Cairo, and Bagdad." In the amusing adventures of Hajji Baba, the style and manner of the story-teller will be found admirably portrayed; and the *ruse* of breaking off in the most interesting part of the narrative, and deferring the remainder till the succeeding evening, will illustrate the division of the Thousand and One Nights, and the artifice of the ingenious sultaness to obtain the respite of another day.

But the art is not confined to the story-teller by profession. Private individuals, particularly in the camps of the Arabian deserts, often excel in this talent; and when the cool of evening approaches, the Bedoweens crowd around a member of their society who is so gifted, to drink in with eager ears the tales of romance and wonder that flow from his eloquent lips. The celebrated orientalist just quoted gives, on another occasion, an animated and picturesque description—and highly valuable as taken immediately from nature—of a Bedoween audience and narrator; of which description we shall attempt to convey some notion.

To form an accurate idea of the magic power which tales of spirits and enchantment exert over the burning imagination and stormy feelings of the Arab, one must have heard them delivered by the lips of an expert narrator to a circle of Bedoweens,—a race who, as their prophet describes them, delight in hearing, seeing, and acting. One must have seen these collected and closely crowded circles, not only in

the midst of cities and in the coffee-houses, where idle auditors, effeminately reclined on sofas and pillows, slowly sipping the juice of the berry of Mocha and the smoke of tobacco, resign themselves to the impressions with which the eloquence of the narrator soothes the ear by well-rounded periods, and by the magic of neatly-cadenced prose, richly interspersed with verse. One must also have seen circles of Bedouens crowd with close shoulders around the narrator of the desert, when the burning sun has sunk behind the sandhills, and the thirsty ground sips up the cooling dew. No less eagerly do they devour the tales and fables which they have already perhaps heard a hundred times, but which, nevertheless, thanks to the mobility of their imagination and the skill and talent of the narrator, still operate upon them with all the strength of novelty. One must have seen these children of the desert; how they move and act; how they melt away in tender feelings, and kindle up in rage; how they pant in anxiety and again recover their breath; how they laugh and weep; how they participate with the narrator and the hero of the tale in the magic of the descriptions and the madness of passions. It is a real drama, but one in which the spectators also are actors. Is the hero of the tale threatened with imminent danger?—they all shudder and cry aloud, *La, la, la, Istaghfer Allah*. No! no! no! God prevent it! Is he in the thick of the battle, mowing down, with his sword, the troops of the enemy?—they grasp theirs, and spring up as if they would fly to his aid. Is he betrayed into the snares of treachery and faithlessness?—their forehead contracts in wrinkles of angry displeasure; they cry out, *The curse of God upon the traitors!* Falls he at length beneath the superior numbers of his foes?—then their bosom heaves forth a long and glowing *Ah!*—accompanied by the usual blessing of the dead, *God's mercy be upon him! may he rest in peace!* When, on the other hand, he comes back victorious, and crowned with glory, from the conflict,—loud cries of *Praise God the Lord of Hosts!* rend the air. Descriptions of the beauties of nature, and especially of the spring, are received with a many times repeated *Taib! taib!* Well! well! And nothing can equal the pleasure that sparkles in their eyes when the narrator leisurely and *con amore* draws a full length portrait of female beauty.—They listen with silent and breathless attention, and when at length the story-teller concludes his description with the exclamation, *Praised be God who has created beautiful woman!* they all cry out in full chorus, with the inspiration of wonder and gratitude, *Praised be God who has created beautiful woman!* Forms like this, frequently interspersed in the course of the discourse, and lengthened out with well-known proverbs and periphrases, answer merely for resting-places to the narrator, or by means of them to spin on the thread of his narrative quietly and composedly, without any new expenditure of memory or imagination. Where the narrator in a European circle would merely say, *And now they continued their journey*, the Arabian orator says, *And now they went over hills and dales, through woods and fields, over meads and deserts, over plains and trackless paths, up hill, down dale, from the dawn of morning till the evening came.* During modes of speech of this kind which flow from his lips unconsciously, he collects his attention and sets forward the stuff of his narrative till the sink-

ing night or his exhausted lungs compel him to break off his tale, which would never come to an end if he were to comply with the wishes of his auditors. A story-teller, moreover, never ends his tale with the evening, but breaks off in one of the most interesting parts of it, promising to give the continuation or conclusion of it the next evening; and if it really ends in the beginning of the next evening, he immediately commences another, of which the continuation is again put off till the following evening, and thus evening and evening are woven together by a series of stories.

These social rings closed around the story-teller, in which the Bedoween, either listening to, or himself relating, tales, passes half the night, and enjoys, after the burning heat of day, the refreshing coolness, are called, by a peculiar name, Musamerit, that is, *Discourse in bright moon, or starlight nights*; and Es-semir is the appellation of him who delights or takes a lead in these nocturnal discourses, in which, when the narrative is finished, and not till then, the company converse on the contents of it, and its wonderful events. The more wonderful a story is, the surer it is of producing its effects upon the auditors; and the wonderful, be it ever so incredible, or ever so worn-out, always finds a welcome reception.

... quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi—

and the narrator never runs any danger of any of the auditors checking him with a

Quodcunque ostendis mihi, sic incredulus odi

in the sense of Horace. In general, several of the precepts in Horace's Art of Poetry hold good for the Arabian narrators only in a contrary sense; and diametrically opposed to the entire spirit and character of an Arabian tale is his precept to the poetic narrator.

Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res

Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit;—

The Arab begins every tale as far back as ever it is possible,—nay, it is even an especial artifice of the narrator, instead of hurrying the auditor into the middle of the scene, to lead him about through two or three halls of entrance, so that he remains for a long time uncertain of where the true approach to the scene of the tale really will be. But if the Arabian narrator follows so little this Horatian precept, he attends so much the more closely to the one immediately after.

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.

The more wonderful and the more varied a tale is from beginning to end, the more it claims the approbation and admiration of the hearers; and hence the great and well-merited fame of the Thousand and One Nights, the mere translation of which was a valuable enjoyment for the genius of Pope, though it could give no relish to the taste of Warburton.

THE NORTHERN FRONTIERS OF TURKEY.

THE various nations of which European Turkey is composed may be classed into five different races:—Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Slavonians, and Valachians. The two first are sufficiently well known;—not so the other three, who occupy the northern provinces of the empire, from the Adriatic to the Euxine. Indeed the whole of that wide belt extending along the Save and the Danube, and north of the great chain of the Hemus mountains, is little frequented by travellers, and its topography is but vaguely ascertained. It is a region of barbarously sounding names, inhabited by a semi-barbarous people, under a more than barbarous government; and we know little of such countries as Bosnia, Croatia, Bulgaria, and Servia, beyond the mere catalogue. As, however, in that struggle which, sooner or later, must end in the dismemberment of the Ottoman dominions, those provinces will necessarily become the theatre of war, and as their populations cannot be neutral in such a conflict, we will endeavour to throw some light on that confused portion of European statistics.

Albania has been often confounded with Epirus, The chain of Pindus and the Acroceraunian mountains, which are a branch of the former, divide these two provinces; Albania lying on the northern, and Epirus on the southern side of the chain. Albania is the ancient Greek or Macedonian Illyrium; it extends north as far as Austrian Dalmatia. The Albanian language is peculiar, and quite different from the Slavonian. It is possibly a remnant of the old Illyric languages which have been lost; but it has, however, many words of Greek or Latin origin. It has no written alphabet;—but its sounds have much similarity with those of the French, among others the French *u* and the *j*. The Albanians call their country *Skip*, and themselves *Skipitar*. The name of Arnauts or Arvanites, which the Turks have given them, is of Greek origin. The Albanians make use of the Greek language in writing, and in all public transactions. These people appear to be a very ancient race, perhaps the descendants of the ancient Illyrians, who were once partly subjected to the kings of Macedonia and Epirus, and afterwards, in the same manner, to the Romans; their remoteness and their mountains protecting them from total subjugation, as well as from the subsequent irruption of the northern barbarians. In the time of the crusades, Albania was a great thoroughfare for the western Christians, and the chroniclers of the time speak of it as a populous and warlike nation; many of the people followed the fortunes of the crusaders and spread themselves over Greece. Even now great part of eastern Greece, and some districts of the Morea and of the islands, are peopled with Albanians, who have remained Christians; and, what is more remarkable, there are Albanian colonists to be found on the other side of the Adriatic, in the mountains of Abruzzo in the kingdom of Naples, who still speak a distinct language, and preserve the dress and manners of their country.

Albania is one of the most populous provinces of Turkey. It is said to contain nearly one million of inhabitants. All the men are

soldiers, and they enlist, like the Swiss, into the service of various countries, without troubling themselves about the merits of the cause they fight for. They have long served in the Ottoman armies; they form an effective corps in the pay of the Pasha of Egypt, Mehemed Ali, who is himself an Albanian by birth: and they are found also in the service of the regencies of Barbary. The king of Naples used formerly to have regiments of Albanians who were considered as very good soldiers. Sober and economical, but great marauders, they amass considerable money in their campaigns; and those who survive the fortune of war return to their native valleys to end their days in comparative affluence. The Albanians have often rendered themselves formidable to the Porte. In the time of the famous Scanderbeg they withstood all its power; in the war of the Morea in the last century they revolted against the Ottomans; and under the late Ali Pasha they might have conquered Turkey, had Ali been less a barbarian.

The Albanians are divided into various feudal or municipal commonwealths, often at variance with one another, and they are *de facto* independent of the Porte. There are Turkish governors in Albania, among whom the Pashas of Berat, and of Scodra or Scutari, are the most important: but they are generally natives; their authority is less arbitrary, and they are less dependent on the Sultan; and their office in most cases descends from father to son. The famous Ali Pasha of Jannina, having conquered two-thirds of Albania, had destroyed many of the beys or feudal despots; but since his death things have gone back to the old system. Omer Brione is now one of the principal Albanian chiefs.

The Christian Albanians, who do not amount to one-third of the population, wear arms and follow the same pursuits as their Mussulman brethren. In the event of a general invasion of the Turkish empire by the Russians, much will depend upon the conduct of the Albanians; and the power that shall have them for enemies will meet with a most formidable obstacle to its success. Under a native chief of trust and abilities, these people might yet act a considerable part in the approaching crisis in the east. Little faith, however, is to be placed in them by strangers, their mercenary and lawless character being proverbial.

The country of Epirus proper lies to the south of Albania, and extends to the gulph of Ambracia, which divides it from Acarnania or western Greece. Epirus is a Greek country, in manners, religion, and language, although some of its northern and maritime districts are also peopled with Albanians, part of whom are Mussulmans; but the interior of the country is essentially Greek. Since the death of Ali Pasha this unfortunate country has been the theatre of cruel persecutions against the Christian part of the population.

To the north of Albania is situated the Turkish province of Bosnia, which is part of the ancient Mæsia; it is hemmed in between the Austrian territories of Dalmatia, Croatia and Sclavonia, and forms the most advanced projection of the Ottoman dominions on the side of Germany. Bosnia extends as far as the river Sava, which divides it from the Austrian dominions. The Bosniacs, as well as the Servians and Bulgarians, are of Sclavonian race, and speak a dialect of that

language, like the Dalmatians, Croats and Sclavonians who live under the Austrian empire. The Bosniacs are robust and brave; their country was for a long time the seat of war between Austria, Venice, and the Turk; and the people have since remained in a barbarous state. A pasha rules them from his residence at Serai. They are partly Mussulmans and partly Christians. The latter form the majority of the population, and are again subdivided between Catholic and Greek. Turkish Croatia is a small province adjoining Bosnia. The Mohamedan Bosniacs live still under a sort of hereditary feudal government; the chiefs are called Agas, and are obliged to serve the Sultan in person, accompanied by a certain number of their vassals. The troops of Bosnia and of Albania, therefore, constitute a sort of auxiliary force, like the Hungarian cavalry in the Austrian service. This very condition of those two provinces, and the difficult nature of the country, render the Bosniacs and Albanians the most warlike people of Turkey.

The province or kingdom of Serbia is the most civilized of the Turco-Sclavonian states. The Servian is a written language, and is considered as one of the most polished of the Sclavonian dialects.* They make use of it almost exclusively, both for civil and ecclesiastical affairs. The Servians are Christians of the Greek church; the few Mussulmans among them live in the towns. At the beginning of the last century, when Prince Eugene took Belgrade, part of the country was given up to Austria by treaty, but was restored to the Turks in consequence of the bad success of the succeeding wars. Austria, however, still seems to claim a sort of protectorate over Serbia. In our times the famous Czerni Georges revolted against the Porte; and since his death the Servians have obtained privileges, by which they are more independent than the other Ottoman subjects. They wear arms, and have their own municipal administration.

We must say a word here of the Turkish military feudal system.

When the Ottoman Sultans conquered the territories of the Byzantine empire they bestowed some of the lands upon the soldiers; with other portions they endowed mosques; and another part they gave for life to their own officers, or to those chieftains who had embraced Islamism. This was the case in Asia Minor, and in Albania, Bosnia, and Macedonia. An aga or feudal chief can obtain leave, for a sum of money, to bestow his fief on his son; but if he neglect this precaution, at his death the estate is sold by auction, or more often becomes the subject of petty wars between rival pretenders. According to the original custom, at the death of a feudal chieftain, his estate reverted to the Sultan, who, after drawing one year's income, bestowed it as a reward upon some officer, or on the son of an aga; but the exercise of this right is become obsolete, and even the courtiers of the Seraglio would not, among the Albanians, and Bosniacs, or the Turcomans of Asia, dare to deprive the heir of his father's property. In the Asiatic provinces all the fiefs are become hereditary by custom. The

* The Servians have a poetry. A Servian of the name of Vick has published a collection of popular poems, printed at Leipsic, in 1824, in three volumes, from which Mr. Bowring has translated some pleasing specimens.

Turcoman chiefs live like patriarchs ; and, in case of need, take the field with whole tribes of their 'shepherds and labourers. Hence the immense number of Asiatic troops which the Porte can call to its assistance. This sort of force, little available in an offensive war, would become formidable as a defence against an invader, especially were the war carried into the heart of the empire.

According to Malte-Brun there are more than nine hundred great fiefs in European Turkey, and about eight thousand of second rank, and nearly the same number in Asia. Several families, such as that of Kara-Osman Oglu, and the Khans of the Crimea, have ruled for ages over entire provinces. The descendants of the latter family, who took refuge in Rumania after the Russian conquest, have even pretensions to the throne of Constantinople.

The province of Bulgaria, the third Turco-Sclavonian state, extends to the east of Servia, along the southern bank of the Danube and as far as the Black Sea. It is divided on the south from Rumania, by the chain of the Mount Hemus, the last natural barrier of the Ottoman capital. The Bulgarians are mostly Christians of the Greek church, speaking both Sclavonian and Greek ; there are, however, more Mussulmans to be found among them than in Servia. The Bulgarians are an industrious people ; their country is fertile, but they are ignorant and illiterate. Bulgaria has more than a million of inhabitants. In the event of the Russians crossing the Danube, this province will become the theatre of war. The fortresses of Vidin, of Silistria, and of Rudschuck, defend the pass of the river. Bulgaria suffered much during the last wars ; and the Mussulman part of the population was nearly destroyed, partly by the sword and afterwards by the plague.

It may be observed that the Sclavonian nations have taken no part in the present Greek war. The Albanians have sent some auxiliary troops to join those of the Sultan, but they have acted in general with a sort of reserve and indifference in the struggle.

The vast provinces of Valachia and Moldavia may be now considered as virtually detached from the Ottoman empire. These two provinces submitted to pay a tribute to the Ottomans, reserving to themselves the right of choosing their own national princes to govern them. But at the beginning of the eighteenth century the Porte deprived them of this privilege, and appointed a Greek of Constantinople to each province, under the title of Hospodar. Since that time both Greeks and Turks have enriched themselves at the expense of the Valachians and Moldavians. The Hospodars and their courtiers managed to amass enormous wealth, while, on the other side, Turkish intendants came regularly every year with a firman in hand to seize sheep, butter, cheese, and wood, for the supply of the capital, at the price they chose to fix, for those two provinces were called the *Sultan's pantry*. Count Salaberry, in his description of Valachia, gives a frightful picture of the condition of the people :—" the criminals," says he, " condemned to work in the mines, could alone envy the fate of the poor Valachians."

The people of Valachia and Moldavia are supposed to be the descendants of the Dacians, and of their Roman conquerors, with some admixture of Sclavonians. They speak a dialect or corruption of

Latin, and call themselves Rumuni or Rumniasti. The people of Transylvania have the same origin; but since their annexation to the Austrian empire they have become much Germanized. Under the government of the Greek Hospodars in the two principalities, many of the native nobles or boyards have enfranchised their serfs and enabled them to acquire property. The sons of the boyards frequented the European schools, and colleges have been founded at Jassy and Bucharest. The Rumniasti language has hardly any literature, except some books of prayers. M. Rosetti, a gentleman of Bucharest, residing at Leipsic, has lately made an attempt to establish a journal in that language. The Valachians are a fine race, and their women remarkably handsome. They are a mild and intelligent people, although indolent and ignorant. Their country, as well as Moldavia, is naturally very fertile. The name of Valachians, which means, in Slavonian, shepherds, was given to them in consequence of the early emigrations of these people with their cattle to the south of the Danube; and many of their descendants inhabit to this day the chain of mount Pindus, and several parts of Macedonia and Thracia, where they lead a pastoral life in its almost primitive simplicity. They had built a town in Macedonia, called Voscopolis, which was very flourishing a century ago; but the Albanian marauders destroyed it, and the people emigrated into Hungary, where the Valachians constitute a considerable part of the population of that kingdom, preserving their language and manners, distinct from the Slavonian and Magyar, or Hungarian populations.

The Valachians and Moldavians are almost all Christians of the Greek church, and they have adopted the Slavonian alphabet. Valachia reckons something less than a million of inhabitants, and Moldavia about half that number. Formerly Moldavia extended also beyond the Pruth; but the Russian conquests fixed that river as the boundary.

The greatest confusion prevails generally in Turkish statistics. The Turks keep no registers, and it is only by comparison and approximation that we can get at the probable numbers of the population of the countries under their dominion. Even the capitation tax is not a safe guide for reckoning the Christian population; for it appears that the gross amount of the tax upon a whole province being once fixed, no attention is paid to the decrease of inhabitants, which has taken place in almost every Turkish country, and the repartition only falls heavier on the survivors. The calculation of travellers and of geographers differ, therefore, considerably upon this point. Taking a medium, the probable amount appears to be nearly the following:

Population of European Turkey.

Valachia and Moldavia	1,400,000
Servia	950,000
Bosnia, Croatia, and Herzegouina	700,000
Bulgaria	1,200,000
Albania	800,000
Epirus	370,000

Carried forward.... 5,420,000

	Brought forward	5,420,000
Macedonia		500,000
Roumelia, or Thrace		2,300,000
Thessalia		370,000
Greece Proper, Morea, and the Islands....		1,300,000
Total.....		9,890,000

Dividing this population by races, we have about three millions of Greeks, two millions and a half Slavonians, two millions Turks, nearly one million Albanians, and one million and a half Valachians, or Rumnias. The Greeks and Turks are scattered in every province, and the Albanians and Valachians are also found in colonies out of their respective countries. Again, if we classify the population by religious, we have about three millions of Mussulmans, including the Albanian and Slavonian proselytes, six millions of Christians of the Greek church, not quite half a million of Catholics, and the rest Jews.

With regard to Asiatic Turkey, the calculations are still more uncertain. Asia Minor, or Anadolou, as the Turks call it, is supposed to contain about five millions, almost all Mussulmans and genuine Turks; Syria about three millions, Armenia a million and a half, and the country between Mesopotamia, Irak, and Curdistan, two millions, making about eleven millions and a half in Asiatic Turkey, and about twenty-one millions for the whole Ottoman empire, Egypt not included. Out of all these immense territories, Asia Minor is the only part where the Turks constitute really the mass of the population, as it was the cradle of their empire. For the rest, with the exception of Constantinople, they may be considered as military colonists. They garrison the fortresses, fill up the offices, or live upon feudal income, government salaries, monopolies, and extortions upon the unbelievers. They are all armed, and expected to do military duty. Few of them cultivate the ground. It must also be observed, that among the European Turks, only a small proportion are of Turkish origin, or Osmanlees, their number having been swelled up by renegades from all the countries submitted to their sway.

At the present time, when writers on eastern affairs are either infected with a real or pretended admiration of the Turkish character, or given to the opposite excess, of despising, beyond all justice, the people, their habits, and their institutions, we may refer our readers to an author who writes sensibly and impartially, and who was not carried away by any particular hostility to the Ottomans. The late M. Malte-Brun, in his memoir 'On the Greatness and Decay of the Turkish Empire,' published since the beginning of the present Greek war, has examined the probabilities as to the fate of that state. In answer to the question, Have the Turks degenerated from what their ancestors were at the epoch of the conquest? he affirms that the Turks, as a body, have now the same character and the same qualities, good and bad, with which the authors of the fifteenth century have represented them. Indolent when at peace, sanguinary if irritated, grasping and oppressive with their subjects, but honest towards strangers; they destroy villages and found hospitals; they respect their oaths, but despise our prin-

ciples of public right ; they are alive to a sentiment of honour, but insensible to pity ; they are attached to the monarchy, though they revolt against the reigning sultan ; they are gross and sensual in their ideas of pleasure, though moderate in the indulgence of their passions, and they bear, without murmuring, a sudden transition from luxury to privations ; they are generally good parents and husbands, in spite of polygamy, which is, however, not universal among them, and is with most a matter only of vanity and pomp ; they are capable of exalted friendships, but also prone to atrocious revenge ; their courage is sometimes displayed by an almost chivalric temerity, and at other times by a stoical indifference ; they will rush regardless of numbers into the enemy's ranks, or allow themselves to be slaughtered with the pipe in their mouth ; they pass with inconceivable calmness from a palace to exile, from a throne to the scaffold ; they lay down their life with the same coolness with which they have immolated their victims, for they consider themselves as the humble slaves or fearful ministers of an irrevocable destiny. Such is still now, as in the fifteenth century, the bulk of the Turkish population. There is, however, one class among them profoundly corrupt, and that is the body composing the court of the Sultan, of which the courts of the Pashas are like so many colonies. To all the vices of a grasping, oppressive, sanguinary despotism, the courtiers unite an effeminacy and baseness of spirit which render them unfit for deeds of valour. Hunting, the favourite exercise of the early Sultans, is now abandoned, and the great would fain exchange the manly habit of riding for the effeminate palanquin of India.

Formerly six ministers composed the Turkish council. A clever vizir, like Kouprougli, often acted without any council. Now, since the changes introduced by Selim, thirty officers, civil and military, sit in the divan. This change, without producing any of the advantages of constitutional governments, has done away with the only one that is peculiar to despotism—secrets of state are no longer inviolable. The drogomans, the secretaries, have been known to barter them to the rebel pashas, and even to foreign powers. Besides the council, there is another, and an invisible power, more influential than the ministry itself—it is the party of the Seraglio, as it is called at Constantinople, composed of favourites, eunuchs, and the agents of the Sultana-mother. These are again divided into factions, and they thwart the power of the ministers, and of the Sultan himself. Hence the uncertainty and want of stability of measures, with which the Porte is reproached.

Of the Ottoman finances, even the ministers themselves have no correct estimate. The tithe, or land-tax, the capitation-tax, and the custom-house duties, which are farmed to the governors of provinces, are the only branches of revenue of which an account is kept at Constantinople. But the requisitions in kind, which extend to all the produce of the empire, and which the proprietors are obliged to furnish either gratis, or at the price the director chooses to fix, and which are heaped up in immense warehouses, without any entry being kept of them—the produce of confiscations, which is enormous—the profit on the alteration of the currency,—all these go to swell the treasury,

MAY, 1828.

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after enriching temporarily a swarm of officers, through whose hands they pass.

With regard to religion, the Ottoman government has essentially altered the spirit of the Koran, by rendering it subservient to political despotism. Mahomet, born in an independent country, whose people were accustomed to live in tribes, under the patriarchal rule of their sheiks, knew the value of civil liberty, and he proclaimed in his code equality before God and the law. But, by giving himself as a prophet, he established at the same time a theocratic despotism, which, probably without his assent, passed to the caliphs, and from them to the Ottoman Sultans. The simplicity of Arabian manners was lost in the military feudality of a great conquering nation. The Oulemas of Constantinople have never displayed the talents, nor exerted the authority of their sacred character; the military caste gained the ascendancy over them, and letters yielded to the sword. Education has, therefore, been universally neglected. Even the great of the empire do not think of bestowing information on their children, who, they know, will not inherit their fathers' property. Thus the equality before the law proclaimed by the Koran, has been distorted into an equality before the Sultan, who is become the sole dispenser of that law.

But, with all these enormous abuses, what will become of this diseased and tottering empire? M. Malte-Brun discards the idea of its ever falling by the hands of its rebellious pashas, as experience has proved that these rebellions, even when successful, do not last beyond the life of one man. Such was the case with Paswan Oglu, with Djezzar, and even with the formidable Ali Pasha; and such may still be the case at the death of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. These satraps never think of founding a dynasty; the feeling of hereditary property, even paternal pride and vanity, have little influence on the Turks. But, besides the Sultans, the pashas, and their military satellites, is there nothing else in Turkey? There are, as we have seen, ten or twelve different nations, who hate each other as cordially as they hate their masters. The Copts, the Syrians, the Arabs, the Kurds, the Druses, the Turcomans, and the Armenians, in Asia; and the Greeks, Slavonians, Albanians, and Valachians, in Europe,—all these, in case of a dissolution of the imperial power, would find themselves emancipated. For the present, the Turks, like the ancient Romans, employ one of these nations to check the other, and they have as yet succeeded. What will all these people do in case of a foreign invasion, which might even end in the capture of Constantinople by the Russians? This is the principal question which it behoves the great European powers, and Russia above all, to consider. The real Turks, the hordes of Asia, would continue to pour in to annoy the invaders; the Albanians, the Bosniacs, and the Macedonian Mahomedans would probably do the same, on their own account; a dreadful anarchy and a war of devastation would prevail for years in those regions. The Greeks will be settled in the south; Moldavia and Valachia can be easily annexed to Russia by a stroke of the pen; Austria may take Servia under her *protection*;—but this is not all. The other countries we have mentioned will not easily exchange their turbulent allegiance to, and real independence from, the Ottoman power, for the minute and

prying despotism of Russia or Austria ; and there is enough in central Turkey to occupy the armies of both those powers, even if united, for a series of years, and with a most doubtful result.

Baron von Valentini, in his "Military Reflexions," marches and countermarches his armies on the map towards Constantinople ; and he allows two campaigns for the taking of that place. But does he think that, in the meantime, the rest of the empire will quietly look on ? And Constantinople once taken, is the contest over ? In our opinion, it would be *then* that all "the dogs of war" would be let loose in one general and promiscuous conflict. Let us bear in mind that Turkey is not one nation, but an assemblage of twenty nations, each fierce and warlike ; and that such an empire cannot be conquered, as Prussia was by Napoleon, in one battle, and by the occupation of the capital. When the conqueror has no longer to fight with the Sultan, he will have to fight against the people, and the latter may prove the harder combatant of the two.

STONEHENGE.*

We consider it to be utterly impossible for any human being to ponder amidst the weather-beaten columns of Stonehenge, without certain awful sensations, somewhat akin to what he would probably experience if the sheeted dead around him had uprisen from their sepulchral mounds to bear him company in his conference with the mighty ages long gone by ; and with similar feelings of respectful and almost solemn curiosity, we turn to any theory tending to lift the mysterious veil which has concealed their real origin and object from mortal ken. If it bordered not on impiety to paraphrase the splendid queries of Omnipotence, we might feel inclined to address these stupendous relics of a people long numbered with the dead, and ask, "Who laid the measures thereof, or who hath stretched the line upon them ? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner-stone thereof ?" They are silent ; but tongues of deep research have answered for them, and assigned dates and periods verging on the most remote antiquity, and have even argued, by ingenious and plausible reasoning, that they were coeval with the patriarchs of old. There is indeed internal evidence, resting on sound philosophy, that he who raised these colossal fragments dwelt in Britain, even before Abraham was.† But we must not allow ourselves to yield to the enthusiastic reveries in which we might indulge by attempting to gaze into the unfathomable abyss of time. It is our duty to give an analysis of the work before us ; and, in so doing, we shall condense the opinions of others collected from various sources to which we have had access.

The volume of Mr. Bowles is divided into three distinct parts :—

* The Parochial History of Bremhill, in the County of Wilts. With Illustrations of the Origin and Designation of the vast Celtic Monuments in the Vicinity. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, A.M. Murray, 1828.

† Maurice's *Indian Antiquities*, vol. vi., p. 149.

first, a course of illustrations and comments relative to the Druidical and Celtic antiquities of the worthy vicar's parish; secondly, a particular account of the Cistercian Abbey of Stanley; and lastly, a long and somewhat prolix series of observations and reflections on other minor parochial subjects. Upon the first of these alone it is our intention to treat in any thing like detail.

Our author's first object is to prove that the names of certain prominent features in his local history, now distinguished by appellations decidedly Christian, are nevertheless of Pagan origin, and little more than corruptions of the original, suited to the changes and circumstances of the times. Thus, St. Ann's hill, commonly called Tan hill, the highest in the vicinity, he conceives to be derived from Tanaris, or Taranis, the Celtic god of thunder. Again, that St. Catherine's hill, and other places of that name, are in reality of Celtic origin from Cad-a-kyn, the stronghold of the waters; that the name of the Saxon goddess Eoster—(query, whether this was not derived from the eastern Astarte?)—became our Easter; and that the many hills associated with the syllable Toot, Taut, or Thor, may be ultimately traced to the Phœnician Taautes, or, which is the same thing, the Celtic Teutates. All these transformations accorded with a general system for reconciling heathen worshippers gradually to a more worthy object of adoration. With the principle of this theory we quite agree, merely cautioning those who are inclined to its unlimited adoption, not to allow it to hurry them too far into the fanciful regions of etymological speculations.

The next remark to which we would direct attention is one with which we most fully concur, though to some it may assume a somewhat paradoxical appearance; it is, "that the higher we penetrate into the regions of ancient mythology, the purer it becomes, as more clear from the pollutions of human associations." That the real notions of the Divine essence and attributes originated from one pure celestial source, there can be no doubt,—and that in time, from a variety of causes, the stream became contaminated must be also admitted as an unquestionable truth;—and, therefore, we hold it to be sound reasoning to conclude, that the creeds of all nations, however separated by space or time, are, in fact, only gradations and shades from original ideas. In the case before us, philosophical and antiquarian researches have afforded a satisfactory clue towards unravelling the apparent intricacy in which the subject is involved. The rites of the northern mythologists have an intimate relation with the idolatrous worship of India and Egypt. The earliest defection from the true worship of the Deity is generally admitted to have been in the adoration of the sun, styled Baalim or Bel, whose temples and altars were generally upon eminences, as the temple of the God of Israel was situated upon a mountain. To this worship follows, as a corollary, the invention of the Zodiacal sphere, under which form we moreover learn that * the Deity himself was originally designated. In close intimacy with this idolatry was that of the Ophic or Serpent worship, the ancient Egyptians symbolising the world by a blue serpent with yellow scales; that is, as Horus Apollo explained, the firmament spangled with stars.†

* Maurice, vol. ii., 380.

† Id., vol. ii., 355.

The Serpent was, by the same people, the symbol for the divine logos, which, united with the great First Cause, composed that triune power of which, in the classical language of Hindu mythologists, it was said "one is three, and three are one *." It will readily suggest itself to our readers, that other allusions might be made to the idolatrous or typical respect for this emblem of eternity by a reference to the Scriptures. Of the significant meaning of the serpents on the Caduceus of Mercury Mr. B. is aware; one, as he reminds us, denoting the power with which this deity

Pallentes animas evocat Orco;

the other with which

Sub tristia Tartara mittit—

and of this vital restoration, he adds, the Druids, who especially worshipped Mercury, had more knowledge than the Greeks and Romans. From Cudworth, a mass of most curious and appropriate information on this point might be selected; but we must satisfy ourselves with his quotation from Horus Apollo, who tells us that the Egyptians pictured a great house or palace within the circumferential foldings of a serpent, because the world is the royal palace of the Deity †. His reason for symbolising the Deity under the form of the serpent should not be omitted—"the Serpent feeding, as it were, upon its own body, doth aptly signify, that all things generated in the world by Divine Providence, are again resolved into him." Philo Biblius, according to Sanconiathon, gives the same reason why the serpent was deified by Taut, or the Egyptian Hermes, "because it is immortal and resolved into itself."

We would, in the next place, speak of the pyramidal or stone worship; if we may so call it, in the East. We are told, with reference to this, at first sight, unaccountable theology, that the Deity was by the ancients represented by a black stone, because his nature is obscure and inscrutable by man. ‡ And instances innumerable may be adduced, of the singular veneration for huge shapeless blocks, (a preference, be it observed, invariably being assigned to those of a black or dark colour). One alone, not merely as being the last of which we have read, but from our high respect and admiration for the lamented writer who records it, we shall notice, extracting the passage as it stands in his interesting Journal, describing the fortress of Chunar §. "But the greatest curiosity of all remains to be described—Colonel Robertson called for a key, and unlocking a rusty iron door, in a very rugged and ancient wall, said he would show me the most holy place in all India. Taking off his hat, he led the way into a small square court, overshadowed by a very old peepul tree, which grew from the rock on one side, and from one of the branches of which hung a small silver bell. Under it was a large slab of black marble, and opposite, on the walls, a rudely carved rose inclosed in a triangle||. No image was visible; but some sepoys who followed us

* Maurice, vol. ii., 383.

† Cudworth, 335.

‡ Euseb. de Prep. Evan., vol. iii., p. 31. Maurice, vol. ii., 352.

§ Bishop Heber's Journal, vol. i., 308.

|| It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that a Trinity of divine essences forms, more or less, a part of the most ancient mythologies, Indian as well as others; and that

in, fell on their knees, kissed the dust in the neighbourhood of the stone, and rubbed their foreheads with it. On this stone, Colonel Alexander said, the Hindoos all believe that the Almighty is seated, personally, though invisibly, for nine hours every day, removing during the other three hours to Benares. On this account, the sepoys apprehend that Chunar can never be taken by an enemy, except between the hours of six and nine in the morning; and for the same reason, and in order, by this sacred neighbourhood, to be out of all danger of witchcraft, the kings of Benares, before the Mussulman conquest, had all the marriages of their family celebrated in the adjoining palace. I own I felt some little emotion in standing on this mimic mount Calasay,—I was struck with the absence of idols, and with the feeling of propriety, which made even a Hindoo reject external symbols, in the supposed actual presence of the Deity; and I prayed inwardly, that God would always preserve in my mind, and in his own good time instruct these poor people, in what manner, and how truly he is indeed present both here and everywhere." That stones of this description were reared as temples, either singly or collectively, admits of easy proof—the Brahminical and Mithraic rites, in a variety of singularly coincident points, being almost the counterparts of those practised by Druidical and Scandinavian priests. Thus, all in the course of officiating walked, with wands of a certain length, three times round the sacrificial fires, from left to right, according to the course of the sun; all were enjoined frequent meditation in secluded spots on the mystical syllable expressive of the divine fires of the solar orb; and Tacitus* was so struck with the resemblance, that he asserted the Celts to be worshippers of Isis.

The coincidence between the Odin of the North, the Taut of Phœnicia, the Hermes of Egypt, the Buddha of India, the Fo of China, and the Mercury of classical mythology, has been traced with singular clearness of illustration.

There are satisfactory reasons for concluding that, from the earliest times, the Eastern world had communication with the British islands. We have already alluded to the possibility of a very remote connection derived from astronomical data; but a more satisfactory proof may be given from the certainty, that, as early as the days of Moses and Homer, tin was a well known article of commerce; and it is not, perhaps, generally known, that in the Cornish mines, fragments of a peculiar sort of tin are, to this day, known to the miners by the name of Jews' tin, derived from some remote tradition that these shafts were actually worked by that people. That long and perilous naval expeditions were undertaken by the eastern nations, may be collected from certain regulations relative to mariners, in the ancient books of the Institutes of Menu. Toland, also, in his history of the Druids,

the lotus, or sacred flower of the Nile, was often represented as supporting, within its petals, the Deity, under a human form, particularly when worshipped in the character of Helius or the sun. Might not, then, what the bishop here calls a rose, be in fact the lotus, which, when rudely carved in a rock, it would closely resemble, and the triangle surrounding it be intended as a representation of the mystical union of the triple essences of Omnipotence?

* Tac. de Mor. Germanorum.

confirms the fact of early communication, by referring to the annual fires on May-day, practised by the ancient Irish, the Scotch, the Manks, and Armoric priests, by whom, in their original language, the Phœnician fire-worship of Belus is called Bealtine, or Belee, and the priests themselves are styled Belegeith.

With these data before us, we would now refer to Mr. Bowles's local knowledge and corroborative testimony derived from practical sources. We shall select, from various parts of his book, his account of Stonehenge, &c. ; lamenting, at the same time, that, instead of giving us expensive plates of his church and vicarage, with plans of the same, for which few, five miles from their site, can be expected to feel any very lively interest, he had not prepared a ground-plan of the various vestiges of antiquity enumerated, with careful attention to distances, elevations, and bearings by compass. Had he done this, he would have conferred a real favour on his antiquarian friends, and been able possibly to throw considerably more light than he has done on the points he attempts to prove.

He begins by a reference to Diodorus Siculus, which is so singularly applicable and explanatory, that we shall give the passage at length.* "Amongst them that have written old stories much like fables, Hecateus and some others say, that there is an island in the ocean, over against Gaul, as big as Sicily, in the north, under the Bear . . . where they say Latona (who, it will be recollected, was the mother or nurse of Orus, the sun, or the real Egyptian Apollo †) was born, and where, therefore, Apollo is worshipped before all gods ; and because they are daily singing songs in his praise, and ascribing to him the highest honours, they say that the inhabitants demean themselves as if they were Apollo's priests, who has there a stately grove and *renowned temple of a round form* ; that there is a city likewise consecrated to this god, whose citizens are most of them harpers, who, playing on the harp, chaunt sacred hymns in this his temple. These Hyperboreans have a language of their own, but of long and ancient time have had a special kindness for the Grecians, &c. . . and that Abaris formerly travelled thence into Greece, and renewed the annual league of friendship with the people of Delos. They say, moreover, that the moon is shown as very near to them, and that in its face they discover mountains and caverns, and that Apollo, once in *nineteen* years, comes into the island ‡, in which space of time the stars perform their courses, and return to the same point ; and therefore the Greeks call the revolution of nineteen years the great year." Having rightly drawn his inferences from the mention made of this round temple dedicated to the sun (*i. e.* Apollo), Mr. Bowles proceeds to associate Mercury or Thoth with the monuments in question ; and concluding that monuments to one so much honoured by the Druids must have been raised, he asks of what those monuments consisted ; they were "the stones and the lofty mound, the aboriginal representation of Mercury being a stone," quoting, as his authority, Pausanias, who expressly says, that thirty stones distinguished places consecrated

* Diod. Sic. b. ii. c. 3, at the end.

† Banier's Mythology, vol. ii., 394, 395.

‡ Nineteen years is the famous Druidical astronomical cycle.

to Mercury;—and that mounds were also dedicated to him, he reminds us from Livy, “*Quod ubi ingressus Scipio in tumulum quem Mercurii vocant.*” Having shown why the Celtic nations so much respected the Egyptian Hermes or Thoth, on account of the knowledge connected with immortality, as well as this life, which he taught them, Mr. Bowles proceeds to speak of that emblem of Druidical knowledge, the Serpent:—“None can deny, after Sir C. Hoare’s Survey, that this gigantic temple (Stonehenge) consists of stones so placed as to resemble the coil and head and tail of the serpent. None can deny that all antiquity confirms this shape and appearance, as the most ancient emblem of eternity. None can deny that the Egyptian Mercury taught this as the most sacred mystery! None can deny, who read Livy, that mounds were dedicated to this god; and putting all these things together; leaving all vision and adhering to facts, can we have any doubt of the origin of this great and mysterious temple, and the vast mound adjoining?”

In speaking of the number of the stones, he is at variance with other authorities of note; and we are sorry to observe, on comparing some of the most respectable, that a considerable uncertainty exists respecting the actual number of the stones composing the several circles, each seeming to adapt his calculation to some favourite theory. This is an important point, and one upon which there ought to be perfect unanimity of opinion. Surely Mr. Bowles should have been accuracy itself on such a question. He next observes, that as the Egyptian temples of Thoth were approached by an avenue of sphinxes, so that at Avebury had an avenue of stones, connecting it with other and distant monuments, forming one vast temple, asserting, “That this mysterious monument was dedicated to Teutates, the great teacher of the Druids’ knowledge and mysteries; that the mounds of Marlborough, Maiden, and Silbury were raised to this most distinguished of the British deities; and that these mounds, and the most elevated spot dedicated to the God of Thunder, and the magnificent temple, were all component parts of one mighty monument, of which we see only imperfectly its vastness, whilst all the details are lost in the night of years.” Having thus given “his own views of these mystic and august monuments of other years,” &c., he adds, “I flatter myself I have done something to remove this veil.”

We certainly feel grateful to any candid inquirer who calls the public attention from time to time to such a singularly curious subject; but we would submit to Mr. Bowles’s candid consideration, whether he, with all his opportunities of local knowledge, has, in fact, thrown any really additional light upon the comparative darkness in which these remains are shrouded. He seems to forget how learnedly Mr. Maurice has elucidated this inquiry; and we could scarcely help smiling that, by way of relieving readers interested in such disquisitions, he thinks “this part of his subject best concluded by a familiar picture”—of what? a poetical address from a shepherd of the Wiltshire Downs to his dog, copied from his “Village verse-book”? Of the astronomical uses and import of Stonehenge, much indeed might have been said; and if ever the mystery is to be completely solved, we cannot help surmising that to the science of astronomy we shall be indebted. He says, indeed, that his own observations go some way in

inducing him to coincide with Mr. Maurice's opinion, that the monuments at Avebury are connected with ancient astronomy, a supposition appearing to him far more consistent and coherent than any other hypothesis, with a far greater number of authenticated facts for its support. We wish we could say, from our own experience, that the few circumstances we are about to adduce could be pronounced actual facts; but we dare not vouch for one, being too old in the ways of evidence to take any thing for granted: and we shall merely give them as we have found them, scattered over the accounts of various visitors, who have, with more or less accuracy and attention, attempted to describe what they saw.

Dr. Stukely asserts that, when standing in the great entrance of Stonehenge, looking on the two extremities of what is called the *cursus* situated about half a mile north, they will be found exactly 60 degrees from the meridian line on each hand, or one-third of the horizontal circle, from whence it is rationally inferred the builders were acquainted with the geometry of the circle. We have reason to believe, from observations on the wells at Syene, and the adits to the pyramids of Egypt, which are invariably inclined downwards at the precise angle which gives a line of direction from that point in the heavens where the north polar star crosses the meridian below the pole, that extreme accuracy in the measurement of circles, for the purpose of ascertaining meridian points, was considered of the utmost importance. Dr. Smith boldly asserted that, with no other assistance than an *Ephemeris*, he at once discovered the uses of all the detached stones, as well as those that formed the body of the temple. It always, indeed, appeared to our inexperienced eyes, that the inclination of what is called the *Friar's-heel*, a huge stone standing in advance like a sentinel on the watch, had certain weighty duties to perform, and that the declination of his lofty front was not owing to the mere underworking power of time, but that it was a designed intentional bowing down of *Bel*. We are borne out in this view by the assertion, that, standing by the altar-stone, and looking towards the *Friar's-heel*, it will be seen that its crest coincides with a certain distant hill, and that on the top of that stone the sun is supposed to make his appearance when rising, on the longest day of the year. We should be glad to hear the number of degrees of present deviation; for by calculations on the precession of the equinoxes, if such was the architect's intention, some approximation might be made as to the age of the monument. Again, there is, it is said, an evident and intentional difference in the height of the stones forming the northern and southern circumference of the outward ring, on account of inequalities in the ground, whereby a perfect level is obtained, describing an elevated circle parallel to the horizon, to the eye of an observer standing near the altar-stone. Again, the centre between the two foci of the elliptical circle of the temple is found, on drawing certain lines of division, to give the precise latitude of the spot; and it is asserted that it could not have been erected in this form in any other parallel of latitude. In a word, we see in Stonehenge a mine of invaluable research for those who are conversant with ancient oriental astronomical science, and cannot help suspecting, (the merit of the suggestion we must, however, disclaim,)

that if some learned pundit or brahmin, well versed in his country's knowledge, were to visit it, much might appear familiar to him, which has hitherto baffled the most ingenious antiquarian of our own country.

We have alluded before to the peculiar respect paid to black stones, a fact the reader will not, therefore, be surprised to find corroborated in Stonehenge. In King's "*Monumenta Antiqua*," it is observed, as a remarkable circumstance, that the stones of the inner circle are of a darker hue, almost inclining to black. The only comment he makes is, that such variety and contrast must have added much to the beauties of the original work.

We shall conclude our observations with a few remarks on the presumed mechanical powers and probable extent of knowledge of the people who erected these circles, and used them, as we are inclined to believe, for astronomical purposes, to the full as much as for religious rites.

To those who are well acquainted with Stonehenge, the difficulties of transporting these colossal blocks from their several primæval resting-places, and establishing them in their present position, may appear almost insuperable, the largest masses weighing, on an average, not less than 70 tons each. But such observers will perhaps be surprised to hear that the largest stones of the circle are mere pebbles compared with some on record, several of which are still at hand to tell their own tale of size and weight to such as may choose to visit them. In the first place, we have the granite rock on which stands the statue of Peter the Great; this, after a fair allowance for the superfluous fragments struck off, measured about 30 feet in length by about 20 in width, and as many in breadth, weighing, in even numbers, about 1200 tons; and yet this moving mountain completed its march of fifteen miles, at the rate of about half a mile per day, rolling on balls of brass over a causeway constructed on purpose, drawn by 400 men, aided by pulleys and a windlass. We would next refer to that of the shrine of Latona, in the city of Butor, on one of the mouths of the Nile, mentioned by Herodotus * as consisting of one single stone of 240 feet in circumference, brought from the quarries of Philoë, near the cataracts. Of its weight we can say nothing decidedly, as there is an ambiguity in the expression of its form, but it could not have been much less than the preceding. Of the stones at Balbec we have accurate dimensions, viz. 63 feet high, 12 deep, and 12 broad, the weight of which, taking a cubical foot of stone to weigh about 200 lb., or 11 feet to the ton, will amount to about 820 tons. At Sumnaut there is a pyramidal idol of one stone near 80 feet in height, calculated to weigh, on the same data, about 680 tons. At Luxore, there are two obelisks of granite 72 feet high by 10 in width and breadth, which will give a weight of about 680 tons each. At Seringham, there are stones 33 feet high by about $5\frac{1}{2}$ in width, which may be rated at 100 tons each; and others even of a larger size might probably, with no great difficulty, be enumerated.

Lastly, we would say a word respecting the probable scientific

* Lib. Euterpe, ch. 155, 156.

attainments of the ancients, and our reasons for rating them considerably beyond the usually supposed standard. When we consider the length of antediluvian life carried on for so many centuries, with the very early allusions to some of the most difficult operations of science, we cannot doubt but that the families of the Noacidae must soon have acquired a vast fund of practical information, particularly on subjects calling more for mental than bodily exertion in climates inviting meditation. Tho'th, of whom we have heard so much, was himself so deeply skilled in geometry as to be honoured as the inventor. In astronomy, we have evidence of their knowing the comparative magnitudes and densities of the earth and moon, the revolution of the planets, that comets were erratic orbs, &c. Of their instruments we wish we could speak with any thing like precision, but the utmost research can do little more than name their existence with indirect allusion to their powers. But the little we do know is sufficient to awaken our curiosity to know more.

A very natural question presents itself in speaking of the knowledge of the ancients. How were the arts which they possessed lost to the world? We answer, in the first place, that in our own times, even since the invention of printing, we have lost certain arts, for instance that of painting on glass, since, with all our advanced and perfected chemical knowledge, we cannot cope with the rich specimens preserved in the matchless tints still visible in our cathedral windows. If then, under such favourable circumstances, a secret can be lost, ought we to be surprised that, in ages when printing was unknown, social intercourse limited, and the arcana of science confined to one class of men whose interest and practice it invariably was to keep it in the hands of a few, imparting it only by oral information, posterity should know but little of what they might have taught? When it is further remembered, that this select and chosen body consisted of persons, who, in the desolation and ruin of their respective hierarchies, perished by the sword, or were scattered into corners of the earth, to linger out a secluded and obscure existence, our surprise must cease; and we have only to rejoice that our lot is cast in happier and more propitious times, when science is pouring forth her stores in abundance, by means within the enjoyment and reach of all; and that no discovery can now remain an insulated and unassociated fact, but that each, as it issues from its central source, becomes itself a nucleus from which fact after fact may emanate till there is nothing hidden that shall not be known, within the sphere of the intellectual powers of man to comprehend.

It may be an acceptable addition to the foregoing article, to give a short account of, in some respects, a more interesting Celtic monument, seldom frequented, owing to its remote situation; we allude to the Druidical circles in the distant island of Leuris or Hurris, forming the western boundary of the Hebrides. Leaving a small vessel, in which, after coasting amongst the rugged shores and inlets of that wild country, we had let go our anchor in the bay of Stornaway, we hired a guide to conduct us to the Stones of Callanets, spoken of as the most interesting objects to be met with in the whole group of islands. We started at 7 A. M., prepared for a rough journey over a tract of heath country, inaccessible but by pedestrians. The distance was said to be

twelve Scotch miles in a direct line ; but, from our rate of walking and unavoidable meanderings, we computed it to be not far short of twenty. Our course was about S. W., and we soon found that the accounts we had heard of the line of route were perfectly correct, by far the greater part being over the most desolate moorland, then (though in the month of August) soft and spongy, and consequently, in winter, probably little better than a continuity of marsh and morass. With the exception of a few ruined turf huts, erected by shepherds for the purpose of looking after the lambs, about mid-way, we saw not a vestige of permanent habitation or of the labours of man ; here and there indeed a few cattle were observed, and some flocks of sheep, which, nearly as wild as chamois, fled away like the wind on our first approach. Our pathway was only enlivened by the occasional notes of the golden plover, and a couple of fine eagles hovering over our heads, bred probably in the Shant islands. We also observed (not an uninteresting sight to naturalists) some remains of snipes' nests. At length, after a sharp walk of about five hours, we had the satisfaction of seeing, on an eminence in the horizon, near the beautiful rock of Llanheurwich, backed by a ridge of barren mountains, the long-wished-for gigantic columns of which we were in search. In the neighbourhood, we should observe, there are other remains of inferior note ; those immediately before us, said to be decidedly the largest, consisted of thirteen stones, forming a circle of about twelve yards in diameter : in the centre stands one larger than the rest, about twelve feet high ; from this central point four lines of stones radiate towards the four cardinal points, those to the east and south consisting of four stones in each ; that to the west of three ; and that to the north, of eight. Parallel, however, to this, forming almost a tangent to the eastern boundary of the circle, another line projects, consisting of seven stones ; at the northern termination, and rather in advance between these two parallel lines, a single stone of large dimensions stands, as if guarding the entrance of this northern avenue, closely resembling the Friar's-heel in front of Stonehenge. The whole number of stones amounts to forty-one, including one placed close to another on the projecting northern line ; as there are, however, here and there, considerable gaps and unequal intervals, it is more than probable that the original number was proportionately greater. We were rather disappointed with the magnitude, they being, in fact, smaller than some insulated blocks described in other places, and certainly less than those remaining of the circle of Stennis, or Stonehouse, in the island of Pomona in Orkney. The number and radiating lines, nevertheless, are amply sufficient to repay the trouble of inspection, and excite the inquiries of antiquarian visitors. This circle is, according to tradition, believed to have been dedicated to the Sun, and another, in its vicinity, to the Moon ; and it should be added, that remains of a surrounding trench may be traced, like that about Stonehenge. One of the stones, we were afterwards informed, for we did not notice it, was pierced in a manner similar to that in the above-mentioned circle of Stenhouse, supposed for the purpose of fastening victims. In Orkney, we believe it is used at present for a very different purpose, namely a sort of marriage ring, it being a custom for betrothed lovers to pledge unto each other their affections, by a gentle squeeze of the hands in the perforated orifice of the column.

THE CALCUTTA STAMP DUTY.

THERE is nothing in history or fable like the kind of dominion exercised by the East India Company. A score of traders in a dirty house in a dirty street, in the recesses of the City, governing some hundred millions of Brahmins and Mussulmans at the other side of the globe! It is very odd: verily our merchants are princes; and we might well be called a nation of shopkeepers. Napoleon was repulsed from a half-ruinous country-town in Syria, and Kleber assassinated by an angry peasant in Egypt; while the castes and empires of Hindostan are quietly governed by a cockney clerkocracy! Alexander the Great, conqueror of the Danube and the Euphrates, and at the head of a hundred thousand men, was obliged to relinquish a design which has since been accomplished by the usurers and scriveners of Leadenhall Street. Surely monopoly may exalt her horn; and the eternal volume of destiny, the characters of which are suns and comets, must be a mere compendium of the Italian method of book-keeping. The throne of the East is now the high three-legged stool of a counting-house; and the place of the ancient and treasured archives of the oriental dynasties is supplied by the ledger and the day-book.

India is undoubtedly situated as never before was a great country. Nor do we wonder merely at contemplating so many millions of men subjugated by such a system, and ruled by such institutions; but our natural surprise and interest are heightened by all the recollections and associations which connect themselves with the very names of Asia and of Ind. The more philology and history are examined, the more they seem to point to that vast peninsula, as to the source of human records, and the cradle of our race. Often as it has been marked by the triumphal wheels of successive conquests, the traces of the original furrows are still broad and deep; and the nature of man seems there to be fixed and chained to one of its earliest social developments; while at the same time the whole system is so altered and broken by the influence of European dominion, that it exhibits a disordered mass of inconsistent principles and heterogeneous institutions.

Among the chief peculiarities which strike us at a first view of our relations with India, are the circumstances of the commerce which we carry on with that country. A losing trade is conducted by the Company, who, like the shopkeepers in the jest-book, selling under prime cost, make it up by the extent of their transactions. But there is also a vast capital so employed, and not in the hands of the merchant-monarchs, though most of it is the property of their fellow-countrymen. The nature of the new Calcutta stamp duty, as it affects these persons and the whole class connected with them in India, is the first point which attracts attention in the late proceedings of the Company's government. The edict, which is in itself important, and immensely so, as consecrating a principle by a precedent, has, for its object, to establish in Calcutta, a permanent stamp-system, pressing upon all the inhabitants, Native and European, of that immense city

and upon all the commerce carried on with it, and through it, by England. On this part of the business it would be sufficient to say, that it never can be wise to tax a community, without giving it some control over the government, whereby it should secure itself from being plundered for the benefit of others. Has not the very name of Colonial Stamp-Duties become a menace, a hissing, and a curse? But, in truth, the pretension of the Company becomes still more absurd, when we consider for a moment in what relative situation stand the governors and the governed. Calcutta is exclusively a British settlement; the ground on which it stands was granted to England before the existence of the present government; it is the creation of English capital and enterprise. For years it had an existence recognized by our Crown and Parliament, and totally distinct from that of the other possessions in Bengal, which were unknown to the legislature and unacknowledged by it; and for more than fifty years, so strongly has the necessity been felt for protecting the king's subjects there, against that oppression which is permitted to run riot in the interior, and for rescuing the Company's competitors from the Company's government, that acts of parliament have granted to Calcutta a sort of judicial constitution of its own, inadequate, indeed, and imperfect, but completely independent. In the face of this spirit and tendency of our legislation, and still more in face of all natural decency, and reasonable moderation, on what plea is it, think ye, that the Company found their right of taxing, without limitation, the inhabitants, English and native, of the Asiatic capital? Simply, upon an arbitrary extension of the little phrase "duties of customs and other taxes," whereby, if the pretended authority was designed to be granted to the Company, a power the most wide and formidable of which a government can be possessed is established without any preamble or notice whatsoever, and the property of thousands of Englishmen is put at the mercy of the needy and grasping book-keepers of Leadenhall Street, more completely than is the wealth of a Turk at the mercy of the Sultan. In Constantinople, the government could not dare to impose a new tax. But it seems that we have conquered India, and still hold it, in order that, by a reflex action of our subjugating power, the possessions of our own countrymen may be exposed without defence to the caprice, the avarice, or the necessities of this peddling vice-royalty.

The notion that this can have been deliberately contemplated by any ministry or party in England is absolutely monstrous. If lawyers can find so large and dangerous a power hidden in so small a phrase, like the army contained by that tent which at the same time could be folded into a single handful, the sooner the legislature puts an end to the atrocity the better. For that an English parliament should wilfully subject their fellow-countrymen to such arbitrary tyranny, we hold as nothing else than an atrocious crime. But there is another light, in which we confess that we are still more anxious that the matter should be looked at. Few persons, we imagine, will maintain that governments, be they metropolitan or colonial, can claim every thing, but owe nothing; or deny that all rights are the brethren, if not the offspring of duties. It has been little the fashion for rulers to

think of any duties, (except, indeed, "duties of customs and other taxes,") or to permit their subjects to talk of their rights. In India, this has been peculiarly the case. It has been officially declared, that there is no "public," that is, that the community has no business with the expression of opinions on matters of social polity, or with the means of forming such opinions. Yet power, which can change all else, can never alter moral truth; and in Asia, as in Europe, a government owes to its subjects the free enjoyment of speech, pen, and religion,—equal protection and universal education. Of these no one is secured to the Hindoo: and if, after years of absolute control, the English domination were now to be overthrown, that enormous empire and those innumerable tribes would not retain a trace of their subjection to a wise, a powerful, a Christian people,—except, indeed, the dead monuments of our arts, the palace in which we have ruled, and the fortresses whereby we conquered them. No extinction of prejudices, no spread of knowledge, no strengthened independence of feeling, no increased reliance upon themselves, no love for us would mark to future generations that a nation whose law pretends to be justice, and their religion benevolence, had ever planted their standard and issued their edicts over all the land from the Ganges to Comorin. To the population of this great country, whom to subdue to our sway we have sailed from West to East, we owe a tremendous debt, and are bound by the strictest ties of duty. For them we have done comparatively nothing; and we have been accustomed openly to declare that they are not to be considered as in themselves ends for which to legislate, but that they are to be ruled for our benefit, and not for theirs. Whether the day will ever come when we shall feel that there are claims of right on the nation as well as on the individuals, on the state as well as on the citizens, it is hard and dangerous to predict. But in the meanwhile an immense proportion of the good we are called upon to do may be accomplished by merely permitting the existence in India of free commercial cities. In these might accumulate wealth and knowledge, and all the instruments of physical and moral advancement; and from these, as from so many centres of light, the animating illumination might radiate through all the empires of the East. If but three or four spots of a few miles in extent can be rescued from that irresponsible dominion which presses unchecked on all the land beside, the memory of all our wars and exactions will be effaced by a vast overpayment of good—and such a spot has Calcutta, to a certain extent, been made. Thanks to its exemption from some of the evils which press upon all the rest of the peninsula; thanks chiefly to its security from the insatiable rapaciousness of the Company, the ground which, a century ago, was an almost pathless jungle, the solitary lair of the tiger, has become one of the fairest and noblest of earth's cities, resounding with the activity of commerce, instinct with eager intelligence, piled with the produce of all the world, and filled with the varied hues and accents of all nations under the sun; the pride and marvel of the Asiatic seas, the Empress of the gorgeous East. Such is Calcutta, under a system which denies to it innumerable advantages secured to the meanest village of England or North America; which refuses to it, above all, the slightest semblance

of a free press. But even that privilege, which has so greatly tended to make Calcutta what it is—the immunity from arbitrary taxation—is now taken away from it without rational excuse or the shortest warning.

Thus it is, that, be it either with reference to Englishmen or Hindoos, to the duties of our government or the claims of our subjects, the imposition of this miserable stamp-tax is equally mischievous and indefensible. Wherefore should a knot of traders, conspicuous neither for wisdom nor for principle, be allowed to impede the free flow of British capital and the activity of British exertion in the indolent and uncivilized East? Has not this country, after all its exertions and sacrifices for the benefit of none but the Company, while it grants such irresponsible powers, and supports so monstrous a monopoly,—has it not reason to expect that it will, at least, be permitted to avail itself of the openings for commercial intercourse which have been won by its arms, and which the Company affects to concede to us? But, above all, from what can we look for the slightest improvement in the condition of those eighty millions of Hindoo serfs, but from the encouragement of English colonization, intelligence, wealth, and energy?—A nation, doubly larger than the population of any European kingdom is at this moment, as it has been for ages, more ignorant, inactive, poor, oppressed, and wretched, than was England five centuries ago. We rule them with more unlimited power than the Russian Czar exerts over his subjects, and with far less prudence: and what exertions are we making to improve their condition? None; absolutely none. And the wildest visions of politicians have never looked forward to any scheme for the purpose, wearing the slightest semblance of feasibility, except the security from tyranny, and consequent extension of European intercourse with the East. The money-debt of the Honourable Company, the offspring of its own extravagance, is so enormous that it will one day assuredly devour its parent. But their debt to wisdom, and justice, and humanity, is tenfold more excessive. This is a debt which they not merely refuse to pay, but of which they deny the very existence. Will England any longer endure the outrages of these its insolent and pampered servants? We trust not. The day of retribution is at hand, when they will no longer have a charter to protect their extortions, nor the sympathy of one good man to supply the banished *Ægis*.

SALATHIEL.*

How delightful is it to take up a work of real power!—to feel, after you have glanced through a dozen pages, that, however you may complain of the perversion of talents,—however you may be fatigued with an exuberance of decoration,—you will not sicken at a perpetual exhibition of the most humiliating feebleness! Nine books out of ten that we are compelled to skim over (to read is out of the question) are utterly worthless,—the prosings of inanity,—the miserable displays of the most miserable conceit;—reminiscences that make one curse the existence of such a faculty as memory,—travels that would induce us to regard steam-boats and practicable roads as the most fatal products of civilization,—novels that would almost make us cry out upon the benefits of education, and deplore the days when neither footmen nor chambermaids could write their names, much less be the manufacturers of sentiment in the boudoir, and small wit in the dining room. Onward sweeps the stream of popular literature, carrying into the little havens of thousands of book-clubs and circulating libraries, all the painted and gilded shallops (fragile as the paper boat of the schoolboy) that live for a week in that calm and sunny water, and then are hurried for ever to the black ocean, where the great devourer, oblivion,

Hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

But when a goodly vessel sweeps down that current, gallant, indeed, with streamers, and light and gay as the insect things that float around,—but with her sails set, her yards manned, and her stately prow rushing fearlessly on to the great deeps of time,—then we care not if a myriad paltry barks perish, so that the brave ship live; and happy are we, if, at some distant day, casting our eye over the broad expanse of waters, we behold the noble vessel still sailing proudly along with that glorious fleet,

Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.

“Salathiel” is generally understood to be the production of the Rev. G. Croly—a gentleman who, unquestionably, holds a very distinguished rank amongst our imaginative writers, whatever estimate may be formed of his more recent attempt, in the peculiar walk of his profession, to expound some of the higher mysteries of prophecy. As a poet, Mr. Croly has fairly earned his laurels. “Paris in 1815,” and “Catiline,” attracted no inconsiderable share of attention, at a time when Byron was the sun of the poetical firmament. They abound in vigorous and original thoughts, clothed in powerful and lofty diction. The elaborate magnificence of their language is, perhaps, too sustained; and the effect of this splendid colouring, to our minds, scarcely compensates for the absence of repose and simplicity. But still we surrender our feelings to one whom we know to be a master of his art; and we are assured that we listen not to “the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal” of merely gorgeous words, but

* Salathiel. A story of the past, the present, and the future. 3 vols. post 8vo. Colburn. May, 1828.

that the matter of the poet would bear a more quiet drapery, and, under any shape, would present us an ennobling morality, and an acute perception of what constitutes the beautiful and the true.

"Salathiel" partakes, and very largely, of the merits and the defects of Mr. Croly's poems. Considered as a whole, it does not leave any very enchaining interest upon the mind of the reader; it is occasionally wearisome from the perpetual trumpet-tone, even of the narrative portions; the wildness and extravagance of many of the incidents, though often sublime, and always spirited in the delineation, place the hero too far above human sympathies; and images of horror are certainly scattered with indiscriminate profuseness, so as to deaden the force of the final catastrophe, weakening our sensibility by their constant demand upon its exercise. Yet, open the work where we may, we shall find something vivid and original,—magnificent descriptions, elaborated with the greatest skill,—an intimate knowledge of the incidents and manners of antiquity, founded upon a diligent study of classical and scriptural authorities, yet never ostentatiously paraded, but rendered subservient to the dramatic effect,—a pure and manly philosophy, looking down from an intellectual eminence upon the paltry ambition and vain desires of the great mass of mankind. The whole work must be read a second time to have its beauties properly felt and understood. Upon a first perusal the exuberant splendour of the style produces the sensation which we experience upon listening to some complicated and unfamiliar harmony. This is, in some degree, a defect; but the book will amply repay us for the effort to become acquainted with its peculiar structure, in the same degree that a fine piece of music becomes doubly agreeable to those who can follow out "the hidden links" of its scientific combinations.

The mysterious adventures of "the Wandering Jew" appear to present a rich and inexhaustible subject for romantic delineation. But they also require to be treated by no unskilful hand, not only to maintain the verisimilitude of the subject, but to avoid the anachronisms, into which an unlearned writer would be betrayed, by the attempt to make a living man speak of the infinitely varying events and manners of eighteen hundred years. "Salathiel," the rash and unhappy being who called down upon himself the fearful doom of "Tarry thou till I come," details, in the volumes before us, a very small portion of the incidents of his mysterious existence, comprehending only the period from the Crucifixion to the Destruction of Jerusalem. In this brief space of about forty years the hero of the story can scarcely be said to feel the awful curse which is laid upon him,—for he is not yet different from those who seek that home where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," except in a very undefined and dream-like consciousness that he is fearfully exempted from the common lot of humanity. Salathiel is accordingly not here delineated as the restless and dissatisfied spirit who wanders about the earth, enduring all evils, and bearing all degradations, but clothed in a spell which bids defiance to the last outrage of malice or vengeance, and gradually laying up the proudest contempt for those insignificant beings whose brief race of useless labours and miserable pleasures are

hurried forward to oblivion, to be repeated by a succession of men with the same pitiful hopes and wasted energies. The "Wandering Jew" of these volumes is a happy husband—a father full of the most anxious cares for his children—a patriot with the most lofty aspirations for the deliverance of his country—a prince leading his tribes onward to revolt against Roman oppression, and striving with all the energies of an untameable spirit to free the land of the patriarchs from the chains of the conqueror. It is only at intervals that his peculiar destiny is present to his thoughts; and even then it requires to be forced upon his view by some miraculous agency, and not by the living evidence of the world constantly changing around him, while he remains the same. The interest of the narrative is therefore very slightly connected with the isolated feelings, except in anticipation, of a mysterious being doomed to outlive his affections, and to have no sympathies with the frail actors of an ever-shifting scene, which is to him an abiding city. This is a spirit-stirring story of an impetuous, lion-hearted, affectionate, generous hero, struggling against his own destinies and those of his country. Our author hints the possibility of his leading Salathiel on to the days of Alaric, of Mahomet, of Dante, of Columbus;—and if that purpose be executed, we shall see him bearing the evidence of his fate, in that misanthropical hatred of the things of the earth, which must result from a constrained familiarity with them through many centuries. We trust Mr. Croly will realise some portion of his extensive scheme;—at least that he will execute such a fragment of his plan as will exhibit the mind of the unhappy Jew under the full penalty of his offence, and in a state of society (the age of Luther for instance) that may contrast with the present splendid narrative of the ruin of the chosen people of the Most High.

It will not be desirable for us to attempt any detail of the plot of the volumes before us, beyond what may elucidate the extracts which we shall lay before our readers; and which we doubt not will stimulate their desire to become intimate with a work abounding in many passages of equal value.

The great event which Salathiel had been an instrument in precipitating, in his capacity of a priest of the temple, is merely alluded to (and this forbearance shows excellent taste) in the commencement of the narrative. The unhappy offender has a strong sense of the misery of his destiny, and he resolves upon leaving Jerusalem, to escape if possible from the recollection of his nameless crime. He flies to the country of his tribe, with whom he sojourns till the excesses of the Romans hurry the people into insurrection, upon their annual visit to the Holy City at the feast of the Passover. From this moment he is plunged into a perpetual contest with the iron power of the Empire, and often leads his countrymen to splendid but fruitless victories. Throughout the narrative the actual condition of the relation between the conqueror and the conquered is depicted with a masterly hand;—and the great variety of customs is indicated with a complete knowledge of this difficult and complicated subject. We select, as a favourable specimen of acute generalization, the following description of the nature of the Roman sway, particularly in Judæa.

'The general principles of Rome, in the government of her conquests, were manly and wise. When the Soldier had done his work; and it was done vigorously, yet with but little violence beyond that which was essential for complete subjugation; the sword slept as an instrument of evil, and awoke only as an instrument of justice.

'The Roman supremacy extinguished the innumerable and harassing mischiefs of minor hostility. If neighbour kingdoms quarrelled, a legion marched across the border, and brought the belligerents to sudden reason; dismissed the armies to their hearths and altars, and sent the angry chiefs to reconcile their claims in an Italian dungeon. If a disputed succession threatened to embroil the general peace, the proconsul ordered the royal competitors to embark for Rome, and there settle the right before the senate.

'The barbaric invasions, which had periodically ravaged the eastern empires, even in their day of power, were repelled with a terrible vigour. The legions left the desert covered with the tribe, for the food of the vulture; and showed to Europe the haughty leaders of the Tartar, Gothic, and Arab myriads, in fetters, dragging wains, digging in mines, or sweeping the highways.

'If peace could be an equivalent for freedom, the equivalent was never so amply secured. The world within this iron boundary flourished: the activity and talent of man were urged to the highest pitch: the conquered countries were turned from wastes and forests into fertility: ports were dug upon naked shores; cities swelled from villages; population spread over the soil once pestilential and breeding only the poisonous weed and the serpent. The sea was covered with trade; the pirate and the marauder were unheard of, or hunted down. Commercial enterprise shot its lines and communications over the map of the earth; and regions were then familiar, which even the activity of the revived ages of Europe has scarcely made known.

'Those were the wonders of great power steadily directed to a great purpose. General coercion was the simple principle; and the only talisman of a Roman Emperor was the chain, but where it was casually commuted for the sword: yet the universality of the compression atoned for half its evil. The natural impulse of man is to improvement; he requires only security from rapine. The Roman supremacy raised round him an impregnable wall. It was the true government for an era when the habits of reason had not penetrated the general human mind. Its chief evil was in its restraint of those nobler and loftier aspirations of genius and the heart, which from time to time raise the general scale of mankind. Nothing is more observable, than the decay of original literature, of the finer architecture, and of philosophical invention, under the empire. Even military genius, the natural product of a system that lived but on military fame, disappeared: the brilliant diversity of warlike talent, that shone on the very verge of the succession of the Cæsars, sank, like falling stars, to rise no more. No captain was again to display the splendid conceptions of Pompey's boundless campaigns; the lavish heroism and inexhaustible resource of Antony; or the mixture of undaunted personal enterprise and profound tactic, the statesman-like thought, irrestrainable ambition, and high-minded forgiveness, that made Cæsar the very emblem of Rome. But the imperial power had the operation of one of those great laws of nature, which through partial evil sustain the earth—a gravitating principle, which, if it checked the ascent of some gifted beings beyond the dull level of life, yet kept the infinite multitude of men and things from flying loose beyond all utility and all control.

'Yet it was only for a time. The empire was but the ripening of the republic, a richer, more luxuriant, and more transitory object for the eye of the world; and the storm was already gathering that was to shake it to

the ground. The corruptions of the palace first opened the Imperial ruin. They soon extended through every department of the state. If the habitual fears of the tyrant, in the midst of a headlong populace who had so often aided and exulted in the slaughter of his predecessors, could scarcely restrain him in Rome; what must be the excesses of his minions, where no fear was felt! where complaint was stifled by the dagger! and where the government was bought by bribes, to be replaced only by licensed and encouraged rapine!

'The East was the chief victim. The vast northern and western provinces of the empire pressed too closely on Rome; were too poor, and were too warlike, to be the favourite objects of Italian rapacity. There a new tax raised an insurrection; the proconsular demand of a loan was answered by a flight, which stripped the land; or by the march of some unheard-of tribe, pouring down from the desert to avenge their countrymen. The character too of the people influenced the choice of their governors. Brave and experienced soldiers, not empty and vicious courtiers, must command the armies that were thus liable to be hourly in battle, and on whose discipline depended the slumbers of every pillow in Italy. Stern as is the life of camps, it has its virtues; and men are taught consideration for the feelings, rights, and resentments of man, by a teacher that makes its voice heard through the tumult of battle and the pride of victory. But all was reversed in Asia, remote, rich, habituated to despotism, divided in language, religion and blood; with nothing of that fierce, yet generous clanship, which made the Gaul of the Belgian marshes listen to the trumpet of the Gaul of Narbonne, and the German of the Vistula burn with the wrongs of the German of the Rhine.

'Under Nero, Judea was devoured by Roman rapine. She had not even the sad consolation of owing her evils to the rapine of those nobler beasts of prey in human shape that were to be found in the other provinces—she was devoured by locusts. The polluted palace supplied her governors: a slave lifted into office by a fellow slave; a pampered profligate exhausted by the expenses of the capital; a condemned and notorious extortioner, with no other spot to hide his head; were the gifts of Nero to my country. Pilate, Felix, Festus, Albinus, Florus, each more profligate and cruel as our catastrophe approached, tore the very bowels of the land. Of the last two, it was said that Albinus should have been grateful to Florus for proving that he was not the basest of mankind, by the evidence that a baser existed; that he had a respect for virtue, by his condescending to commit those robberies in private, which his successor committed in public; and that he had human feeling, by his abstaining from blood where he could gain nothing by murder; while Florus disdained alike concealment and cause, and slaughtered for the public pleasure of the sword.'—p. 222—228.

There is a great deal of dramatic power scattered through these volumes—sometimes exhibiting itself in impassioned eloquence, sometimes in biting sarcasm, and occasionally in a playful humour, in which the author appears to us singularly felicitous. Of the latter description are the 6th and 7th chapters of the second volume, in which a wild and adventurous character is depicted with a vigour and sprightliness quite worthy of the mind which produced the Flibbertigibbet of Kenilworth. For the loftier exhibition of dramatic force, we should particularly point to the interview of Salathiel with Titus, the scene in the Pirate's cave, and the various attempts of the hero to rouse the Jewish people to a sense of their degradation and their duties.

Amongst the fancied domestic misfortunes of Salathiel is the flight of

his elder daughter with a Christian Greek. He pursues the fugitives to Rome—is hurried into the power of Nero—escapes from the tyrant at the moment of the conflagration of the city—is tempted into the betrayal of an assembly of Christian proselytes—and being placed in the arena to witness their martyrdom, has to endure the dreadful retribution of a parent's agony, so spiritedly described in the following scene :—

‘ A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by soldiery. The lion roared, and ramped against the bars of its den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look round the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised an universal sound of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses! Constantius was before me!

‘ All my rancour vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But, to see him hopelessly doomed; the man whom I had honoured for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and this misery wrought by me,—I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone, pale, paralysed—the beating of my pulses stopt—my eyes alone alive.

‘ The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air: when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, couched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible; and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared on its hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with gore and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way: he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane; and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible; and all shrank from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way; and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

‘ What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused

the lion : he tore the ground with his talons ; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail ; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound ; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted ; men burst out into indignant clamours at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

‘ I looked upon the woman’s face. It was Salome ! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name ; I implored her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her,

‘ She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her gaze upon me. She still knelt ; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands round me. A fire flashed into her eye—her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

“ I am come to die,” she uttered, in a lofty tone. “ This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms.—Yet,” and she kissed the ashy lips before her, “ yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned our quiet home !—yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty only thought how he might preserve and protect you.” Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. “ But,” said she, in a tone of wild power, “ he was betrayed ; and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared——”

‘ I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped on the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me ; I tottered forward a few paces, and fell. The lion gave a roar, and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him.—I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring—I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.——

‘ An exulting shout arose.—I saw him reel as if struck :—gore filled his jaws.—Another mighty blow was driven to his heart.—He sprang high in the air with a howl.—He dropped ; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamation.

‘ With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards ; the portal was opened ; and my children sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.—Vol. i. p. 331—338.

Salathiel finally escapes with his brave son-in-law from the persecutions of the tyrant ; and, in concert with Constantius, undertakes a perilous expedition against the Roman power. The capture of Mas-

sada, which occupies a considerable space of the second volume, is described with extraordinary graphic ability. We cannot follow the hero through the perilous adventures which succeed this, his great triumph. After two years of captivity he returns to his country, to behold the army of Titus gathered round Jerusalem, for the consummation of that destruction which is without a parallel in the history of the world. The entrance of the exile into the devoted city is thus beautifully described—

‘At the close of a weary day we reached our final station, upon the hill Scopas, seven furlongs from Jerusalem. Bitter memory was busy with me there. From the spot on which I flung myself in heaviness of heart, huddled among a crowd of miserable captives, and wishing only that the evening gathering over me might be my last, I had once looked upon the army of the oppressors marching into my toils, and exulted in the secure glories of myself and my country.

‘But the prospect now beneath the eye showed only the fiery track of invasion. The pastoral beauty of the plain was utterly gone: The innumerable garden-houses and summer dwellings of the Jewish nobles, gleaming in every variety of graceful architecture, among vineyards and depths of aromatic foliage, were levelled to the ground; and the gardens turned into a sandy waste, cut up by trenches and military works in every direction. In the midst rose the great Roman rampart, which Titus, in despair of conquering the city by the sword, drew round it to extinguish its last hope of provisions or reinforcements; a hideous boundary, within which all was to be the sepulchre.

‘I saw Jerusalem only in her expiring struggle. Others have given the history of that most memorable siege. My knowledge was limited to the last hideous days of an existence long declining, and finally extinguished in horrors beyond the imagination of man.

‘I knew her follies, her ingratitude, her crimes; but the love of the city of David was deep in my soul; her lofty privileges, the proud memory of those who had made her courts glorious, the sage, the soldier, and the prophet, lights of the world, to which the boasted illumination of the heathen was darkness, filled my spirit with an immortal homage. I loved her then, I love her still.

‘To mingle my blood with that of my perishing country was the first wish of my heart. But I was under the rigour of the confinement inflicted on the Jewish prisoners. My rank was known; and while it produced offers of new distinction from my captors, it increased their vigilance. To every temptation I gave the same denial, and occupied my hours in devices for escape. In the meanwhile, I saw with terror that the wall of circumvallation was closing; and that a short period must place an impassable barrier between me and the city.

‘After a day of anxious gazing on the progress of this wall of destiny, I was aroused at midnight by the roaring of one of those tempests, which sometimes break in so fiercely upon an eastern summer. The lightning struck the old tower in which I was confined, and I found myself riding on a pile of ruins. Escape, in the midst of a Roman camp, seemed as remote as ever. But the storm which shook solid walls, made its way at will among tents, and the whole encampment was broken up. A column of infantry passed where I was extricating myself from the ruins. They were going to reinforce the troops in the trenches against the chance of an attack during the tempest. I followed them. The night was terrible. The lightning that blazed with frightful vividness, and then left the sky to tenfold obscurity, led us through the lines. The column was too late, and it found the besieged already mounted upon the wall of circumvallation, and flinging

it down in huge fragments. The assault and defence were, alike desperate. The night grew pitchy dark, and the only evidence that men were round me, was the clang of arms.

'A sudden flash showed me that I had reached the foot of the rampart. The besieged, carried away by their native impetuosity, poured down in crowds. Their leader, cheering them on, was struck by a lance, and fell. The sight rallied the enemy. I felt that now or never was the moment for my escape. I rushed in front, and called out my name. At the voice the wounded leader uttered a cry which I well knew. I caught him from the ground. A gigantic centurion darted forward, and grasped my robe. Embarrassed with my burden, I was on the point of being dragged back; the centurion's sword glittered over my head. With my only weapon, a stone, I struck him a furious blow on the forehead. The sword fell from his grasp; I seized it, and keeping the rest at bay, and in the midst of shouts from my countrymen, leaped the trench, with the nobler trophy in my arms. I had rescued Constantius!

'Jerusalem was now verging on the last horrors. I could scarcely find my way through her ruins. The noble buildings were destroyed by conflagration, or the assaults of the various factions. The monuments of our kings and tribes were lying in mutilation at my feet. Every man of former eminence was gone. Massacre and exile were the masters of the higher ranks; and even the accidental distinctions into which the humbler in birth, or opulence were thrown by the few past years, involved a fearful purchase of public hazard. Like men in an earthquake, the elevation of each was only a sign to him of the working of an irresistible principle of ruin. But the most formidable characteristic was the change wrought upon the popular mind.

'A single revolution may be a source of public good. But a succession of great political changes is fatal alike to public and private virtue. The sense of honour dies; in the fierce pressures of personal struggle. Humanity dies; in the sight of hourly violences. Conscience dies; in the conflict where personal safety is so often endangered, that its preservation at length usurps the entire mind. Religion dies; where the religious man is so often the victim of the unprincipled. Violence and vice are soon found to be the natural instruments of triumph in a war of the passions; and the more relentless atrocity carries the day, until selfishness, the mother of treachery, rapine, and carnage, is the paramount principle. Then the nation perishes; or is sent forth in madness and misery, an object of terror and infection, to propagate evil through the world.

'The very features of the popular physiognomy were changed. The natural vividness of the countenance was there, but hardened and clouded by habitual ferocity. I was surrounded by a multitude, in each of whom I was compelled to see the assassin. The keen eye scowled with cruelty; the cheek wore the alternate flush and paleness of desperate thoughts. The hurried gatherings—the quick quarrel—the loud blasphemy, told me the infuriate temper that had fallen, for the last curse, on Jerusalem. Scarcely a man passed me of whom I could not have said, "There goes one from a murder or to a murder."

'But more open evidences startled me, accustomed as I was to scenes of military violence. I saw men stabbed in familiar greetings in the streets; mansions set on fire and burned in the face of day, with their inmates screaming for help, and yet unhelped; hundreds slain in rabble tumults, of which no one knew the origin. The streets were covered with the wrecks of pillage, sumptuous furniture plundered from the mansions of the great, and plundered for the mere love of ruin; mingled with the more hideous wrecks of man—unburied bodies, and skeletons, left to whiten in the blast, or to be torn by the dogs.

'Three factions divided Jerusalem, even while the Roman battering-rams were shaking her colossal towers. Three armies fought night and day within the city, carrying on the operations of war with more than civil fury. Streets undermined, houses battered down, granaries burned, wells poisoned, the perpetual shower of death from the roofs, made the external hostility trivial: and the Romans required only patience to have been bloodless masters of a city, which yet they would have found only a tomb of its people.

'I wandered, an utter stranger, through Jerusalem. All the familiar faces were gone. At an early period of the war many of the higher ranks, foreseeing the event, had left the city; at a later, my victory over Cestius, by driving back the enemy, gave a free passage to a crowd of others. It was at that time remarked that the chief fugitives were Christians; and a singular prophecy of their Master was declared to be the warning of their escape. It is certain that, of his followers, including many even of our priests and learned men, scarcely one remained. They declared that the evil menaced by the Divine Wisdom, through Moses—(may he rest in glory!)—was come; that the death of their Master was the consummating crime; and that, in the Romans, the nation "of a strange speech," flying on "eagle wings from the ends of the earth," was already commissioned against a people stained with the blood of the Messiah.'—Vol. iii. p. 41—49.

The whole of the third volume is occupied with the description of that fearful siege, which has furnished such an exhaustless theme to the poet and the divine. It certainly does appear to us, that Mr. Croly has lingered too long amidst this portion of his subject. We do not object that the narrative of Josephus, so interesting to the Christian world, is here amplified with a corresponding energy; nor that he has taken the same theme which a modern poet, of no feeble powers, has made familiar to us by every skill of elegant versification: but we apprehend that he has attempted too much, and has so blended the real with the fanciful, heaping up horror upon horror with the most unsparing hand, that the effect of the scene of destruction is weakened by the excessive labour of its delineation. Many of the pictures, however, are awfully grand; and we would instance the following description of the return of the Jewish multitude to their walls, after having rushed out upon the Roman camp to revenge the execution of countless victims, that were amongst the sacrifices of that fearful retribution with which Titus punished the violation of their word on the part of the besieged.

'Day-break was now at hand, and the sounds of the enemy's movements made our return necessary. We heaped the last Roman corpse on the pile; covered it with the broken spears, helmets, and cuirasses of the dead, and then left the care of the conflagration to the wind. From the valley to Jerusalem, our way was crowded with the enemy's posts; but the keen eye and agile vigour of the Jew eluded or anticipated the heavy-armed legionaries, by long experience taught to dread the night in Judea; and we reached the Grand Gate of Sion, as the sun was shooting his first rays on the pinnacles of the temple.

'In those strange and agitated days, when every hour produced some extraordinary scene, I remember few more extraordinary than that morning's march into the city. It was a triumph! but how unlike all that bore the name! it was no idle, popular pageant; no fantastic and studied exhibition of trophies and treasures; no gaudy homage to personal ambition; no holiday show to amuse the idleness, or feed the vanity of a capital secure in

peace, and pampered with the habits of opulence and national supremacy. But it was at once a rejoicing, a funeral, a great act of atonement, a popular preservation, whose results none could limit, and a proud revenge on the proudest of enemies.

‘That night not an eye closed in Jerusalem. The Romans, quick to turn every change to advantage, had suffered the advance of our irregular combatants only until they could throw a force between them and the gates. The assault was made, and with partial success; but the population once roused, was terrible to an enemy fighting against walls and ramparts, and the assailants were, after long slaughter on both sides, drawn off at the sight of our columns moving from the hills. We marched in, upwards of fifty thousand men, as wild and strange-looking a host as ever trod to acclamations from voices unnumbered. Every casement, roof, battlement, and wall, in the long range of magnificent streets leading round by the foot of Sion to mount Moriah, was covered with spectators. Man, woman, and child, of every rank, were there, straining their eyes and voices, and waving hands, weapons, and banners for their deliverers from the terror of instant massacre. Our motley ranks had equipped themselves with the Roman spoils, where they could; and, among the ragged vestures, discoloured turbans, and rude pikes, moved masses of glittering mail, helmets, and gilded lances. Beside the torn flags of the tribes were tossing embroidered standards with the initials of the Cæsars or the golden image of some deity, mutilated by our scorn for the idolater. The Jewish trumpets had scarcely sent up their chorus, when it was followed by the clanging of the Roman cymbal, the long and brilliant tone of the clarion, or the deep roar of the brass conch and serpent. Close upon ranks exulting and shouting victory, came ranks bearing the honoured dead on litters, and bursting into bitter sorrow; then rolled onward thousands, bounding and showing the weapons and relics that they had torn from the enemy; then passed groups of the priesthood,—for they too had taken the common share in the defence,—singing one of the glorious hymns of the Temple: then again followed litters surrounded by the wives and children of the dead, wrapt in inconsolable grief. Bands of warriors, who had none to care for, the habitual sons of the field; armed women; chained captives; beggars; men covered with the stately dresses of our higher ranks; biers heaped with corpses; waggons piled with armour, tents, provisions, the wounded, the dead; every diversity of human circumstance, person and equipment that belong to a state in which the elements of society are let loose, in that march successively moved before the eye. With the men were mingled the captured horses of the legionaries; the camels and dromedaries of the allies; herds of the bull and buffalo, droves of goats and sheep; the whole one mighty mass of misery, rejoicing, nakedness, splendour, pride, humiliation, furious and savage life, and honoured and lamented death; the noblest patriotism, and the most hideous abandonment to the excesses of our nature.—p. 348—352.

The great onset upon the fastnesses of Jerusalem at length takes place. Salathiel is found defending the most sacred part of the Temple, when the last enemy, fire, roared round the sanctuary. He sank, in the hope that death was inevitable—but again he heard the words of terror, “Tarry thou till I come”—and the destroying angel passed him by.

We cannot close this notice without an expression of our regret that the gifted author of “Salathiel” should have ushered it to the world by a Preface, which would lead the credulous to believe that the work was any thing beyond an agreeable fiction. He says, “other narratives may be more specious or eloquent, but this narrative has the supreme merit of truth;—it is the most true—it is the only true.” The word *truth* is too sacred a word, particularly when it has any reference to matters of solemn import, to be associated with an idle legend.

CHARACTERS OF CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN AUTHORS AND STATESMEN.

No. III.—BARON CUVIER,

COUNCILLOR OF STATE, ONE OF THE FORTY MEMBERS OF THE "ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE,"
AND PERPETUAL SECRETARY TO THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

THE Academy of Sciences, of which Barons *Fourrier* and *Cuvier* are the two perpetual secretaries, was founded under the administration of Colbert. It was humble and obscure at its commencement, and seemed to have no other object in view but to gratify the caprices of Louis XIV.

The first feat of literary authority exercised by the "Académie Française" was an historical blunder; and the first scientific labours of the "Académie des Sciences" constituted something like a public calamity. Called into existence by the will and voice of the devotee lover of the Widow Scarron, mingling with the artists that filled the courts of the Louvre, the gardens of Versailles, and the heights of Marly, and surrounding their master with all the prodigies of art,—they were the first to delude the nations of Europe with a false though plausible idea, respecting the real character of that pretender to the title of a great king; and these extravagant monuments of despotism that, under their guidance, filled the world with the renown of the sovereign, were bought at the expense of millions of families, and with the ruin of entire provinces.

The first sittings of the Academy of Sciences were held in some of the apartments of the "Bibliothèque du Roi." They were transported to the Louvre in 1699, when letters-patent by royal authority had definitively established its creation. At that period there were sixty members, both honorary and resident, adjuncts and associates. Peter the Great, who was then at Paris, was desirous to have his name inscribed in their registers as an honorary member, and on his return to Moscow he sent medals of gold to all his brother academicians and associates.

In the year 1793, all the academies were suppressed; but in 1795 the Institute was appointed, and in the organizations of that period, the class of the sciences held the first rank. It preserved the same preference in the regulations of 1803, adopted in the Institute, under the consular government; but since the ordonnance of 1816, it is the "Académie Française" that takes the lead; the "Academy of Sciences" follows at an humble distance; then the "Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres," and lastly the "Academy of the Fine Arts."

The Academy of Sciences, though placed by the Bourbons in the second rank, still maintains its just title to pre-eminence in the estimation of all the sound part of the commonwealth of letters. Contrary to what is practised in the "Académie Française," authority, or court influence, has little sway over the elections of its members. M. de Vauban, an ultra-minister, has, it is true, been enabled to erase from the list of its members, Napoleon, who smiled with pity and contempt at that impotent slur upon his fame; Carnot, who only shrugged up his shoulders at it; and Monge, who died of grief in

consequence of that arbitrary measure. But the same minister never ventured to introduce into that sanctuary of science men so obscure and contemptible as Messrs. Frayssinous and De Quelen, or others whose only literary passports to fame were the brevet of the Master-general of the Post-office, or the portfolio of Minister of State.

The Academy of Sciences is divided into eleven sections, Geometry, Mechanics, Astronomy, Geography and Navigation, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Rural Economy and the Veterinary art, Anatomy and Zoology, Medicine and Surgery.

The Academy of Sciences is composed of sixty-three ordinary members, ten free academicians, eight foreign associates, and one hundred correspondents. Louis XIV., who has been pompously styled the patron of literature, granted some pensions to the literati that formed his Academy of Sciences; but these pensions were so moderate in point of value, that, in their general amount, they did not make up one-fourth of the sums absorbed by the Duc de Lauzun alone. At a later period, the Abbé Bignon, wishing to place the association under the control of the ministry, and to make himself master of the nominations, offered a few counters of gold, which would be equivalent to twelve hundred francs, to each member; but even the poorest part of them preferred their independence to pensions. But the present members have not imitated this disinterestedness of their predecessors; each of them now receives a compliment of one thousand francs regularly, as well as abundant gratifications from the court. But, in spite of this shower of gold that has fallen upon the Institute, the learned members of the Academy of Sciences have, with few exceptions, preserved their independence, which has not been the case with the literati of the Académie Française; in that, where birth and wealth are preferred to talent and genius, when a string is broken in the lyre of the forty immortals, one of silver is frequently substituted, which returns no sound.

The age of literary genius seems eclipsed in France. The vast field of ambition, which old Corneille opened with so much glory in 1636, closed on the 30th May, 1778, when Voltaire on his death-bed, commended the twenty-four letters of the alphabet to his thirty-nine associates in the French Academy. Undoubtedly, the forty immortals of the present day know their horn-book by heart, as well as the most illustrious genius of the great age; but what we suspect is, that they are now no longer able to combine their A, B, C, in the style of Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Fénelon, Bossuet, and Rousseau. The patriarch of Ferney was well acquainted with all the wonders that the twenty-four letters can perform; and he placed them under the guardianship of the Academy, who received the precious deposit, and would have let it perish, were it not for the lucky advent of two or three young writers, who have come to their relief in the moment of distress.

The grand and striking powers of the human mind having been, within a few years, banished from the field of literature, have taken refuge in the bosom of the sciences. It is in this career that they have shed greater glory upon France; and while, since their organization in 1795, our neighbours expect that the forceps, or the Cæsarian

operation, will make the *Forty* bring forth the labours of the Dictionary, at which they have been engaged for more than half a century, the Academy of Sciences immortalizes itself by works of the greatest depth and sublimity. The French imagination, which was so brilliant and ingenious in the days of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

Qui, portant dans ses mains le myrte et le laurier,
Le luth du troubadour, la lance du guerrier,
Varioit, comme Iris, ses couleurs et ses charmes ;

leaving the field open to that accuracy of reason, which leads the genius of man forward in the process of experiments, observations, and calculations—

Le raisonneur tristement l'accrédite,

and professor Cuvier is one of those learned men who have given it the most extensive letters of credit.

Like Molière and Rousseau, M. Cuvier was not originally destined for the sphere which he has ennobled in a manner so honourable for himself. His father destined him for the military profession, being himself an officer in the Swiss regiment of Waldner, and he afterwards devoted him to the ecclesiastical state, which was better adapted to his feeble state of health. The French revolution surprised the young Cuvier at Paris, leaving him without a protector, indigent, and without any resource but his talents. He entered, in the capacity of private tutor, into the family of the Duke d'Hericy in Normandy. M. Cuvier, possessing some knowledge of natural history, was led, by the vicinity of the sea, to study its productions, and by his ardent spirit of investigation, he made several discoveries, which drew him into correspondence with different naturalists in the metropolis. A variety of memoirs, which he published, caused him to be invited to the central schools, and subsequently to the Chair of Comparative Anatomy, and Natural History, in the "*Jardin des Plantes*," which opened to him the doors of the second class of the Institute, who appointed him Perpetual Secretary for the Department of the Natural Sciences. This appointment was due to the laborious researches of M. Cuvier, who drawing, forth from the bosom of the earth, the lost races that formerly peopled its surface—enlightening zoology and geology, by their reciprocal aid,—establishing, as it were, charters, in which were deposited the chronological titles of the primitive world—arranging, by the assistance of comparative anatomy, in their natural order, all the living creatures, and assigning to each its real name,—combined in himself Linnæus and Buffon, and has deserved to become the future and prescriptive model of writing natural history, under the double charms of method and style.

As a "savant," a professor, and perpetual secretary, we wish to apply no restriction to the praises bestowed on M. Cuvier. In the Institute, he delights in frequently enumerating the positive services which science has rendered to society. He never loses an opportunity of stating and noticing the labours of his colleagues ; and on their death, after the example of Fontenelle and D'Alembert, he never neglects pronouncing over their tombs, funeral discourses, at once instructive and interesting. He connects facts and anecdotes with definitions and theories ; and in tracing back the life of men, he very ingeniously

delinantes the history of things. At the "Collège de France," and the "Jardin des Plantes," being obliged to explain the elements of science, to an audience generally composed of enlightened men, he never fails to captivate their attention by the depth and novelty of his theories, and by the elegance and grace of his discourse. His *Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles* is one of the most admirable productions of the mind, and it places M. Cuvier at the head of the learned men of Europe. It is in this work, that by the inspection of various fossil ossifications with which the different strata of the earth are filled, he explains the numerous and sudden revolutions that our globe has experienced, and reveals the mysteries and the progress of the creation.

The glory of M. Cuvier would be pure and complete, if he had never deserted the menagerie of the "Jardin des Plantes," for the drawing-rooms of the Tuileries. But this learned gentleman is not one of that species of men, who like Gay-Lussac, Le Lermier, and Daunou, devote themselves exclusively to science and literature, and find all their happiness in study and contemplation. The thirst for distinction and political glory has allured the naturalist from his laboratory and his cabinet of specimens; and he has haunted the palace in search of favours, which he has had the art to retain immutable and undiminished. His learning is not of a stern nature; it is amiable and accommodating, and adapts itself to every dynasty. His character and temper close easily with every form of government; and he has been finely hit off by the following distich:—

Sa main sait caresser, dans un excès de zèle,
La carcasse d'un tigre, et le dos de Villèle.

In the year 1808, the Emperor Napoleon nominated M. Cuvier Councillor for life to the University. The first restoration found him Chevalier à vie de l'Empire, Member of the Legion of Honour, Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Réunion, Conseiller Titulaire de l'Université Impériale, Professor of Natural History in the "Jardin des Plantes," and Maître des Requêtes to the Council of State. All these titles continued with him under Louis XVIII., and he even obtained from him some others, and exchanged besides his title of "Maître des Requêtes," for that of Councillor of State. The one hundred days found, and left, M. Cuvier at the same point. And again, the second restoration found him still ready to serve the Bourbons, as he had been the humble servant of every possible government.

If, before this last event, the conduct of Baron Cuvier has bordered a little on the courtier, the writings, at least, of this learned person are the works of a champion of reason. It was only about the close of the ministry of Decazes that he was seen beginning to lend his eloquence to the support of every ministerial conception, and in his speeches at the tribune, which, by the bye, are in a style of mediocrity, attacking liberty, and supporting despotism and delusion. Protestant as he is, M. Cuvier has been in the Chamber of Peers, in his quality of Commissary of the King, one of the warmest partisans of the Jesuits. At the period when that notorious society began to penetrate into France under a disguised habit, Baron Cuvier made a report to the Upper Chamber, in which an apology for the Jesuits as an instructing body occurred at every phrase. It is reported that Prince Talleyrand,

wearied by his oratory, was walking about in the "*Salle des Conférences*," when he beheld M. Cuvier, who had then concluded his report, and addressing him, said, "You are a very learned naturalist, and I wish to propose a question to you." The other, suspecting an intended sarcasm, wished to retreat from the question, when Talleyrand seriously insisting on a reply, said to him, "Tell me, I beg of you, which is the most grateful of animals?" The Baron replied, in a brisk and confident manner, that it was the dog. "No," replied M. de Talleyrand; and M. Cuvier was proceeding with a long scientific dissertation in support of his assertion, when a sardonic grin of the prince stopt him short. "Do not you know that it is the turkey?" said M. de Talleyrand; "remember that since the Jesuits have introduced them into France, these wise birds never cease to cry for the recall of these reverend fathers." At these words, the laugh became general, and the eloquence of the Protestant Jesuit was mute before an epigram.

If the titles of M. Cuvier to the Academy of Sciences be incontestable, his claim to the French Academy is not equally well grounded. His speeches in the Chamber of Peers, and the Deputies, in his quality of *Commissaire du Roi*, possess nothing of that warmth and sublimity which characterise the eloquence of his colleague Lainé, or of the depth that is observed in the oratory of Royer-Collard; and his "*Eloges Académiques*," which are written in a style sometimes incorrect, and frequently rendered dull and heavy by antiquated rhetorical flourishes, neither resemble the ingenious elegance of Fontenelle, nor the noble harmony of Buffon; so that certain morose critics attribute his nomination to the Academy, as well as to other dignities, to his habit of stooping, contracted no doubt in his laborious searches after fossil bodies. As for ourselves, we behold three distinct men in M. Cuvier—the courtier, the *bel esprit*, and the savant. The Councillor of State and the Academician will die; but the Professor of the "*Jardin des Plantes*" will live in the memory of mankind.

NO. IV.—CASIMIR DELAVIGNE,

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AND LIBRARIAN TO THE DUKE D'ORLEANS.

OF the three poets of whom France, at the present period, is justly proud, Casimir Delavigne is undoubtedly the one whose talents exhibit the greatest promise. Though less original than Béranger and Lamartine, his taste is more pure, and his genius more extensive. He has equally employed his pen in tragedy, comedy, and lyric poetry; and his early essays in all these branches have left such an impression on the public mind, that he is even now looked upon as the most renowned of the youthful bards of France. His dithyrambic ode upon the birth of the King of Rome, which was his first poetical effusion, decided his propensity for the art, and revealed to France the dawn of an aspiring and superior talent. M. François de Nates, an opulent Mécenas, became his patron, and M. Tissot, professor of Latin poetry at the Collège de France, took upon himself the task of aiding the

*-Turkey in French is synonymous with gull in our language.

flights of his early muse ; and although Delavigne has hardly reached his thirty-fourth year, he has already produced five superior plays of five acts, which are still in full possession of the stage.

Les Vêpres Siciliennes was his first attempt in the dramatic art ; and this tragedy, notwithstanding a few imitations, and especially some improbabilities, (not the least of which, perhaps, is the circumstance of seeing Procida openly conspiring in a palace accessible to his enemies,) had a success at least equal to that of the *Templiers* of M. Rénouard ; nor did it lose its attractions for a single moment during a run of eighty representations. Two characters most accurately delineated, that of the conspirator Procida, and that of Loredan, his son, — a style both energetic, and natural and majestic, without bombast — an animated dialogue — the interest of the piece constantly alive — the admirable scene of the oath of the conspirators, which is full of that terror which harrows up the soul — and numerous verses abounding in force and beauty like the following :

Qui a des armes et sait mourir ne descend pas à la prière ;

— all these have ranked this piece amongst the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French stage.

The second tragedy of our author, entitled *Le Paria*, cannot be compared with the *Vêpres Siciliennes*. The poet, who was young and enterprising, and full of warmth and resolution, gave unrestrained scope to the flights of his imagination in this composition, and instead of a tragedy founded on natural events and characters, he has presented, in the manner of Voltaire, an oriental story, and a romance entirely of his own invention. Never, we must acknowledge, was poetry exhibited in more brilliant colours. Never did the author so far deviate from the rules of reason as in this work ; yet owing to the charms of an enchanting style, and the magical effect of admirable verses, his efforts were crowned with the most complete success.

Before his play of the *École des Vieillards*, which followed the tragedy of *Le Paria* at an interval of little more than a year, M. Delavigne introduced his own character on the stage, in a piece entitled the *Comédiens*, and thus gave rise to a new and original scene, in which he describes the rebuffs that the young author has to experience, when he has to struggle with the rival pretensions, the airs and caprices, of the histrionic tribe. The public espoused the cause of the poet ; and although this play was built on a rather feeble frame, and bears some resemblance to the *Métromanie* of Piron, and to the *Dramatist* of our Reynolds, they continued to applaud the finished elegance, the sparkling vivacity, and the felicitous passages interspersed in this very agreeable composition, till the *École des Vieillards*, his masterpiece, in which Mademoiselle Mars displayed such extraordinary talent, and in which Talma made his first essay in comedy, at the age of sixty, carried to the highest pitch the fame of our author. Unfortunately, the play of *Aurélié*, performed a few months back, has not realized the promises of his earlier dramatic career.

The reverses of France have inspired Casimir Delavigne with his finest productions. Aroused from his peaceful and retired studies by the noise of foreign arms, he broke the lyre on which he has been celebrating the charms of *Naïs*, or the loves of *Danaë*, and, by a spirited

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effort, brought forth his first *Messénienne*, in which the disasters of the battle of Waterloo are described with the deepest pathos, united to the most striking eloquence. At a later period, Naples free, and Napoleon dying, inspired him anew. The opening scene, and, above all, the concluding one, of the 5th *Messénienne*, after the defeat of the Neapolitans, are the productions of an imagination inflamed by much of the genuine fire of poetry.—We shall quote two passages :—

PARTHENOPE ET L'ETRANGERE.

O femme, que veux-tu ?—Parthénope, un asile.
 — Quel est ton crime ?—Aucun.—Qu'as tu fait ?—Des ingrats.
 — Quels sont tes ennemis ?—Ceux qu'affranchit mon bras ;
 Hier on m'adorait, aujourd'hui l'on m'exile.
 — Comment dois-tu payer mon hospitalité ?
 — Par des périls d'un jour et des lois éternelles.
 — Qui t'osera poursuivre au sein de ma cité ?
 — Des rois.—Quand viendront-ils ?—Demain.—De quel côté ?
 — De tous.... Eh bien ! pour moi tes portes s'ouvrent-elles ?
 — Entre, quel est ton nom ?—Je suis la Liberté !

La Liberté fuyait en détournant les yeux,
 Quand Parthénope la rappelle ;
 La déesse un moment s'arrête au haut des cieux ;
 Tu m'as trahie ; adieu ! dit-elle,
 Je pars.—Quoi, pour toujours ?—On m'attend.—Dans quel lieu ?
 — En Grèce.—On y suivra tes traces fugitives.
 — J'aurai des défenseurs.—Là, comme sur mes rives,
 On peut céder au nombre.—Oui, mais on meurt ; adieu !

Casimir Delavigne's *Messéniennes* are, in general, characterized by a rich, elevated, and harmonious versification, often intermingled with sublime traits ; but none of his pieces are so perfect as the three we have just mentioned. In both his attempts relative to Greece, Delavigne has manifested merely the classical exaltation of a student of the university. When desirous of describing Rome, he has only mingled the ancient names of Brutus, Cicero, and Numa, with those of Michael Angelo, Tasso, and Byron. He is never wanting in perspicuity, never violates the proprieties of rhyme and rhythm, as Beranger sometimes does, but he is far from being so original, or from displaying in all his pieces the same degree of genius. His last *Messéniennes*, not even excepting that on *Les funérailles du général Foy*, are feeble and vague, compared with his former works, and are far below the elegy on the death of *Jeanne d'Arc*, which is quite in the ancient style, and unites the purest and most simple poetry with the truest feeling.

.....
 Du Christ avec ardeur Jeanne baisait l'image,
 Ses longs cheveux épars flottaient au gré des vents :
 Au pied de l'échafaud, sans changer de visage,
 Elle avançait à pas lents.
 Tranquille elle y monta ; quand debout sur la faite,
 Elle vit ce bûcher qui l'allait dévorer,
 Les bourreaux en suspens, la flamme déjà prête ;
 Sentant son cœur faillir, elle baissa la tête,
 Et se prit à pleurer.

M. Delavigne combines in himself many of the qualities that con-

stitute the poet. He is by turns either eloquent or argumentative, plain or ornamental, comic or pathetic; language is with him an instrument that he moulds at pleasure, and that never embarrasses him in his movements. He belongs to that scanty number of French writers whose efforts have such an appearance of ease and facility, that while we read them we are insensibly led to imagine that every verse caught the best possible form of expression, and yet seemed to be struck off at the first heat of thought. He has shown himself capable of executing whatever he designs; but his conceptions have not hitherto presented a sufficiently lofty or profound contemplation of human affairs. We must, therefore, repeat what has been asserted before us, that it is "*son esprit et sa raison qu'il doit exercer et agrandir; il n'a plus besoin de songer à son talent, il le retrouvera chaque fois qu'il voudra le mettre en œuvre.*"

POOR-LAWS—EMIGRATION.

WE have been endeavouring to legislate upon the poor-laws for the last thirty years—sometimes with a sweeping attempt at reform, more frequently by side-wind regulations. All this care is of little avail. As there are certain malignant diseases which have been denominated the *opprobria* of medicine, so there are particular maladies of our social condition, which may be considered the *opprobria* of legislation. Amongst the most inveterate of these are the poor laws.

It is about seven years since a committee of the House of Commons was engaged in the investigation of this complicated evil; and the extensive and minute inquiry which was then entered into, brought forth "a Bill for the Establishment of Select Vestries." We apprehend that little effect has been produced by this measure, beyond that of making the rate-payers discontented with their parochial representatives. Whether the funds for the maintenance of the poor are administered by the aristocracy or the democracy of a parish, the demands upon them still go on increasing. These increasing burthens cannot be resisted; because they are the tax which the rich *must* pay, to mitigate the frightful inequalities of a system, in which the *natural* funds for the payment of labour are insufficient for the *natural* demands upon them.

The poor laws appear to have occupied an inconsiderable share of the attention of parliament; since the memorable experiment of Mr. Scarlett, in 1821, to remove this excrescence upon the body politic, by the knife and the cautery. This experiment necessarily failed. The suggested remedies were absurd and cruel, and their only merit was their impracticability.

It appears to us that the plan which Mr. Scarlett proposed, of denying all relief to able-bodied labourers, who are unmarried, is not unlikely to find an advocate in Mr. Slaney, who has lately moved for leave to bring in a bill for remedy of the poor laws. The defence of such a measure must rest upon the belief, that every man who seeks employ may obtain it with facility. The contrary is notoriously the

fact. Will any one, possessing the slightest practical acquaintance with the condition of the working population, assert, that the demand for labour is so great, that every man may now receive a value for the power which nature has bestowed upon him for his maintenance, whether his vocation is to agriculture or manufactures, but more especially the former? Is it not notorious, that, throughout the agricultural districts, it is a common practice with the farmers, to refuse employ to all single men, while there are any married labourers amongst them burthensome on the parish? The consequence is, that the country is filled with these houseless and starving wanderers, who end their career of miserable adventure by being passed *home*, (as their parish is called) under the wretched provisions of the Vagrant Act. Then comes the demoralization, which is a certain consequence of want of employment. The parish gives its wretched pittance;—but there are pheasants in the preserves of the lord of the manor. Organized gangs of “unmarried able-bodied labourers” are formed, who carry on a sort of servile war against the possessors of property; and they proceed step by step in the commission of crime, the character of the poacher gradually dilating into that of the felon, until the measure of their offences is full, and they become victims to the offended laws, which are strong for punishment, but powerless for prevention. And is this a state of things, which can allow the cutting off from the unemployed youthful peasant, that miserable pittance which the law now grants him? With our additional experience, can any approximation be seriously attempted to be made to that clause of Mr. Scarlett’s bill, which says, that “it shall not be lawful for any person having authority to administer relief to the poor, to allow or give any relief to any male person whatever, being single and unmarried, for himself, or any part of his family, unless such poor person shall be actually, at the time of asking such relief, by reason of age, sickness, or bodily infirmity, unable to obtain his livelihood, and support his family by work”? If by any such legislative enactment, the labourer or the mechanic who is willing to work, but is unable to procure employ, should be entirely refused support and relief, there is only one of three courses to be adopted by these miserable wretches—to hang themselves, to rob, or to marry. Which of these courses would most benefit the country, we leave to be determined by the advocates of measures, for consuming the evils which society inflicts upon those who ought to be ranked amongst the most valuable of her children.

The increasing pressure of the Irish wanderers upon the English agricultural population has, within the last seven years, rendered the condition of our unmarried able-bodied labourers infinitely more deplorable. Amidst the natural desires of the landed aristocracy to devise some means which should render the claims of the poor-rates upon their estates less onerous, they cannot disguise from themselves, that some attempt must be made to prevent the frightful irruption of the wretched Irish peasantry, which is threatening to involve both England and Scotland in a companionship of misery. Amidst all the complaints against the poor-laws, which, however exaggerated, are yet true to a certain extent, the legislature is receiving into its

mind that idea, of which the propounder would, a few years back, have been hooted from his seat—that the system of these laws must be extended to Ireland. We have no affection for the poor-laws. They, in some cases, multiply the evils which they propose to cure; they act as a positive encouragement to improvidence; they abase, in one point, the great mass of the population. But they have shielded us from that terrific curse which has fallen upon Ireland, the curse of a working population driven to the extreme verge of subsistence, and consequently, habitually suffering the most miserable indigence and moral degradation; while they are precipitated into the direst miseries of famine, when the accidents of nature diminish that supply, which they ordinarily exhaust in its highest average quantity. England has yet been spared that infliction. Thank God, our population are not yet driven to renounce the use of wheaten bread, or to consider flesh a forbidden luxury, accessible only to the rich. The poor's-rate has saved us from this calamity;—and, whatever temptation it may present to improvident marriages, it has preserved a little of that clinging to comfort and cleanliness, which, promoting self-respect, is a greater check to population, than even the actual terrors of hunger. The people of Ireland offer a fearful contradiction to the doctrine that misery can repress population. The very recklessness of misery has a tendency to multiply the victims of famine. Despair has no restraints.

In another part of this Number will be found some simple and therefore touching descriptions of the extent of Irish wretchedness. We know them to be true to the letter. England yet presents no such scenes, *because* she has a poor-rate. It is impossible to look at the condition of the peasantry of Ireland, and calculate the probable consequences of their growing amalgamation with the labourers of England, without pronouncing that the legislature *must*, and speedily, adopt some measure to remedy the frightful evils of a population amongst whom the funds for the maintenance of labour are gradually decreasing, and the demands upon those funds rapidly increasing. That country must be wretched in its aggregate condition, when the labour of any large portion of its inhabitants will not procure food. This is a state which governments are as much bound to avert, and, if they cannot avert, to remove, and if they cannot remove, to mitigate, as they are to repel the invasions of a foreign enemy, or to repress the violence of domestic treason. To leave such evils to correct themselves is to throw open the gates to famine and death. The infliction will not pass away till the grave is satiated. But the struggles of despair are perilous. That state has no security which does not provide for its children. A population without employ is a soil where every wickedness must flourish. The tempers of the famishing are a mass of combustibles, which the first master-spirit of iniquity may explode. This evil drags into its vortex all the vice which floats upon the surface of want. It leavens all the good by which it is surrounded. It sets up an impenetrable barrier to the march of human improvement. It fastens, in all the loathsomeness of corruption, upon the healthful portion of the system. It plants the seeds of universal decay too deeply for any after medicine to extermi-

nate. The foul excrescence has grown over our social system, and we must endeavour to root out or assuage the disease, while some of the partial means of cure are in our hands. The experiment of *neglect*, too long attempted, is become so tremendous in its terrors, that it must cease to enter into any deliberate theory which the most cold-blooded contempt of human happiness could propose.

We trust that a day of scarcity is not very close at hand; but it appears tolerably certain that our vacillating system of corn laws, in conjunction with the rapidly-increasing population of Europe, has rendered the Continent incapable of much longer supplying any demands for exportation,—and that if a season of scarcity arise, our population may be pressed, like the Irish, upon the confines of subsistence. From Mr. Jacob's 'Second Report on the Agriculture and Commerce in Corn of the Continental States of Europe,' ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 18th April, 1828, we find, from very accurate calculations, that our stock of wheat at the harvest of the present year will be less than at any period since 1815; that we have had eleven years of abundance, and may therefore expect, at no very distant period, a failing crop; and that 'if a great portion of our necessary supply should be wanted from foreign countries, there is no probability that it could be furnished without such an advance of price as would be enormously heavy.' 'At the present time,' says Mr. Jacob, 'had the harvest of 1827 required it, it is doubtful if ten days' consumption of wheat could have been drawn from the whole Continent, even at one hundred per cent. advance on the prices of that period.' The following passage is important, as showing how easily false notions are taken up and acted upon, under circumstances where there is difficulty in collecting and examining aggregate evidence:—

'For a period of several years' duration an opinion was propagated and extensively imbibed, though in opposition to the almost demonstrated doctrines of Malthus, that in every part of Europe the production of the means of subsistence was proceeding with a rapidity far greater than the increase of the population. It was asserted, by what many deemed very high authority, that all the world had carried cultivation too far; that food of every kind was too abundant, and that the inferior arable lands should be sent back to their former unproductive condition. Such statements, confidently asserted, scarcely denied, but never investigated, obtained a degree of credence as extensive as the influence of high names and high pretensions could spread them.

'In the year 1825, I found, in all the corn countries in the north-east of Europe, this view of the matter to prevail universally among the growers of and dealers in corn; and it would have been like combating the winds to have contended against the prevalent belief. Every grower of corn, whether on a large or a small scale, affirmed, that there was on hand sufficient for several years' consumption. I saw that their barns and granaries on many of the farms were empty, or very nearly so; and the owners, still convinced of the truth of the general opinion, assured me that, though the necessary calls for money had compelled them to sell at however low a price they could obtain, I should find, on proceeding farther, such vast abundance in store, as

would convince me they were right in their representations. I did proceed ; I found no stocks any where, but every where I found the assurance that farther on I should encounter a superabundant quantity. The farther I advanced from the sea-shore, the more scanty did I find the provision of bread corn, but especially of rye, which is the chief food of the country I then visited.

At that time the Continental presses issued forth numerous publications pointing out remedies, which they called on their respective governments to adopt, to cure the evil of abundance. I collected a great number of such publications of various extent, and containing a great diversity of projects to cure the assumed evils. Most of them recommended that the corn should be stored under the care of the government ; that the owners should receive acknowledgments, stating the quantity and value of the corn so deposited, which notes of acknowledgment were to be received for taxes, and to be made legal tenders for all payments. Others of them drew plans of buildings, and calculated the cost of them, of such enormous dimensions, as would contain all the surplus corn of the districts. Some suggested, that caves should be dug in the sand-hills, to receive this enormous surplus ; others recommended, that all the sugar hogsheads should be collected, filled with corn, piled one upon another, as high as could be managed, and then be securely thatched. Such were some of the projects then seriously and soberly proposed, and at a time when the barns and granaries in the interior were nearly empty, and the stores at the sea-ports, to which all had been sent, were lower than usual.

Two years have, however, dissipated these projects, and the illusions to which they owed their birth. The harvests of 1826 and 1827 were slightly, if at all, deficient in wheat, and rye was not below the fair average, whilst barley and oats only were below that average ; yet no man spoke of any surplus, nor thought of that accumulation which, two years before, they had represented as equal to the consumption of many years.

I have had opportunities recently of seeing the persons who gave me such descriptions as I have noticed, and of conversing with some of the authors whose publications I have adverted to ; they felt the error of their representations ; but those who had partaken of the same error were too numerous for any one to feel ashamed of having been betrayed into it.

Mr. Jacob having very satisfactorily shown that the Continent has no store of bread corn to supply any demands from England, enters into an elaborate statement of facts, ascertained from local inquiries, to prove that there is little probability of an *increased production* in the countries of the Continent. But the most curious part of Mr. Jacob's Report is his statement regarding the rapid advance of the population of Europe. The whole matter is so important and interesting, that our readers will not regret the space which we occupy by an unusually long extract :—

Although in every part of the Continent which I have visited, within the last nine or ten years, marks of improvement in cultivation, and of increase in production, may be traced, yet the progress cannot be easily or accurately defined. In some states, and in some

districts of states, the pace at which cultivation has advanced, is very striking; in others, and those the far larger portion, its pace has been languid, and in several is scarcely perceptible. The same observation may be extended to those objects which naturally mark an advancing state of prosperity; the houses, furniture, utensils, cattle, roads, fences, have all been in a state of improvement; but it is difficult to measure them by any determinate scale. Each observer will give them a colouring from his own temper or habit of mind, as it may be habitually or occasionally gloomy or cheerful. The practice of forming general views from too small a number of data, the commonest cause of erroneous opinions, will have an influence on every traveller, and that influence will often require the aid of subsequent observations, and some degree of resolution, to overcome the first hasty impressions.

With respect to the consumers of the productions of the soil, the case is at present materially different. It is a subject susceptible of the greatest accuracy; and almost all the governments of Europe have of late taken steps, of different degrees of effectiveness, to ascertain the growth of the population of their respective dominions. A brief survey of that increase bears sufficiently on the general question of the proportion between the production of food and the consumers of it, to warrant the introduction of the topic into this report.

The accounts of the population of Russia, which are the most to be relied upon, comprehend only a part, though the greatest part of the inhabitants of that extended empire. The Synod of the orthodox Greek Church are in the practice of publishing each year, the number of marriages, births, and deaths, in the year preceding. The last of these lists, for the year 1826, has just come to my hands, and a comparison of it with those of a preceding period, not going back beyond the time when the empire had attained to its present extended limits, will give a view of the rate of increase that has been going on:—Year 1820, 317,805 marriages—1,570,399 births—917,680 deaths—652,719 increase. Year 1826, 384,787 marriages—1,645,023 births—1,194,637 deaths—450,386 increase.

It is difficult to account for the lesser increase in 1826, than in 1820, unless it be attributed to the great difference in fertility between the respective years. The years 1819 and 1820 were highly productive in the east of Europe; that of 1825 rather less so; and that of 1826 was, in all the sandy districts, from the great drought which prevailed, very deficient.

To whatever cause the difference may be attributed, between the two years, it may be fair to take the average of those two years as the standard of annual increase. This will give us the excess of births over deaths, 551,552 souls. This comprehends only the increase in the greater religious sect over whom the Synod presides. When the whole population, in 1806, amounted to 41,252,000 persons, the excess of births over deaths, as published by the Synod, was 542,701. Since that year great additions have been made to the empire, but they have consisted of countries whose inhabitants did not profess the orthodox Greek religion, and are therefore not noticed in the annual reports of the Synod. Since that period, Finland, whose inhabitants

are Lutherans; Bialystock, where they are either Catholics or heterodox Greeks; Caucasus provinces, where the majority are Mahomedans and Jews; and Poland, where they are mostly Catholics and Jews, have been added to the empire. The proportion which those of the dissident sects bear to the orthodox church, has been commonly estimated as two to seven. At this rate, the annual increase of the population of Russia would appear to be at the rate of 697,758 persons. But as my design is merely to take a view of the increase of population in Europe, it is proper to exclude the inhabitants of the Asiatic provinces of Russia from this estimate. They are to those in the European provinces, according to the most recent documents that I have been able to inspect, in the proportion of two to eleven. Thus, from the annual increase of the whole empire, of 697,758 persons, must be subtracted 2-11ths, or 98,673; thus leaving for the yearly augmentation, by the excess of births over deaths in European Russia, 598,085. Taking this from the period of the general peace, in 1815, to the present time, at 600,000 for twelve years, being a few months short of the real time, we may, without fear of any material error, assume the population of European Russia to have increased about 7,000,000. I must here remark, that even in Russia, the increase seems to depend less on the increased number of births, than on the more extended length of human life. In the returns of the Synod, the deaths of persons above one hundred years old, appear to have been, in the year 1806, 293; 1810, 350; 1816, 689; 1820, 807; 1826, 1054.

The most extraordinary instance of increase in population, that is to be seen in any old settled country, or that has been even actually recorded in past periods, is that exhibited in the dominions of the King of Prussia. It would hardly be credible, without such clear accounts as allow no room for hesitation, when emanating from a government, whose systematic order, and whose accuracy in its statistical communications, is not equalled by any other in Europe. By the official papers it appears, that in the ten years from 1817 to 1827, the increase amounted to 1,849,561, at which rate the inhabitants would double themselves in little more than thirty-six years.

In the twelve years and a half which have passed since the conclusion of the peace, we may safely assume the increase to have been 2,300,000. The remarks of Mr. Hoffman, the chief of the Statistical Bureau in Berlin, show the manner in which the facts are collected, and the changes in the mode during the period under consideration. I am disposed to think the population has proceeded more rapidly than the means of employing and feeding it, notwithstanding the remark of Mr. Hoffman, "that the means of subsistence among the lower classes of the people have strikingly improved from year to year." This may be, and probably is accurate, as far as regards bread corn, by substituting wheat in the place of rye, or by their using rye bread instead of potatoes; but it does not seem to extend to a much larger consumption of animal food, or to the use of a greater number of horses in agriculture, or for other purposes. The account of those two kinds of live stock does not exhibit the same rate of increase as is shown in that of human beings. Thus, in ten years, whilst the increase of inhabitants from 1817 to 1826, has been at the rate of

twenty-five per cent., that of neat cattle of all kinds has been from 4,013,210 to 4,355,587, or at the rate of seven and a half per cent., during a period of the same duration, viz. from 1816 to 1825. In the same period the horses and colts have increased from 1,244,651 to 1,402,348, or at the rate of about twelve and a half per cent.

Population is certainly, at the present time, making more rapid advances in the northern kingdoms of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, than at any former period. I have no precise data respecting the increase in Sweden, beyond a short account extracted from the *Révue Encyclopédique* for March 1825, which shows that the excess of births above deaths in 1823 had been 42,205. I know that a general opinion is entertained, both in Sweden and Norway, that the increase is proceeding at too rapid a pace for either the employment that can be given, or the sustenance that is annually produced in those countries. The increase in Denmark Proper has been already noticed, and it may be incorrect to state the annual increase of those three countries at the same average. Whilst Denmark has increased at the rate of two per cent., Sweden and Norway may be estimated at two-thirds of that proportion. Assuming this estimate, the increase in Denmark being taken at 20,000, and that of Sweden and Norway at 40,000, for each year from the peace of 1815 to the end of 1827, the increase will have been 720,000. The other dominions of Denmark will be viewed as a part of Germany.

There is some difficulty in determining the increase of the population in the dominions of Austria, arising from the different periods when the number of inhabitants was ascertained in the several provinces. Thus, in the Archduchy of Austria, in the provinces on the Ens and the Steyermark, the census is dated from the year 1815; in Illyria, from 1818; in the Tyrol, from 1806; in Galicia and Moravia, from 1818; in Hungary, from 1794; in Siebenburgen, from 1794; in the military frontier, from 1815; in Temeswar, from 1814; and in the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy, from 1815. The aggregate number taken from these returns, as enumerated by Baron Lichtenstern, in his *Vollständiger Umriss der Statistik des Oesterreichischen Kaiserstaats*, published in 1820, amounted to 29,699,724 individuals. According to the several local returns, as published by the Geographical Board at Vienna, in 1822, edited by Colonel Fallon, and framed in the preceding year, the rate of the increase of population appears to be as follows:—

‘ In Hungary and Siebenburgen, 1 45-100ths annually.

‘ In Austria Proper, the Steyermark, and Siebenburgen, 2 35-100ths.

‘ Bohemia, Galicia, Illyria, and Moravia, 2 32-100ths.

‘ Dalmatia, Tyrol, and Venetian Lombardy, 2 12-100ths.

‘ This statement would give as a result, an increase, in 12 years, on the population of 1815, calculated at 27,000,000, of more than 27 per cent., or in round numbers near 7,000,000. Extraordinary as this vast increase appears, it still does not exceed that proved to have taken place in Prussia by the accurate accounts of that country. It is confirmed by the only authorities I have been able to consult: thus Blumenbach, from the returns of 1815 and 1817, calculates the

number of inhabitants in the latter year at 28,112,868; Lichtenstern, in his *Handbuch der Neuesten Geographie des Kaiserthums*, by a different mode, in the same year makes them to be 27,857,530 : 255,338 less. The latter, in 1820, states them at 29,699,721. Colonel Fallon, in 1822, shows the whole number of inhabitants to have been in the preceding year 33,006,849. Thus these different authorities agree up to the year 1821 in a rate of increase, which, if continued to 1828, would make that increase to be more than 7,000,000.

Those parts of Germany which are comprehended in neither the Austrian empire nor the Prussian kingdom, contained, at the time of the Congress of Vienna, a population of 13,600,000. I have been able to procure from Hanover alone the exact returns for a series of years from each province, and they show an increase in ten years at the rate of 12 per cent., or somewhat more than 14 per cent. in the 12 years since the peace. By an official account from the kingdom of Bavaria, it appears that the population in 1818 consisted of 789,191 families, which, multiplied by four and a half, gave the number of individuals 3,552,359. As this result is not in its nature very accurate, it is only of use as showing the possible truth of two subsequent official statements. In 1821, the inhabitants were found to be 3,743,330, and in 1826 to be 4,301,004. I have also an official account from the Grand Duchy of Baden, which gives the population in 1822 as 1,090,910 persons, and in 1826, as 1,145,357, showing an increase at the rate of 1/48-100th annually. Whilst I give credit to the account from Baden, I must suspend my belief in that from Bavaria, until I see more clearly the way in which the data are collected. I have no accounts from Saxony, from Wurtemberg, from Hesse Casel, from Hesse Darmstadt, from Nassau, or the smaller sovereignties. From the best books describing each of these states, and from conversation with several of the professors and other intelligent men who have devoted their attention to such subjects, I am induced to rate the increase of population much below that of Austria and of Prussia, and nearer that of Baden : taking it at the rate of 17½ per cent. in the twelve years since the peace, the increase in the portions of Germany under consideration may be assumed at 2,400,000 at the present time.

Switzerland utters more complaints of over-population than are to be heard in any other parts of Europe. Though the emigrations from thence are more numerous than from most of the other divisions of the old continent, yet they are not found to prevent the population from pressing with increased force against the means of subsistence. By census taken in 1821, the inhabitants were found to be 1,783,231, and in 1827 they were 2,037,030, thus showing an increase in six years of 253,799. The whole augmentation during the twelve years of peace may therefore be safely estimated at 500,000.

The kingdom of the Netherlands furnishes the most correct and most detailed account of the state of its population of any country in Europe. A census is taken every five years, and at the end of each intermediate year the births are added, and the deaths subtracted, which is adjusted by the enumerations of the fifth years. One process serves to verify the other ; and it is seen, by their very near approxi-

mation, that only insignificant errors are made in either. By an account printed for the information of the legislature, it is seen, that the population, which 1st January, 1815, was 5,424,502, had advanced on the 1st January, 1825, to 6,013,478, and adding, for the three years to the 1st January, 1828, at the same rate, the increase since the peace is shown to be 760,000.

‘ The state of the population of France, according to the statement of Baron Charles Dupin, in his recent work entitled *Forces Productives et Commerciales de la France*, shows that the increase in that kingdom has been slower than in the other parts of Europe which he has noticed. Giving to his statement the full credence to which it is entitled, that France contained 31,000,000 of inhabitants, who increase annually at the rate of 6536 for each million, it would show an annual augmentation of 200,000, or, in the twelve years since the peace, of 2,400,000 persons.

‘ The population of Great Britain, from data afforded by the three decennial enumerations of 1801, 1811, and 1821, may be safely taken to have increased at the rate of 200,000 in each year from 1815 to 1827, or, in the period since the peace, to the amount of 2,400,000. In 1821, the population of Ireland amounted to 6,600,000, according to the enumeration made by Government. The reports which have been circulated represent the increase to be unusually rapid; it is difficult to know what degree of credit they are entitled to receive. We cannot, however, very greatly err, in estimating that increase to be equal to the proportion which has been ascertained in Great Britain, the one island in 1821 containing 14,391,631 inhabitants, and the other 6,801,827. We may thus assume the increase of the United Kingdom, since the year 1815, to be 3,500,000.

‘ The estimate of the increase of inhabitants in northern Italy, is comprehended in that of the dominions of Austria, as far as the territories of that empire extend in it. In the dominions of the King of Naples I take for my guide Baron Charles Dupin, having at hand no Italian documents of equal authority on that subject. According to the official statements of 1817, the whole population at that period amounted to 6,828,556. Dupin gives for the annual rate of increase 11,111 for each million, which would thus amount to 75,850 yearly, or, for the twelve years since 1815, to 900,000.

‘ The middle of Italy, comprehending Sardinia, the Papedom, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, Lucca, and the islands, contained in 1817, 8,859,000 inhabitants. If the rate of increase in those states has corresponded with that of Naples, and there can be no reason to deem it slower, they must have received an augmentation of 1,200,000.

‘ I have no recent work on Spain relating to the state of its population, nor indeed any later than that of Ancillon, published in 1809, up to which time the population is shown by that writer to have been increasing. I remember, during the existence of the constitution, in the debates, as reported in *El Diario de las Cortes*, that vague allusions were made to the rapid increase in numbers of the people. It is not possible to regard reports which may have been mere oratorical and temporary assumptions of the individuals who uttered them. It is not, however, improbable, that some increase has

been going on in spite of the internal disastrous occurrences in that country. In Portugal, according to Balbi, in his *Essai Statistique sur le Royaume de Portugal et d'Algarve*, published in 1822, a progress appears up to that period. The lists are certainly very imperfect. It appears, that in the years 1815, 16, 17, 18, and 19, the excess of births above deaths, and the proportion of both to the whole number of the people, is such as to show a great but uncertain rate of increase.

‘We know nothing of the population of Turkey; and though its European territory is commonly stated to contain 7,000,000 of inhabitants, no proof of the accuracy of that statement has come under my observation. I do not, however, deem it any improbable estimation, considering what we do know of Portugal, and that these three countries contained 20,000,000 of inhabitants, to presume that they have, in fifteen years, increased five per cent., or 1,000,000.

‘From the statement here exhibited, it appears that the inhabitants of Europe have, within the period that has elapsed since the general peace, been augmented by the number of 25,000,000 or 29,000,000. Thus, there have been added to the previous consumers of the products of the soil, at least double the number of persons that were existing in the island of Great Britain in the year 1821. It hence deserves the most serious scrutiny to ascertain, if, within the term under consideration, the whole soil of Europe has received such an augmentation of productive force, as to enable it to supply double the quantity of food which Great Britain afforded in the year 1821. If it should appear on further investigation, that whilst the consumers have been rapidly increasing, the reserved store of food has been lessened, and is likely to be kept lower than at former periods, and to be but barely sufficient, with seasons of average productiveness, to support the whole of the inhabitants, it will be impossible not to feel some degree of anxiety for the fate of the lower classes in every country, who always become the victims of scarcity long before those of the higher classes know anything of such scarcity, except by an advance in the price of bread. To them corn is the most insignificant article of their expenditure, whilst to the poor it amounts to much the largest portion of the cost of their existence: If the occurrence of a year of productiveness below the average should present itself, with the present diminished stock of corn, or if the next harvest should be delayed beyond the usual time, the sufferings of the more indigent classes will be attended with a degree of intensity, which no friend to humanity can view in anticipation without feeling a deep interest.”

We apprehend there can be little doubt in the minds of all those who have considered with attention the facts which have been collected as to the real state of agriculture in Europe, that our vacillating legislation, on the subject of the Corn Trade, has put us in a condition to derive little assistance from the continent at a season of scarcity. In most of the countries of the Baltic wheat is grown, not for the food of the inhabitants, but for a foreign market. For almost the last five years, the speculation of cultivating wheat for the supply of England has been ruinous to the proprietors of the soil, and the lands are now principally devoted to other crops. Should our corn laws

be put, as there is now some hope, upon a permanent footing, which will not operate to the exclusion of a foreign supply, the countries of the north will gradually apply their capital once more to the cultivation of wheat; but the process will naturally be a very slow one. In the mean time, one season of deficient produce at home would not only plunge the working classes of England in particular into great temporary distress, but, what is a more serious evil, would press the English labourers upon a lower medium of subsistence as a permanent habit. Heaven avert from us the increasing culture of the potatoe, as the principal food of the labouring population; for with it comes increasing numbers and decreasing comforts, and consequent loss of moral respectability. Mr. Jacob's observation confirms this truth in its fullest extent, if Ireland were not constantly before us for a fatal example. The following passage from the Second Report bears with great clearness upon this important point:—

‘The increase of inhabitants to be subsisted, as shown in the table, is not a matter of estimate, but of simple numeration, in which no error of importance can be made. If this increase should continue at the same rate, which there seems no reason to doubt, and if the consumption of wheat keeps an equal pace with it; which there is every reason to expect, we must very speedily reach a point where the supply will fall short of the demand, without taking into consideration those years which must be expected to occur, in which our harvests may prove more or less deficient. The cultivation of potatoes is looked to as a useful remedy, to protract the consumption of scanty harvests of corn; but that kind of sustenance when adopted, not as a remedy against an occasional evil, but as the principal instrument for the subsistence of a country, seems to be calculated rather to increase the number of its consumers, than to increase the supply of a better kind of food.

‘In the countries of Europe where the greatest proportions of those who have no property but the daily labour of their hands upon which to subsist are to be found, we find also the most rapid increase in the number of the inhabitants. In Prussia, in Denmark, in Russia, and the other parts of the continent, which are obviously the poorest, as well as in Ireland, the increase of inhabitants, living chiefly on potatoes, has been so much greater than the increase of capital to afford them employment, that when an unfavourable season for their chief sustenance occurs, the extent of want and suffering is enlarged in a most alarming degree—in a degree felt with a most oppressive weight during the period between the uselessness of the old and the ripening of the new crop.’

With the prospect, therefore, of a deficient supply overtaking us sooner or later, what are the remedies which are within the reach of a wise foresight? The event may happen even before the close of the present year; but if we wait for the infliction, instead of being prepared to meet it, the disease may become chronic and beyond cure, instead of being an acute visitation that may pass away under successful treatment.

The first duty which naturally presents itself is the improvement of our local resources. There are still many waste lands that may be successfully cultivated; and the fisheries are strangely neglected by a

country which possesses a population in want of the means of employment. Before we can attempt to legislate against the claims of unmarried labourers upon the poor-rate, we should be prepared to offer to those really valuable members of the community such employ as may put them above absolute want. In East Friesland, that common land which approaches to the worst quality is made use of, by settling thereon numbers of poor, who farm what is locally termed a colony. The same system prevails in the duchy of Oldenburg. Mr. Jacob says, 'This mode of disposing of that portion of the population which, when capital is scanty, can obtain no employment, seems both humane and beneficial, and appears to be extensively spreading over those countries in every part of the continent, where necessity has first caused its adoption.' For England, the introduction of such a plan, in connection with the application of capital to the extension of the fisheries, appears to us highly preferable to emigration; and there would be no great practical difficulty in arranging a system by which parishes might mortgage a portion of their rates to establish the necessary buildings and implements for the colonization of waste lands, and the increased production of food from the sea, and thus relieve themselves of the unemployed population, who are not only supported out of the parochial funds themselves, but who perpetuate the evil system of paying the labourer, partly by his employer and partly by the parish. Emigration appears to us unsuited to the English character. Our people have neither the stern determination of the Scotch, which can resolve to abandon the dearest associations of the heart, upon a fearless principle of enduring fortitude; nor the buoyant spirit of the Irish, which bends before the storm, and destroys the weight of the severest inflictions by its unreflecting indifference. The English are more than all nations the creatures of habit; and expatriation to them is, in most cases, the greatest of miseries. Whether a domestic colonization would materially alleviate the evils of an unemployed population, pressing upon decreased means of subsistence, is a problem to be solved. Of this we are certain—that population would not so largely increase whilst the accustomed comforts of the English labourers are preserved to them, as it would were they degraded to a lower sort of food, and a consequently lower scale of respectability.

The same experiment of giving labour to the unemployed poor of Ireland will naturally be extended when capital can be securely employed in that unhappy country. That fertile soil offers abundance to an infinitely greater population than is at present supported upon it. But before any extensive plan of local improvement can there be adopted, it appears to us absolutely necessary to encourage emigration to a very considerable extent. The creation of new funds for labour in Ireland that might be permanent would be insufficient to absorb the unemployed population. The people must be lifted up in the scale of comfort before Ireland can approach to a healthy state; and this cannot be till the demand for labour and its supply are more equally proportioned. The removal of a hundred thousand of the peasantry to Canada would be felt as a relief. The remainder would begin to breathe; and if no sources of employ at home were opened, sufficiency, to a certain degree, might become the altered lot of a famishing population. We

repeat, that the evil has become too great to work its own cure; it is difficult to diminish numbers even by starvation,—life is not easily put out under the direst circumstances of affliction.

In considering the question of emigration, the majority of reasoners are apt to bring their exclusive preferences of one system or the other,—emigration or increased employment at home,—into competition. Thus, in a sensible book before us, 'Emigration Practically Considered, by A. C. Buchanan, Esq.' we find this passage:—

'In discussing the subject of emigration, there are some persons who seem to think that the labouring pauper may be employed to equal advantage at home, in draining bogs, or other public works that might be undertaken, and with no greater outlay of capital than is proposed by the Report of the Emigration Committee. But let any person who is at all capable of judging, reflect for a moment on the difference to the paupers themselves. So long as public works are going on, and money is expended at home, the labourer employed will find work and food; but at the expiration of seven years will you find him and his wretched family raised in the scale of civilization and comfort? No, on the contrary, he would, in all probability, be found just as he was before, inhabiting the same miserable hovel, and with his physical strength naturally impaired by seven years' hard toil merely for a scanty support. But visit the pauper emigrant (and family) removed to our North American colonies, with the assistance of the proposed loan, in his new abode after seven years, and how will you find *him*? He will not only have made considerable advances towards repaying the outlay on his settlement, but you will find him the proprietor of one hundred or eighty acres of good land; twenty or twenty-five acres of which will be cleared and under culture, with a good log-house, barn, cows, oxen, &c., and the certain prospect of independence in view for his family. Is not this a cheering prospect for the poor half-starved labourer? No person, unless he has lived in the colonies, can imagine the change that generally takes place, even as to the industrious habits of those who were indolent at home.'

This may be exceedingly true as to the improved condition of the emigrant, but it is not, therefore, true that emigration is to supersede the application of capital to new modes of employing labour at home. It is that the remaining population may be in a condition to profit by the undertaking of new works, in their own country, that we would encourage a limited emigration, which is, in our view, a means and not an end. Mr. Buchanan is an intelligent and sensible man, who has, all his life, been looking to the improvement of Canada by the encouragement of settlers; and it is natural that he should consider that system the best which has occupied, and so usefully, the greater part of his thoughts and his time. We are glad to find, from his practical acquaintance with the subject, that the cost of freeing Ireland from a starving family is not so enormous as might have been contemplated. A million thus expended would relieve the United Kingdom from the indigence of one hundred thousand of her most miserable families, and convey them to a land where their industry would procure abundance:—

'As various opinions have been submitted as to the sum necessary

to establish a pauper family in the Canadas, I feel myself warranted in stating that, under the presumption of repayment, full justice may be done both to the country and the emigrant, by limiting the disbursement much within that hitherto assumed; and I had the honour of giving it as my opinion before the Emigrant Committee, that 60*l.* would be a satisfactory outlay for the removal of a family consisting of a man, his wife, and three children, from the United Kingdom to British North America, providing them with necessary implements, log-house, and fifteen months' provisions. It is necessary to observe that this refers to a convenient situation; but from more careful investigation, as I do not think the expense of superintendence, surveying the land, &c., should be charged the emigrant, as he will have to purchase his farm,—and further, as he must be provided with items formerly included,—and by the removal of expensive clauses in the Passenger Acts,—I am satisfied that about 45*l.* will be sufficient."

We should be glad to see the experiment of emigration, of domestic colonization, and of the fisheries, tried upon a large scale in Ireland, if the government were even to bestow upon such an object the expense of a campaign. That expense might be the truest economy. But till the surplus unemployed population are drained from her surface, where, like stagnant pools, they spread pestilence on every side, it would be madness to introduce a system of poor laws. There is no limit to the demand upon the poor laws but that created by the improved moral condition of the working population; and education can make no progress amongst a people without employment. The self-respect produced by knowledge is the only barrier to such an extension of claimants upon parochial funds as would, in time, swallow up all the rent of the country. Those who educate the people, and thus keep alive in them that taste for comforts, which is produced by an honest conviction of their real points of equality with those who are in a more elevated condition, provide the only effectual barrier against the pressure of the great bulk of mankind upon all the property of the world. Inferior wages of labour, the habitual use of lower means of subsistence, the destruction of all personal comforts, the introduction of a wandering disposition, generated by the perpetual irritation of absolute want—these are the things that make all property insecure, and multiply their peculiar evils by diverting capital into safer channels. And what is this but one among the many proofs that the happiness of one class of society can never be severed from the happiness of another! To the statesman who is really anxious for the improvement of Ireland, and the consequent safety and welfare of the whole empire, there must be ever in his mind a strong conviction that the condition of her people can never be raised but by such an improvement of their physical condition as would leave leisure for the development of their reasoning faculties. To all who legislate for Ireland there is one prayer to be addressed, whose performance would comprise all that can be asked to free the land from its curses, and to give happiness to her long-suffering people—that prayer is

I pray thee, moralize them.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

No. II.—SIR EUSTACE, THE GASCON.

I soon found it to be perfectly true, that Mr. St. John could give me every sort of information concerning the worthy persons whose portraits hung in the family-gallery at Arlescot. He had, on his first coming thither, conceived a fancy for the subject, as I had now done, and he pursued its cultivation with a perseverance and application, such as I have never possessed. He studied county histories, and decyphered tombstones, and collected traditions, till he really was in a state to write, as Sir Edward had hinted, a “*Memorie of the Meynells,*” from the days of the founder of the family, even to Sir Edward himself. But this he had not done, nor did he intend to do it. It was not as a genealogist, or even as an antiquary, at least in its ordinary sense, that he had devoted himself to this study. He did not care for the tree of descent, or for the difference between the coats of mail worn at Poitiers, and at Flodden. His was a moral antiquarianism; he delighted in tracing the *mœurs* of past times, as produced by the state of feeling at the period, as acted upon by the government, the religion, and the general mode of thinking, of the age. It was natural, therefore, that he should have given his attention in very different degrees, to different members of the family. Of some, he had little more than the mere birth, marriage, and death—while of others the biography was elaborately wrought out.

One of his chief favourites was Sir Eustace de Mont Ménil, the first founder of the family in England, by intermarriage with the heiress of the owner of Arlescot. This knight was a Gascon by birth, and had come into this country in the suite of the Black Prince. He appeared to have been a scholar as well as a soldier; for St. John had discovered some old manuscripts of his, descriptive of several of his campaigns, and here and there including some notices of his private history. These were written in old, but not inelegant, French; and displayed considerable vivacity of manner, as well as shrewdness of observation. My friend had, at first, considered these contemporary records of the times that were, so precious, that he set to work to translate them, as forming in themselves a biography of Sir Eustace. But upon further consideration, he determined, in order to avoid the lengthiness and repetitions of Sir Eustace’s style, only to give extracts from his manuscripts, joining them together by links of his own. The following is what I received from him on the subject of the Gascon knight.

“I remember me well,” (the narrative began with an extract from Sir Eustace’s papers), “I remember me well when I was a boy below fourteen years of age, the return of the Prince of Wales, with his army to Bordeaux; after the battle of Poitiers. It is known—albeit the English are wont to make less mention of the same than they might, and in justice ought—it is known that the knights of Guienne and Gascony, in that power, outnumbered far the Englishmen; and

among these was a brother of my mother's, Sir Guy de Malestroyt. Sir Guy alighted at our house, bringing with him two prisoners of high degree, and great store of spoils in jewels and gold. He had with him, as his squire, his son, my cousin, who was little more than sixteen years old,—yet, who had shared largely both in the glory of the fight, and the spoils of the victory. I remember how my young heart swelled with envy, as he treated me as a child—and affected to talk of the deeds which he had witnessed through the campaign, as of things which were nearly, if not altogether, beyond my comprehension. He was little more than two years older than myself—and that he should have been mingling in the most glorious deeds of arms that the world had ever seen, while I remained mewed at home, in the house of a widowed mother, was indeed most bitter to my mind.

“The thirst of distinction in arms, more than ever took possession of my soul. I thought only of the knights whose fame was now on all men's tongues, and whose acts I heard my uncle and his son relate. The great Prince of Wales, and Sir John Chandos, and Lord James Audley—to these brave lords I looked up as to something almost super-human, and I burned to fight under their banner. In especial, I admired Sir John Chandos; for it was in his bataille that Sir Guy had fought at Poitiers; and, therefore, I heard more of his deeds than of those of all others. My uncle narrated to me, how on the day of truce, which was on the Sunday before the battle, Sir John had ridden forth, coasting the French host, and how he had met the Lord of Cleremont, who had come out, on his part, to review the Englishmen. And the two knights had the same device—our Blessed Lady on a field azure, or, encompassed with the rays of the sun, argent. And the two knights quarrelled as to which the device did, of truth, belong to. And they would have fought incontinent, an it had not been for the truce that was between the hosts. And each challenged the other to make good, the next day, in the battle, his right to this device. And the next day, the Lord John of Cleremont, when others of his party fled, fought under his banner till he was beaten down, and would in no wise be taken to ransom—because, as many thought, of the words which he and Sir John Chandos had spoken the day before.

“These, and other such tales, did my uncle and my cousin tell to me. And I was used to see Sir John Chandos in the streets of Bordeaux; a man of lofty stature he was, and of strong members, and of noble bearing; and he looked like a gallant knight, and a stalwrat man-at-arms, as he was. His battle-axe was such as few, save he, could wield: many a stout fellow have I seen done to death by it in after times!

“Thus first uprose my reverence for Sir John; and, in the matter of which I am now about to speak, it bore fruit in deeds. In the year of God one thousand three hundred threescore and four—after the great peace between France and England had made idle all the good knights and squires of both countries, who longed to advance themselves by deeds of arms, the quarrel touching the Duchy of

Bretagne came to be decided. And, although it had been agreed upon between king John and king Edward, that they should not render aid to either Charles of Blois or John de Mountfort, yet it was held to be lawful that the private knights of France and England might engage with either party, as to them should seem best. And Sir Bertrand du Guesclin took part with Charles of Blois, and many knights of France and Brittany, who loved Sir Bertrand, and held his fame as a man of leading in great esteem, joined also with the Lord Charles of Blois; so that he gathered together a mighty host. And Sir John Chandos, whose name was then second to none, for bravery or for counsel, save, perhaps, alone his great master, the Prince of Wales, joined himself unto John of Mountfort; and, in like manner as the knights of France had flocked to join Du Guesclin, so did those of England crowd still more largely to Chandos. There were Sir Robert Knolles, and Sir Walter Hewett, and Sir Hugh Calverley, and Sir Richard Burley, and many others of great name and leading.

“And Sir John Chandos, when the Count de Mountfort did first earnestly entreat him to join him, was lying at Bordeaux, being as then Constable of Aquitaine, under his lord the Prince of Wales and Aquitaine. And he desired the knights and squires of the country to go with him, but not many would go; whether it were from jealousy of the Englishmen or not, I know not, but so it was, that few went. But of those few I was one. I had never forgotten the great love and admiration I had had of Chandos while I was yet a boy; and, though I had served in the slight warfare which there was between the battle of Poitiers and the great peace, yet had I never yet been in the same host with him. And the fewer Gascons there were, the more courteous was Sir John to those who did take service with him; and he put us under his own banner and near to his person.

“A great host there was on both sides, which met in the plain near Auray, to decide this quarrel of Brittany, which had lasted so long, and had seen such various fortune. On the side of Charles of Blois, there were, besides Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, great numbers of the barony and knighthood of France, the Count of Auxerre, the Count of Joye, the Lord of Franvill, the Bêgue de Villaines, and many other of the most renowned men of arms of France. And there were also divers of the barons and knights of Brittany, whom it were tedious to name. And with John de Mountfort also there were many noble gentlemen of Brittany—in especial, Sir Oliver de Clisson, who already promised to be a noble soldier. And, as I have before said, the flower of English chivalry was with him also.

“And it was rumoured in the camp, that Charles of Blois was full of sweetness and courtesy, and would, peradventure, have gladly condescended to a peace, and have been content with a part of the duchy of Bretagne,—but his wife, through whom came his right, would in no wise hearken to this, but at parting had said to him, in presence of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, and many of the lords of Brittany—‘Sir, ye are going to defend my heritage, and your’s—for that which is mine is your’s—the which the Lord Mountfort taketh

from us wrongfully and without cause, as God knoweth. And all the lords of Brittany here present know right well that I am right inheritor. Therefore, Sir, I require you heartily that you make no manner of ordinance, nor composition of agreement, or peace, with the Count de Mountfort, but that the whole body of the duchy may remain with us.' And it was said, that her husband gave to her his faith that he would do even according to her words.

"And the English and Bretons on the side of De Mountfort, who had been besieging the castle of Auray, drew up their host in order of battle, to wait their enemies. And as the Frenchmen came on, they were drawn up in three batailles,* with a rear-guard. And, as they advanced, they were so thick together, that if you had thrown an apple among them, it must have lighted on a basnet, or a spear-point. And when Sir John Chandos (who was chief captain for the Count de Mountfort) saw them, he greatly praised the skill with which the Frenchmen were ordered, and said, that it well appeared that the flower of honour and chivalry was in that company. And when he had well considered them, he also made three batailles and a rear-guard; he gave the first to Sir Robert Knolles, Sir Walter Hewett, and others; the second to Sir Oliver de Clisson, Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt, and Sir Matthew Gurney; at the head of the third were the Count de Mountfort and himself; and Sir Hugh Calverley had the rear-guard.

"Thus lay the two armies, in the fair plain of Auray in Brittany—on the Saturday, the 8th day of October, in the year of our Lord M.iii.C.lxiii. It was the first time I had ever seen such mighty hosts, led by men of such renown as Chandos and Du Guesclin. Greatly did it delight me to look upon the hosts. There were banners and pennons waving in the wind, and the harness of the knights was more richly apparelled than it had ever yet fallen to my lot to see. There was a kind of truce for the day; and great fear had I that they would come to a peace, and not fight with one another. The lord of Beaumanoir, one of the greatest barons of Brittany, who was a sworn prisoner to the Englishmen, and so rode unarmed, came and went divers times between the camps, striving to get them to come to peace. But he only achieved the truce of which I have spoken for that day and night, till sun-rising on the next day. For Sir John Chandos was determined that the great quarrel of Brittany should now be decided at last; that there should be no division of the duchy, to give rise to fresh turmoils, but that the fight there to be fought should make or mar the one for ever. And thus when the lord Beaumanoir appealed to him to accord these two parties, he said 'No; tell the lord Charles of Blois, that Sir John de Mountfort will have battle; that he will this day be the Duke of Bretagne, or else die in this place;' and the like did he tell to De Mountfort, as coming from Charles of Blois.

"Therefore, on the Sunday, in the morning, every man in the host apparelled himself; and there were masses said in each host, and such were houseled as chose. And, just before sun-rising, every man drew into his own bataille in good order. And I was under the banner of Sir John Chandos, I resolved to keep me as near to him as it was

* i. e. Corps-de-bataille—divisions.

possible. As the two hosts approached each other, it was a glorious sight to behold: every man-at-arms bore his spear, cut of five foot of length, right before him, and had a short axe hanging by his side. And the battaile of the lord Charles and of the lord John were set right against each other. And, at the first encounter, the shock was great, and there arose a sore battle. And I ever kept nigh to Sir John Chandos, and marvelled much at the noble feats of arms that he did. He advised and counselled the Count de Mountfort in every thing, comforted him and his men, and marshalled all their movements. And yet he fought with an axe that he held in his hands, as though he had been a common man-at-arms, and had nought to think of save to cleave down his enemies: and he gave such strokes that none durst approach him, for he was a great and mighty knight, and fierce and powerful in battle.

“And after fighting for some time, the battaile of the count of Auxerre, against which we fought, was clean broken and routed: and so sorely was it discomfited that all the banners and pennons were beaten down to the earth, and the lords were put to flight in great danger, and received no help or comfort from any side. And though they cried their cries of war, yet scarcely any drew to them; for of some the men were too far distant to hear, and of others they were so in the press that each man had enough to do to defend himself.

“And when this battaile was thoroughly routed and broken up, Sir John Chandos addressed himself against that of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, which, as yet, had done great feats of arms. But that also could not stand before the attack of our body: it opened—and many noble knights and brave squires were brought to great mischief—and their helmets and heads were cloven in sunder by the strokes of the heavy axes of our men. And we all pressed forward to seize Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, and the banner of Chandos had the glory of the deed, for Sir Bertrand yielded himself to a squire of England who fought under it. And Sir John took with his own hand a right hardy lord of Brittany, the lord of Raix. And the whole battaile fled before us, each man that had a horse apparelled, mounting him and fleeing straight away. But a few good knights and squires of Brittany would not leave Sir Charles of Blois, by whom they had sworn to abide, but held by him to the last; and he would not, in any wise, leave the field, but had rather die than depart with reproach. And those who had gathered round the lord Charles of Blois held together for a long space, defending themselves against great numbers. And the English all gathered against this knot of men, where the banner of Blois was still seen flying. They struggled and fought most bravely, but it was in vain. After a space, their rank was broken, the banner was torn down, its bearer slain,—and when we searched eagerly to secure the prize of capturing Charles de Blois, we at last found him lying among the slain, with his face toward the foe.

“This victory was most triumphant and complete. It placed John de Mountfort at once in possession of the Duchy of Brittany, and extinguished, at one blow, the pretensions of the family of Blois. And, as the same sun which cherishes the growth of the forest-tree rears also the humble plant, so did this battle fix my fortunes also.

In fulfilling my resolve to keep near to Sir John Chandos, I had, of course, been considerably engaged in the enterprises which he himself encountered. He had occasionally given me a few words of encouragement and praise in the thick of the fight, and, at its conclusion, I found he had not forgotten me. For, sending for me to his tent, he spoke of my poor services in a manner which drove the blood to my cheeks; he offered to place me immediately about his person, if I chose to take service with him; 'You were,' he said, 'too brave and stout a comrade to-day, for me to be willing to part from you.' And thus began my connection with the noble Chandos."

I have thought it right (continues the manuscript of Mr. St. John,) to give, in Sir Eustace's own words, the origin of that connection which afterwards led him to such distinction, and which finally placed him where he became the founder of the English race of the Meynells. I have purposely, though I hope not affectedly, used rather antiquated diction in my translation from Sir Eustace's narrative; for to render French of Edward III.'s time into English of the present day, would in no degree whatever convey the spirit of the original. Sir Eustace's memorials of the Spanish war are very ample. He was, throughout, the immediate adherent of Chandos, and carried his standard at the battle of Najara, where Du Guesclin's star was a second time pale before the destiny of the great Englishman. But it would be trespassing too much upon the province of history, if I were to follow Sir Eustace through his campaigns. With the modesty of true courage, he speaks rarely and slightly of himself; and it is not of public matters, save where they are connected with the fortunes of the Meynells, that it is my purpose, in this series of sketches, to treat. I cannot, however, wholly pass over his account of the death of his great master, Lord Chandos. It took place, as is well known, in a skirmish in Poitou, after the renewal of hostilities between England and France, under Charles V. Sir Eustace was an eye-witness of the event, and indeed bore a very principal part in the conflict:—

"After having found that the Frenchmen in St. Salvyn were on the alert, we rode back to Chavigny. And here Sir John Chandos alighted from his horse, and went into a house, and caused a good fire to be made. And, as he stood before the fire, he mused much, and was exceeding moody that we should have failed of our purpose. And he dismissed the Poitevins who were with us, and some Englishmen, to the amount of 200 spears. And presently afterward, Sir Thomas Percy, who was seneschal of Rochelle, having asked permission of Sir John, rode away with his company, consisting of some thirty spears, to seek, as he said, for some adventure. But Lord Chandos abode behind in a deep study, and all that we could do to cheer him was of no avail. And, as it grew near day, and he was about to lay him down to sleep, a man came into the house, who said that the French were abroad; he had left St. Salvyn with them, he told us, and they had gone for Poitiers. 'Well,' quoth Sir John, 'I care not: I have no list to ride forth this night, and they may happen to be encountered with though I be not there.' We were all much surprised at these words, but we saw that Sir John was in a melancholy mood, and therefore, though we marvelled, we said nothing. And

after he had again stood for some space in a deep study, as though he was advising with himself as to what it was meet for him to do, he exclaimed, 'Sirs, notwithstanding what I have said, I trow it will be good for me to ride forth: I must return to Poitiers, and anon it will be day.' We were all rejoiced at this, and made us ready incontinently.

"And we mounted upon our horses, and took the road for Poitiers, along the banks of the Cruse; and presently we heard the Frenchmen's horses neigh and cry, and this shewed to us that they were before us: as we afterwards learned, the company of Sir Thomas Percy was but small way before them, and this made their horses cry. And, after riding some space, it became day; and, when we drew near to the bridge of Lusac we saw the Frenchmen all on foot, and arranged to attack the company of Sir Thomas Percy, which was on the other side of the bridge, and was but a handful of men as compared with the French. And when the pages of the Frenchmen, who were apart holding their masters' horses, saw us approach, they were afraid, and ran clean away, taking the horses with them. And when we drew near to the company of French and Bretons, Lord Chandos cried to them, 'Sir Louis and Carnet,' for the French were led by Sir Louis de St. Julian, and the Bretons by Carnet le Breton, the same who had taken St. Salvyn,—'it has been told me often that ye have greatly desired to find me, as I, for more than a year and a half, have set my whole intent to encounter with you—now ye may see here; I am John Chandos; advise me well; ye ride at your pleasure in Poitou, whereof I am seneschal, ye ransom poor folk without my leave, as though all the country were your's:—but now, by God's leave, we shall prove that it is not so.'

"As he spake these words, a Breton of the opposite company, enraged at Sir John's discourse, suddenly drew his sword, and falling upon an English squire that was anear him, struck him upon the breast, and threw him from his horse. When Lord Chandos saw this, he became sore chafed, and cried out to us, 'Sirs, how suffer ye this, that this squire should be thus slain? Afoot! Afoot!' and he leaped from his horse, as did we all, and the squire was rescued.

"I shall never forget how the noble Sir John Chandos advanced to the fight that day—the last in which he ever struck stroke! Truly he was a knight of a noble presence—and right knightly did he look then, with his banner before, and his good company around him—and his coat of arms of white, reaching almost to the ground—and his glaive in his hand—and his eyes flashing fire, as, before us all, he marched fiercely upon the enemy. Alas! his ardour was over great—his assault was too fierce and rapid! A great dew had fallen that morning, (it was the first day of January) and so the ground was moist and slippery; and thus, as Sir John rushed to close with the enemy, his foot slid, and he fell, just as he joined with them. Now Sir John wore that day no visor—and he was blind of the one eye, having lost the sight thereof when hunting, five years before, in the Landes of Bordeaux. Thus, as he was uprising from the ground, he saw not a squire of France, called Jacques de St. Martin, who stood on his blind side, and who struck at him as he rose, and drove his

sword into the flesh under the eye, between the nose and the forehead—and the stroke passed through, and entered into his brain! Oh God! what sorrow and despair overcame the hearts of all of us, as we saw the noble, the brave, the great Chandos, sink backwards upon the earth, under the stroke, and writhe and groan with pain! He spake no word—but there lay; and we saw plainly that he had his death-stroke. And then the Frenchmen rushed forward to seize him, for they fain would have had our great leader—but no!—while one of us still breathed and stood, that could never be! Sir Edward Clifford, uncle to the lord Chandos, bestrode his body, and most valiantly did he beat back the Frenchmen from his precious charge. And, as they came on again, I espied the squire Jacques de St. Martin, who had done this fatal deed—and I ran to him, and smote him with all my strength, and with that stroke I clove through both his thighs.

“The Frenchmen over-numbered us much—for Sir Thomas Percy knew nought of our adventure:—the bridge was so high in the midst that he could not see what was done on our side, and, finding the Frenchmen did not attack him, he passed on his way towards Poitiers. And still we fought, till we were almost overborne. Many were slain, and several made prisoners; but still Sir Edward Clifford bestrode his nephew’s body—and those of us who remained, fought around him; and we still kept guard over Chandos as he lay. But if the Frenchmen had had their horses to take away their prisoners, needs must have been that we should be discomfited; but the pages had been frightened, and had run away with their horses, at our first approach. And, as they wist not what to do, a large company of English were seen to advance, commanded by Sir Louis Harcourt, and divers other noble gentlemen. And the French and Bretons seeing them come, yielded themselves prisoners to us—they having rather, they said, be prisoners to those they had fought withal than to the new comers.

“And when the troop came up, great was the wail for Sir John Chandos, who lay there sore hurt, and could not speak. But what was the sorrow of these knights, who knew the great Chandos only as a gallant leader, to mine!—I, who had been ever at his right hand for so many years—and had borne his banner in so many victories—and had loved and looked to him as a friend, a father!—Heavy, heavy, indeed, was my heart within my bosom, as we lifted him from the earth, and bare him towards Mortimer, which was the nearest fortress: and many wept piteously—but I could not—my eyes felt as though they were seared with hot iron. And as we bare him along, he heard and understood us well—but he could speak no word. And when we came to Mortimer, leeches visited him—but all was of no avail. He was stricken into the brain, and he lived not past a day and a night: but so died! God have mercy on his soul!

And I bare the news to the Prince of Wales at Bordeaux—and sore discomfited was he. ‘There will not be,’ he said, ‘in a hundred years, a knight more courteous, nor more full of noble virtues!’—And truly indeed he spoke when he so said. And the prince was sore sorrowful at the loss of so noble a servant—but my grief was the sorrow of one whom death has made an orphan!

After the death of Sir John Chandos (continues Mr. St. John’s

manuscript) the Black Prince received Sir Eustace de Mont Mênil into his own immediate service. He was already well known to him, having been exceedingly distinguished in the Spanish campaign; and the prince knew the affection in which Chandos held him. He was gratified also with the deep sorrow which Sir Eustace evinced for his leader's loss.—'Sir Eustace,' he said, 'thou knowest that I am the lord Chandos' heir: he has no children nor natural successors, and he has left to me all that he had. I would to heaven he could leave to me the attachment of such a servant as thou art! How sayst thou, Sir Eustace, wilt thou follow Edward as thou hast followed Chandos?'

And Sir Eustace de Mont Mênil became one of the knights immediately about the prince's person.

It was not long after this that the bishop of Limoges, who had been an especial favourite of the Prince of Wales, turned traitor, and delivered up his town to the French. The prince was outrageous when he heard the news; for he had had exceeding trust and confidence in the bishop, and it galled him to the soul to be thus deceived. Then, he swore by his father's soul, that he would take town again, and that the traitors should dearly abye their treason!—an oath which, alas! he kept with a dreadful accuracy! He immediately collected a very considerable force; his two brothers, the duke of Lancaster, and the earl of Cambridge, were with him, and he set forth towards Limoges. The whole country looked on with trembling at the advance of this great army; for it was well known that the prince had vowed deep vengeance against the people of Limoges—and that he would take it.

Edward was already far sunken in the illness of which ultimately he died; so much so, that he could not mount on horseback. But no considerations of health, no degree of personal suffering, could turn him away from his revenge. He accordingly was drawn in a horse-litter, and thus set forward with his host towards Limoges.

He sat himself down before the town, and invested it; and the prince swore a solemn oath, that he never would depart from thence till he had the city at his pleasure. And, after it had been thoroughly reconnoitred, he found it was too strong to be taken by assault—and, therefore, the miners, of which he had a large number with his army, were set to work to undermine the walls. All the English were, in accordance with the feelings of the prince, strongly inflamed against the people of Limoges, and waited with great impatience the progress of the miners. During the whole period they were at work, there was neither assault nor skirmish of any kind; and they were, therefore, the more eager for the completion of their labours. At length, the miners reported to the prince that a countermine, which had been worked against them, had failed—and that they were ready when he pleased, to blow up a considerable part of the wall, and throw it into the ditch. "To-morrow, then, be it," said the prince, "only once more shall these traitors see the sun set!"

Accordingly, the next day the mine was sprung; and a very large portion of the wall fell into the ditch. The English foot passed in by the breach in exceeding numbers; and, some of them, rushing to the gates, let in the men-at-arms. "And now," says Sir Eustace,

“there began a despoiling, and a bloodshed, such as, in all the wars that I have served in, I never saw the like. Pillaging and robbing every house, was as nothing,—for they slew man, woman, and child—every human thing they met. I saw, in one street, a party of the soldiers go up to a knot of these poor wretches, who seemed to be all one family. There was an old man, grey in the locks, and feeble in the limbs, who was as the patriarch of them all; and his son, a sturdy fellow in the full vigour of his age, stood before him, as though to protect him,—and the wife of this last man also clung to him for help, and his children, of whom they were six, from the age of ten down to the infant in the mother’s arms. And the foremost soldier, as he came up, made a blow with his axe at the head of the stout man, and he clove it in twain, and the blood and brains flew over his wife and father!—And the others exclaimed, ‘Spare none! spare none!’ and the old man, and the woman, and the children, aye, to the very suckling, were all slain, before I could reach the spot to stay the butchery.

“And in another place I saw a fine, rich, house in flames;—and all the furniture, the tapestries, and the plate, and the jewels, were thrown into the street, and the soldiers took them—and one citizen strove to struggle for some of them, which were his,—and the soldiers with their lances thrust him into the flaming house, and he was burnt alive! My heart turned sick within me, as I beheld these things—and I passed onward, as rapidly as I might, to shun the sight of them. I marvelled at the small resistance that was made by the Frenchmen; there was pillaging, and burning, and slaying everywhere—but I scarce saw any one fight. And I marvelled at this, because I knew that there were in the city brave knights, who had been sent to hold it, when it had turned French; as Sir John de Wyllemure, Sir Hugh de la Roche, and Roger Beaufort. But it afterwards was told to me, that the springing of our mine was quite sudden and unlooked for, and that they had, therefore, no time to call their men together.

“But after I had continued to advance some time, I came to a small open space, where, in front of an old wall, I saw ranged some fourscore persons; and at their head were Sir John Wyllemure and Sir Hugh de la Roche, whom I knew well, having seen them often in these wars, both in Poitou and in the marches of Gascony. And there were there fighting with them a large company of Englishmen; and the duke of Lancaster was fighting hand to hand with Sir John, and the earl of Cambridge with Sir Hugh; and a number of English knights were in like manner fighting hand to hand with the Frenchmen. And, as I hastened to them, I saw an English knight, somewhat stricken in years, recoiling before the blows of a young and stalwart Frenchman, who was pressing him sore. And the French knight’s strokes fell fast and heavy, and the Englishman was sore bested to ward them with his buckler; and, just as I came to where they were, the Frenchman had split the buckler into twain, and was again raising his arm to strike, which blow would, beyond doubt, have slain the old knight, when I parried it with my sword, and took upon me the conflict with the Frenchman, while the Englishman breathed. We did

not, however, fight long ; for the greater part of the Frenchmen were slain, and the others had yielded them prisoners to the duke of Lancaster and the earl of Cambridge ; and the French knight yielded him to me. The prince, just at this time, came by in his litter, and right glad he was to see the Frenchmen thus discomfited.

"I had turned away, and was passing onward to follow the prince to the bishop's palace, to see what might fall there, when the English knight put his hand upon my arm, and stopped me—'No, no, Sir Eustace,' he said—'for I know you well, though it is like you know not me—you run not away thus without hearing my thanks for having saved me from that pestilent fellow's blow—plague on't that my old buckler should play me such a jade's trick at last ! It would have been but the fortune of war if his stroke had come down upon my head instead of upon your sword—but, still life is life—and old Hugh Daverell thanks you for his, Sir Eustace, with all his heart. I am not a man of words—but, while I am above ground, I shall remember the good turn you have done me this day.'—Sir Hugh's manner was frank and manly, and I shook the old knight's hand warmly ere I passed on to seek the prince's lodging."

Such is the account given by Sir Eustace of his first meeting with Sir Hugh Daverell. The intercourse thus begun ripened rapidly into friendship. During the short remainder of the campaign, they were continually together, and Sir Hugh's gratitude to his distinguished deliverer grew warmer and warmer every day. When the health of the Prince of Wales compelled him, not long afterwards, to return to England, Sir Eustace accompanied him : and right heartily did old Sir Hugh, who returned in the same ship, welcome his friend to the shores of England. Nor would he rest contented till Sir Eustace consented to become his guest at his old castle, that he might make known the saviour of his life 'to those,' as he phrased it, 'who had some care for the carcass of old Hugh Daverell.' That castle stood on the spot where Arlescot Hall stands now ; and those who cared for old Sir Hugh, appeared in the persons of his lady-wife, and of a daughter of nineteen.

It is needless, I am sure, to detail the particulars of the noble Gascon's visit, farther than to say that it was by his intermarriage with this daughter that the race of the Meynells became seated at Arlescot.

THE LEADING PROFESSION.

THE choice of a profession was in all times an affair of difficulty, and it has become peculiarly so at a period when the avenues to success, whether in the walks of theology, of law, or of medicine, are blocked up by a crowd of eager competitors. Nor is the path to wealth, by the more beaten track of commercial pursuits, less impeded by the struggles of rivalry, the intrigues of connexion, or the overwhelming preponderance of enormous capital. For adventurous young men, not cursed by nature with a modest or studious turn, and who are

impatient to take the post of honour by a *coup-de-main*, a state of war offers the ample field of the profession of arms; but in a time of peace that field is narrowed to a very aristocratic circle, and the plebeian spirit learns to be tamed in the never-ending rebuffs of the Horse-Guards and of the Admiralty. All things considered, and with a due regard to the necessary education, the certain rewards, and the few chances of failure, it appears to us that the profession which involves the least individual expense in its necessary studies, the aspirants being constantly trained at the public cost—which is supported by the greatest excitement of popular observation, so as to satisfy the most insatiate appetite for fame—which presents the most open field for exertion, so as to leave the adventurer the largest choice of opportunities—and which is fenced round from the attacks of private envy or revenge, by the most powerful support of innumerable functionaries—that most cherished and honoured profession is that of a THIEF.

And first, of the education for this profession.

We will imagine a youth to whom the honours of his calling are not hereditary. He has been brought up as other youths are, either in absolute ignorance of the world which has preceded him, and the world which is before him; or with such an acquaintance with the tendencies of mankind as they are learned in the book of history, or the safer volume of experience, as will satisfy him that the least successful of the sons of men are the most conscientious. If he be utterly uninstructed in book-learning, and yet have a tolerable acquaintance with the things around him, he will see (if he open his eyes) that the one thing needful is money;—that cunning has a much surer grasp of that *summum bonum* than wisdom;—and that the contempt of society is only reserved for the poor. Hence poverty, as Talleyrand said of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, is worse than a crime—it is a blunder. If he derive his knowledge from the half truths, half fables of the records of his species, he will discover that fraud and violence have always secured to themselves a much larger portion of what are called the blessings of life—competency, luxury, high station, influence, command—than sincerity and moderation. If he live in the country, he has constantly presented to his eyes the condition of a vast many miserable people, who are reduced to the utmost extremity of perpetual suffering,—their honest pride trampled upon, their affections outraged, their commonest wants unsupplied,—and for no personal demerit that he can perceive, but because they are laborious, patient, inoffensive, easily satisfied, content to do their duty in the station to which they are born. If he abide in a city, he discovers that most direct modes of obtaining a living are ill paid—that squalid filth follows the scanty earnings of the mechanic—that the tradesman who vends an honest commodity cannot compete with the quack and the puffer—that insolent vice always thrusts modest virtue into the kennel. In either case he perceives that mankind, directly or indirectly, spend their lives in endeavours to abstract more than they have a right to abstract from the property of their neighbours. He commences, by dint of hard reasoning, a professional

career of resolving to practise that philosophy which teaches him that the institutions of society are chains only for the weak. If he be a peasant he trips his hand at poaching; if a London blackguard, at picking pockets. In either case the law soon takes charge of his further education; and he is duly sent to that most instructive *Alma Mater*,—a prison.

The care which is now bestowed upon the nurture of his infant hopes is prodigious. He has abundant leisure for the cultivation of his faculties; he has no anxiety about the events of the passing day; he is introduced to the full enjoyment of the society of the most careless, enthusiastic, and undaunted men in existence, as well as to the ablest instructors in his peculiar art. All knowledge, but that which is to lead him to excellence in the profession which he now *must* chuse, is despised;—all views of the social state, but those which regard man as a predatory animal, are held to be low and unattractive;—all employments of the talents of the human race, but those which present themselves to the lion heart in the shape of burglary, and to the cautious understanding in the not less attractive forms of coining and shop-lifting, are pronounced to be mean and ungratifying.

The facility with which the profession of a thief is acquired is a wonderful recommendation of its excellent and manifold advantages. In this college, the *honours* are bestowed after an examination for which the previous study is very inconsiderable—the “wooden-spoon” feels that his rank is by no means settled in the estimation of his examiners, but that a successful adventure may place him in the first degree of the beloved of Bow Street;—and even he that is “plucked” for wanting in the reckless qualities by which excellence is attained, may hope to prepare himself next session (the “term” of our houses of felonious maintenance) for the most distinguished companionship of that fraternity, which, above all others, generously delights in imparting its blessings to novices by the most unremitting system of proselytism.

Nor is it any degradation from the agreeable nature of this education (when compared to education in general) to say, that the student often receives bodily chastisement in the progress of his willing labours. The laws have no punishments which touch his mind. If he be remanded to his prison, he is only condemned to a further acquaintance with the agreeable society to which he was introduced when he first entered its walls. He has formed friendships which will last for life; he is secure of patronage when he comes out again upon the stirring world; he will, in future, have no lack of counsellors and abettors. Admit that he is sentenced to be privately whipped; in this he does not differ an ounce from the highest of the land. The boys of the middle classes have been gradually becoming more exempt from the terrors of indecent bodily chastisement; but inflictions upon the person are still the peculiar privileges of the noble students of Westminster and Eton, and the not less ambitious denizens of Newgate and Brixton. Long may they each enjoy these ancient and politic rights, which have such a decided influence upon the destinies both of the statesman and of the felon!

From the moment that our aspirant leaves his first prison, he be

comes a public man. His preparation for the duties of life is complete. He rushes at once into his stimulating career;—and he reaps a full harvest of profit and of fame. Less fortunate candidates for distinction may waste an existence in obtaining a single puff of the newspapers. Thousands of authors die for lack of criticism;—painters go off by scores, because no obscure scribbler ever echoes their names; the finest of women have been figurantes at the opera for twenty seasons, without having attained to the recorded dignity of a *pas-seul* at the Surrey; and ostentatious citizens have given dozens of dinners, to which some gentlemen of the press were duly invited, and yet never once saw their magnificence, under the head of “Court and Fashion,” in the *Morning Post*. But the very first adventure of a thief is fame. Is a watch snatched out of a window in the Strand? ten daily papers, and two hundred and fifty weekly, immediately describe the astonishing incident in the most glowing colours;—is a pocket picked in the pit-entrance of Drury-lane? the embryo hero of the evening sees his fame duly chronicled in the morning journals;—and, lastly, if by some error in judgment he appear before Sir Richard Birnie, he excites the sympathy of all mankind, being “a remarkably good looking and interesting young man, attired (yes, attired is the phrase) in the highest style of fashion, and his hair elegantly arranged.” Who can resist such flatteries as these? After such encouragements, what candidate for the final honours of the New Drop would abandon his stimulating career, and retire (if he could) to the prose of common life,

Content to dwell in decencies for ever?

The legislative care which is bestowed upon the commonwealth of thieves must be abundantly gratifying to every member of the profession. Their calling never cankers by neglect; they must have a perpetual vigilance as to what laws are enacted and what are repealed; what is grand larceny to-day, and petty larceny to-morrow. The statistics of their realm, too, are known and registered with the greatest accuracy. The condition of their palaces forms the constant object of magisterial and parliamentary solicitude; and societies are specially constituted in aid of all this official vigilance, to see that their apartments are airy, and their provisions wholesome. The most affectionate care of their health is duly taken; and if, at any period of their lives, foreign travel is recommended, a country, which is admitted on all hands to be the finest in the world, is specially appropriated for their enjoyment. All this is highly stimulating.

But the great encouragement to the adoption of this branch of the profession of the Bar consists in the rich endowments which society has provided for its cultivation. All the property, and with it all the gratifications, of this earth, are the patrimony of the judicious thief. For him the covetous man gathers his pelf, and the ostentatious man his plate and jewels. In his case there is no tedious waiting for employment; no sighing for years for a “maiden brief,” as in the law—no starving for life upon a Welsh curacy, as in the church—no wearing away the best years of life in the sickness of “hope deferred,” as with a subaltern or a midshipman—no walking the world for a day’s work, as with the starving Irish labourer. In this privileged profession, the supply

always keeps pace with the demand. The active world is a community of bees, but the thief gets the honey. His business is "to rove abroad, *centum puer artium*, to taste of every dish, and sip of every cup." He has no care for the morrow, because he knows that for him the heads and hands of innumerable servants are doing his bidding. He has only to walk forth and choose. He lives in a perpetual belief that the world was made for him,—and he is as right as Alexander was.

The times are past when thieves were persecuted. This may appear a paradox to those who look only upon the surface,—who hear of a score of unfortunates perishing annually at the Old Bailey, or behold the Recorder of London pouring into the ear of sovereignty the tale of their sorrows and their crimes. To believe that the administrators of the laws are in earnest in their endeavour to repress the honest labours of the commonwealth of plunderers is a mere delusion—a mental hallucination—a prejudice which is cultivated with infinite care, for the sole object of rendering the legal possessors of property easy in their minds. It is a pleasing and satisfying belief—"*amabilis insania, et mentis gratissimus error*." The thieves and the police magistrates know better. The profession is most diligently patronised by the administrators of the laws; not to speak it profanely, there are regular articles of co-parceny* between the thief and those who are falsely imagined to be his pursuers. "*Latro* is arraigned and *fur* sits on the bench." Those who affect to be hunting out the criminal are the dignitaries of the commonwealth of crime.

The mistaken people who, in general, are hanged, or transported, or immured in solitary cells, or whipped, are not registered in the University of Larceny. They are fools who attempt to do business in a small way, without regard to the corporate rights of Bow Street and Union Hall. They have not graduated, and they must pay the penalty. But a prudent adventurer never enters the higher walks of the profession without protection. He incurs no risks; he surrenders a handsome portion of his profits to enjoy the remainder in peace "under his own fig-tree." To such the police is not an affair of discovery or of prevention, but of regulation. There is no affectation of a want of union in the several callings of the thief and the officer. They have grown together in happy relationship since the days of Jonathan Wild. A poet of the last century says,

My evenings all I would with *sharpers* spend,
And make the *thief-catcher* my bosom friend.

And indeed they are very pretty companions together over their claret. The dignitary sits with his feet under the same mahogany with the returned convict; or he is *Vice* to the Rothschild of the flash-house, who at that moment is negotiating with the partners of the Bristol Bank, touching the return of twenty thousand abstracted bills, for the honourable consideration of fifty per cent. and no prosecution.

Civilization was very little advanced when the commonwealth of thieves was really persecuted. The present administration of the laws against felony is the key-stone that binds the arch of depredation.

* *Quære, Co-Larceny. PRINTER'S DEVIL.*

Without magistrates and officers, who do not prevent crime, but nurse it, men individually would peril their lives against those who invade their property. But all this possible bloodshed is now saved. A well-ordered police, the stipendiaries at once of the public and those who ease the public of their superfluous possessions, accommodates all difficulties; and, gradually, the rights of thieves are as effectually recognized as the rights of any other pains-taking class of the community. Look at this arrangement, and see, not only how much it has contributed to the respectability of the profession of larceny, but what an insurance of their lives it gives to society, by rendering robbery a quiet, gentlemanly art, in which violence is only the argument of bunglers, and which is carried to the highest point of perfection by that division of labour, upon which all excellence, whether mental or mechanical, must be built.

It occasionally happens that the most brilliant example of professional success is apprehended, convicted, and hanged. This is a part of the contract by which the commonwealth of thieves has purchased its charter. The compact is—for the police, a share of profits, and no trouble;—for the sons of Mercury, protection in general, and a very sparing selection of needful victims. When the time arrives that the career of individual happiness and friendship is to close, there is no shrinking. The ripened felon is a soldier, under the orders of a commander whom he honours; and it is to him a gratification to look back upon the years of comfort he has secured by this compromise with power, instead of being perpetually hunted into some pitiful occupation, which the world calls honest, by a vigilance which should never sleep. At last he dies. Well! in the latest moment he is a privileged being. Fame hovers around him, from the bar to the gallows. He exhibits great composure on his trial; leaves his defence, with a dignified satisfaction, to his counsel; bows to the judge, when he pronounces sentence; and “is fashionably dressed in a complete suit of black.” Then come the consolations of spiritual friends. In the interval between the condemnation and the Recorder’s report, he becomes perfectly satisfied that he is purified from every stain;—after the fatal mandate arrives, he declares that his only anxiety is to die, lest he should fall into his former errors, and be deprived of that everlasting happiness which he now feels will be his portion;—and he leaves the world with such exultations of pious people attending him, as martyrs were wont to monopolize,—bowing to the admiring crowd, and “sucking an orange till the drop falls.”

We apprehend that in this rapid sketch we have said enough to prove that *one* calling is still open to the talented and the ambitious, and receives adequate encouragement from the highest authorities. That such a profession, indeed, should have attractions, in comparison with which all others fade into nothingness, is perfectly natural: for the thief feeds upon the fat of the land, in his pilgrimage through this life, and passes from it with the most assured prospects of the highest rewards in the next.

THE FOREIGN PORTFOLIO.

FRANCE.

At the head of the works published in Paris since the commencement of this year may be placed that of M. Armand Alexis Monteil, entitled '*L'Histoire des Français des divers états aux cinq derniers siècles.*' It is unquestionably one of the most remarkable productions which has appeared for a long time. "I have laboured at it during twenty years and upwards, and I was even yesterday at work upon it," (correcting his last proof we presume) says the author in his preface. This reminds us of Gibbon's description of the summer-house in which he wrote the last page of the '*Decline and Fall.*' On reading this book, and observing the mass of facts which it contains, we can easily conceive that a skilful arrangement of the results of such extensive research may well have occupied half a life. As yet two volumes only of the '*Histoire des Français*' have appeared. These treat of the fourteenth century. The work is not, as is too commonly the case with pretended annals, merely the history of kings and courtiers, and churchmen, and warriors. M. Monteil gives us the history of the whole of France, and of all classes of Frenchmen; whilst the manners, the customs, the public and private life of the different ranks of society during the feudal times, are described in the two volumes before us in very natural colours, and above all, with strict accuracy; for there are no features in his portrait for which the author has not authority in the old historical monuments which he has taken the pains to cite. The plan adopted by M. Monteil gives a dramatic force to his narrative. Friar Jehan, a cordelier, of Tours, a rigid monk, but learned, as many of his order were, describes in letters to Friar André, a cordelier of Toulouse, what he observes passing around him, and what he has seen in the course of his journeys to Paris and other places. His narrative is unpretending; he rarely expresses opinions, but those to which he does commit himself bear the stamp of the prejudices of his profession. Many of his epistles are enriched with episodes, descriptive of some particular customs; and among these we may notice, as more than usually interesting, those entitled '*Les Mariages*,' '*Le Lepreux*,' and '*Le Château.*'

Among the semi-historical works, with which the French press has gratified the old Parisian love of Memoirs, those particularly deserving of mention are,—

'*Les Mémoires inédites de Louis Henri de Lomenie, Comte de Brienne*,' 2 vols. 8vo.;—'*Les Mémoires autographes de M. le Prince Montbarey*, 3 vols. 8vo.;—'*Les Mémoires et mélanges historiques et littéraires du Prince de Ligne*, 4 vols. 8vo..—Brienne was secretary of state at the age of fifteen, and (what a wonder-working power is despotism!) was distinguished from his earliest years by the regard of Louis XIV. He exhibits in his own person an example of the misfortune of living in times in which the command and rapine of an earthly master are as the immutable laws of Heaven. While still

young he incurred the loss of his sovereign's favour, and passed nearly twenty years of his life in prison by virtue of a *lettre de cachet*. During his captivity he wrote his *Memoires* for Madame Desboulrières, of whom he had been the favoured lover.

The Prince De Montbarey was a captain at the age of twelve years (much too old for his command, when compared with the secretary of state of fifteen), and minister at thirty. He began his career under Louis XV., but, displaced by Necker, and menaced by the French revolution, he took refuge in Switzerland, and there wrote his memoirs.

The Prince de Ligne was born during the reign of Louis XV., and played his part till the first abdication of Napoleon. He was at once a courtier and a philosopher, a soldier and a diplomatist, and was the delight of all the courts of Europe, the absurdities and vices of which he has ridiculed with infinite wit and gaiety.

These three works together present a very amusing and faithful picture of the manners and usages of aristocratic France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Comte de Brienne is the painter of the pretended Augustan age of Louis XIV., and he teaches us what this 'grand monarque' required of his courtiers. "The part of a courtier," says M. de Brienne, "consisted in knowing exactly at what hour he should be present *à la chemise*; at what instant to arrive opportunely *pour la serviette*; how many steps he might advance into the *chambre du lit*; at what distance he might keep from the baluster; what attire he should wear if his majesty went shooting, and what, if it were his royal pleasure to course; in knowing to what personages the *garde du corps* on service should do honour, by a stamp with the foot; and in being expert in the two-fold purpose, for which he should always carry a comb in his pocket, that it might be ready either to arrange his perruque or to scratch at the king's door." Nor is it the least astonishing trait in this farce, that men, the most exalted in rank and talents, submitted with eagerness to such domestic servitude. The great Condé, and the Duke de Beaufort, in their turn received the dishes, and placed them the table; Racine died of grief at a slight from the monarch; and the Comte de Brienne, a man of talents and minister of state, cannot find expressions vivid enough to express his joy, at having been one day invited to dine with his majesty.

The Prince de Montbarey, a vain and frivolous libertine, is the worthy representative of the reign of the debauchee Louis XV.; and his description of the court, the clergy, and the nobility, form the severest comment on the ancient regime. "Provided," says he, "the public see us (the nobles) occasionally at court, and in private houses, where decent and honourable company meet, and provided no scandalous and disgraceful affair may be laid to our charge, we can openly preserve the tone and advantages of good, while in secret we may enjoy all the pleasures of libertinism."—Lastly, to complete the picture of this famous golden age, so regretted by a few worn-out understandings, comes the Prince de Ligne. Truly, the "*laudator temporis acti*," is the most impudent of human beings!

General Jomine, in his '*Vie militaire de Napoleon*,' wrote the critical history of his master's wars. Colonel Maingarnaud, a less

skilful tactician, but more impartial judge in ' *Les Campagnes de Napoleon*, telles qu'il les conçut, et telles qu'il les exécuta,' now undertakes the task of explaining the causes, the nature, the connexion, and the results of the military operations of his hero.

Abandoning in his narrative the system of most of the writers who have reviewed the feats in arms of the French Chief, M. Maingarnaud, without occupying himself with the infancy or the youth of Bonaparte, takes up his history at the commencement of his career of glory: at the period at which the Directory, impressed with the prediction of General Dugoumier, appointed the victor of Toulon to direct the important operations of the army of Italy.

Our author, in the opening of his work, traces clearly and boldly the plan formed by Bonaparte; the respective positions of the French, Austrian, and Piedmontese troops at the beginning of the campaign of 1796; and the sudden ardour with which the French army, discouraged by previous defeats, was inspired by the voice of a chief, whose earliest words showed symptoms of his genius. The campaign of Egypt, according to the opinion generally held, was suggested by the hatred and jealousy which the Directory bore to the conqueror of Italy; but M. Maingarnaud maintains that it was conceived by Napoleon himself, with a view to form commercial establishments in that country, which might be points of communication between Europe and Asia, and ruin the commerce and destroy the influence of England. He exhibits him in the campaign of Piedmont, which ended with the battle of Marengo; in that of Germany, which was crowned by the victory of Austerlitz; and in those of Prussia and Poland in 1806 and 1807. He explains the causes which led to the wars with Spain, with Austria, and with Russia. He describes the disasters of the Saxon campaign, the struggle of the campaign of France, and the triumphs of Fleury, followed so quick by the reverses of Waterloo.

The work of M. Maingarnaud, which forms two volumes, is sparing in technical details, and is inestimable for its great impartiality. Each campaign forms, as it were, a distinct picture, connected with that which follows by a natural and simple transition. The work is calculated to excite an interest beyond the class of military men.

Sir Walter Scott's *Novel of Woodstock* has been dramatised at the Theatre de L'Odeon. The plot seems to follow the novel with tolerable fidelity, except that it indicates considerable talent in converting the rapid to the heavy, and the brilliant to the dull. This worthy performance of M. Duval had nearly gone to the tomb of all the Capulets, on the first night, but was saved by some clap-traps about liberty.

The following epigram on the last opera of Eugène Scribe, which we noticed in our previous number, has had great success at Paris,

Eugène en rimailant va devenir poète—
 Dans sa pièce nouvelle, il fait preuve d'esprit
 Je n'ai rein vu de mieux écrit
 Que le rôle de la muette.

' *Les Soirées de Neuilly*,' just published, successfully keep up the

character of French raillery. This work, ascribed to two young contributors to 'Le Globe,' is a spirited satire on gross absurdities, vain nonsense, and empty pretensions, as Montbarey and Brienne have described in their memoirs, and which with the restoration have reappeared in France.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The *Revue Encyclopédique*, for March, contains a very curious article on the state of the periodical press in the five great divisions of the world. We extract the following particulars, which present a comparison of the population of the principal states, with the number of journals published in each.

	Population.	Number of Journals.
EUROPE	227,700,000	2142
France	32,000,000	490
British Isles	23,400,000	483
Swiss Confederation	1,980,000	30
Austrian Empire	32,000,000	80
Prussian Monarchy	12,464,000	288
Kingdom of the Netherlands	6,143,000	150
Germanic Confederation	13,600,000	305
Danish Monarchy	1,950,000	80
Kingdoms of Sweden and Norway	3,866,000	82
Spanish Monarchy	13,900,000	16
Portuguese Monarchy	3,530,000	17
States of the King of Sardinia	4,300,000	8
Duchy of Parma	440,000	1
Kingdom of the two Sicilies	5,420,000	6
Papal Dominions	2,590,000	6
Grand Duchy of Tuscany	1,275,000	6
Duchy of Modena	350,000	2
Russian Empire and Poland	56,515,000	84
Ionian Isles	176,000	2
Republic of Cracow	114,000	3
AMERICA	39,300,000	978
Republic of the United States	11,600,000	840
Colombia	3,000,000	20
Guatemala	1,600,000	5
Mexico	7,500,000	28
Peru	1,700,000	19
Bolivia	1,500,000	4
Rio de la Plata	650,000	19
Chili	1,400,000	16
Brasilian Empire	5,000,000	8
British America	2,290,000	30
Spanish America	1,260,000	4
Netherlandish America	114,000	2
French America	240,000	3
Danish America	110,000	4
Republic of Haiti	950,000	5

	Population.	Number of Journals.
ASIA	390,000,000	27
British Possessions		24
Smyrna	130,000	1
Pekin	1,300,000	1
Macao	15,000	1
AUSTRALIA.	20,000,000	9
AFRICA	60,000,000	12
British Possessions		7
Isle of Bourbon		2
Tripoli		1
Cairo		1
Funchal		1
SUMMARY.		
Europe	227,700,000	2142
America	39,300,000	978
Asia	390,000,000	27
Africa	60,000,000	12
Australia	20,000,000	9
Total for the whole Globe	737,000,000	3,168

ITALY.

IN the modern Italian drama, Nota maintains his eminence. His comedies are in general descriptive of national manners, and this is their principal merit. Nota may be called a reformer of the Goldonian comedy; he portrays higher classes of society, and describes them truly; his language is elegant and free from the grossness that often disfigures Goldoni's plays. Count Giraud is another dramatist of reputation, whose plays have been republished at Florence. De Rossi, a Roman, whose comedies exhibit considerable power, died lately. There is, however, now a crowd of aspirants after dramatic honours; among whom we may single out Benci, a Tuscan writer, known as the author of several essays, and of a translation of Schiller's 'Thirty Years' War.' Benci's first dramatic essay was unlucky; his play, 'The Virtuous Friend,' was hissed on the Florence stage. Not discouraged however, he brought out another, 'La Bottega del Librajo,'—'The Bookseller's Shop,' which was received with applause. He is now writing a play on the subject of Salvator Rosa.

The publication of military works forms a novel feature in modern Italian literature. In former times, the Italians could boast of their illustrious countryman Montecuculi, whose works were published by the late Ugo Foscolo, with comments, and have been lately more fully edited by Grassi. We have now the recent work of Major Vacani, of the engineers, styled, 'History of the Campaigns and Sieges carried on by the Italian Troops in Spain from 1808 to 1813,' illustrated with maps and plans, and dedicated to the Archduke John of Austria. This is altogether a splendid and elaborate work. It is well known

that the Italians constituted nearly one half of Napoleon's forces in Spain during the war; however, Major Vacani has confined himself to the operations of the Italian divisions in the north and east of Spain, under generals Pino and Lechi. The war of Catalonia was carried on entirely by the latter.

Another Italian officer, Captain Laugier, after publishing a narrative of the operations of the armies of Italy and of Naples in 1812, under the title of 'The Italians in Russia,' is now publishing another work, styled, 'Memoirs for the Military History of the Italians from 1801 to 1815,' the object of which is to reclaim from unmerited oblivion many deeds of bravery and skill, which, the author observes, have been obviously neglected in the French narratives of those memorable campaigns. And this is not singular, as the task of foreign auxiliary or tributary troops has ever been an ungrateful one. An idea may be formed of the part the Italians bore in Napoleon's wars from the following statements:—The kingdom of Italy *alone* furnished to the army in Spain thirty thousand men, of which only nine thousand came back. The kingdom of Naples sent ten thousand, of which eighteen hundred returned. Piedmont, Genoa, Tuscany, Parma, and Rome, sent also their regiments to swell the ranks of the French army in Spain. In the campaign of 1812, Italy sent fifty thousand men to Russia, of which about five thousand, at the utmost, recrossed the Niemen.

'The History of the Wars of Cyprus,' by the Venetian writer Paruta, which was published two centuries ago, has been lately reprinted at Siena. This work, which had been nearly forgotten, contains many interesting particulars about the epoch of Turkish greatness and barbaric splendour. Among other things, we gather from Paruta, that the policy of Spain had a great influence in ruining the cause of the Christian arms, and laying the remainder of Greece at the mercy of the Ottomans. Philip II. acted towards his natural brother, John of Austria, a part somewhat similar to that of Tiberius towards Germanicus. The conquerer of Lepanto would have made a permanent settlement in Barbary, had he not been thwarted by the mean jealousy of his royal brother. The fine regions of Mauritania would have become a colony of Spain, more substantial perhaps than the distant mines of America. It seems, however, that in latter times, the ministers of Spain, under Charles IV., foreseeing the probability of losing their transatlantic possessions, began to turn their eyes towards Africa, to seek for an indemnification near home; and a project, it is said, was entertained of effecting a revolution at Morocco, and placing that country under Spanish influence. Don Badia Castillo, a prince of the race of the Abbassides, known in the Mussulman world by the name of Ali Bey, was the instrument chosen by Spain to effect this object, under the ministry of Godoy. But here the jealousy of France interposed in its turn, and prevented the furtherance of this adventurous scheme. It would be a curious revival of those projects, if the latter power should now attempt seriously to conquer and colonize on its own account some part of Barbary, according to the rumours which assert that the French expedition is intended for Algiers.

*I Promessi Sposi.**

One of the most remarkable phenomena hitherto observable in Italian literature, has been the total absence of the romance, or lengthened fictitious narrative in prose. Some persons account for this by supposing that the novella or tale had been brought to so great a degree of perfection by Boccaccio and his successors, that the Italians remained satisfied, and aspired not beyond it. It has also been hinted, that as Italian literature was founded upon the classics, and as they presented no specimens of this kind,—an assertion, by the way, not true,—their disciples dutifully abstained from it also. Again, it is said, that the facility of writing in verse led to the general ambition for what might be considered a higher effort than the prose romance. All these causes, it is very evident, are, singly or combined, totally inadequate to the production of the effect. The simple fact remains, that Italy, though a literary country, with its inhabitants of a social character, had no romances; while Spain, France, England, abounded with them, and even modern Greece was not wholly devoid of such works. Nay, it is a curious circumstance, that while, elsewhere, the old metrical romances were reduced to prose, in Italy, on the contrary, the prose ones of France and Spain were versified; and while Lancelot du Lac and Huon de Bordeaux were flinging off their rythmical garb, Amadis de Gaul and Giron le Comitas were investing themselves in the robes of the stately ottava rima.

Italy, however, during the last century, though producing nothing original of fiction in prose, naturalised the romances of other lands; and translations of 'Don Quixote' and 'Tom Jones,' for example, formed part of her literature. Latterly she has partaken of the common character of European literature; and 'The Letters of Ortis,' 'The Oriole,' and 'The Isoletta de' Cipressi,' made some approaches to the regular novel. But the model adopted was bad,—the German, not the English, school was followed, and, consequently, in every one of them suicide closes the scene.

Count Manzoni, who dared to fling away the trammels of the classic writers on the stage, has also the glory of having given to the world the first *Romanzo in prosa* that can vie with those of England—of England, we say, for there surely is no French or German historic romance that can enter into competition with 'I Promessi Sposi.' And it is not a little extraordinary, that though the labours of the dramatist and the novelist are generally held to be almost incompatible, an opinion chiefly set afloat by one who strongly feels this incompatibility in his own person, Manzoni has shewn, in our opinion, nearly equal capability for either species of fictitious delineation.

It is said that the romance demands powers of bold, vigorous, minute, and accurate description, of full and animated narration, of grave or gay dialogue, as occasion may demand. Added to this, there must be the power of inventing a natural, well combined series of incidents, gradually and easily leading to a probable conclusion.

* *I Promessi Sposi*. Storia Milanese del Secolo XVII. scoperta e rifetta da Alessandro Manzoni. Terza edizione. 3 tomi. Parigi, 1828. 12mo.

In the former of these attributes Sir Walter Scott stands pre-eminent ; in the last he, and no man, can bear a comparison with Henry Fielding. The drama, on the contrary, demands description in a few brief comprehensive strokes, and brevity and weight must also characterise its dialogue ; but it equally requires art in the production and arrangement of incidents. The incompatibility then lies in the difficulty of finding combined in the same writer, the copious style of the romance and the brief nervous diction of the drama. 'Halidon Hill' has certainly proved that in one great instance they do not exist in combination.

We would almost venture to say that Manzoni furnishes another instance. We are in the habit of regarding him as a dramatist, because it was in that character we first became acquainted with him ; but we will risk the heresy of saying, that the novelist is the character in which he is most likely to excell if he can overcome the fault, common to his drama and his romance, which we shall presently point out. Diffuseness in dialogue is one of the prominent errors of his dramas ; and, even in his romance he, like his prototype, not unfrequently runs into this extreme. Of this fault he himself is sufficiently sensible.

The great defect, we fear an incurable one, of Manzoni is the want of the power of properly combining and conducting his narrative. In the 'Carmagnola,' each separated scene, taken by itself, is admirable ; but they are like pictures arranged in a gallery ; they have little relation each to the other. Just so is it in the 'Promessi Sposi.' Each individual scene and character is admirable, but he is

*Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciat.*

If this fault can be overcome, we see nothing to prevent Count Manzoni from taking his station in the very first rank of historic novelists.

It is a question how far the historic novel is of use. It is said, indeed, that events and characters of real history will, when forcibly and picturesquely displayed by the hand of a great master, make a more lively and firm impression on the mind than those in the dry pages of annalists ; and this is true where the history and the romance are of the same age. No one doubts but that the author of *Waverley* makes a more lively impression on our minds than Hume or Robertson ; but whether this be an advantage demands a doubt. That it should be so the novelist must be honest ; and here Sir Walter has much to answer for. Many a young lady, and many a young gentleman too, we fear, is very firmly persuaded that King Richard returned to England in disguise, and visited hermits' cells ; that Lewis XI. was a tolerably worthy personage ; and Charles II. a sweet amiable fellow. What, after all, are these high-wrought melodramatic scenes and characters to the realities of old Froissart ? It is not, in truth, on his historical pieces that the better fame of the author of *Waverley* is based ; it is on his descriptions of real life and nature, as he has seen them with his own eyes, and not through the spectacles of books,—on his Bradwardines, Dandy Dinmonts, Nicol Jarvies—not on his Leicesters, Charleses, Edwards, Elizabeths, or Marys. In short, no man's description of what he has

not seen and known is very valuable ; and therefore no novel is very valuable as a picture of manners in which a writer is not describing his own contemporaries or countrymen. Fielding's English squires and peasants will live for ever ; so will the Scottish ones of Sir Walter Scott ;—and now, for the first time, we witness a true and faithful delineation of the character and manners of the Italian peasantry, by the hand of one intimately acquainted with them.

Count Manzoni wished to pourtray the state of society in the Milanese, during the early part of the seventeenth century, together with three great events which then occurred ; to wit—a famine, a pestilence, and the passage of an army through the country. For each of these he drew his materials from contemporary history and records ; and so scrupulously faithful is he, that he even sometimes, contrary to romantic etiquette, quotes his authorities at the bottom of his page. Heinous as this offence may be, in the eyes of novel readers brought up at the feet of the great Gamaliel, he has, by means of it, succeeded in giving a vivid picture of that horrible scourge of man, the plague ; with which it would be idle to compare those of Thucydides and Boccaccio ; and only rivalled by that of Daniel Defoe, who, like him, felt that truth needs not the meretricious appendage of fiction. With these awful events is interwoven a simple story of two young peasants, the Betrothed, who give name to the tale.

We should offer but a faint idea of this interesting romance of manners, if we were to attempt a detail of the plot. Italian readers will not long neglect this book ; and we apprehend that a translation, or adaptation, would be a justifiable speculation.

In conclusion, we would observe, that nothing can exceed the truth and nature with which all the characters are drawn ; those of the peasantry give us a very advantageous idea of that class in Italy. The descriptions of scenery are faithful and picturesque ; the events are probable and unforced. The question of how real history is to be employed in romance, is one at issue between our author and Sir Walter Scott. We candidly confess our leaning is to the side of the Italian, though we fear he is occasionally too historically minute. The language of the Betrothed, perhaps, affords the best model to be met with, of a correct and elegant style of conversational Italian.

MUSICAL CHIT CHAT.

It has been remarked by some who were, in their time, skilful in humouring the public taste, and preserving to themselves some share of its favour, in whatever direction the taste wavered,—that it was not good for a performer to signalize himself in two distinct branches of his profession :—for, in proportion as he excelled in one, the public detracted from his merits in the other,—till between the two he was thought competent to neither. This was actually Mrs. Billington's reason for withholding from the world the knowledge of her extraordinary talents on the piano-forte. No one must, however, be so silly as to extend this rule beyond singing and playing ; for there are some

little extraneous feats of activity which blazen forth a man's reputation with fine effect, particularly if he happen to be getting somewhat stale upon the town. The talents of Signor Curioni have never been so highly rated by the Opera pit as since his little affair with the parish officers of Mary-la-bonne, and his masterly endeavours to prevent the escheat of his lands for want of an heir. His paternal dignity is thought to become him, and he is discovered to possess a sweetness of style, in which parental tenderness is conspicuous. Many singers and actors, rather than feel the icy coldness of public neglect upon them, have chosen to make themselves famous by the most heinous crimes, in spiriting away men's wives, evading contracts, and other reprehensible conduct, which shows that they would rather be abused than not noticed. But we can heartily recommend (and especially to the Italian Opera singers who, without voices, are domesticated here) no more innocent succedaneum for gaining the good-will of an English audience, than that practised by Signor Curioni. In the first place we have a compliment paid to the beauty of our countrywomen, in the adoration of one who has doubtless looked upon those exquisite proportions of female form which inspired Titian and Correggio. The dignity of the magisterial institutions of this country is at once acknowledged, in the promptness with which the issue of a summons is obeyed; and what greater proof can we find of a man's affection to the parochial authorities than his making over to the churchwardens and overseers an oblation of his own flesh and blood! We are quite wrapt in the high contemplation of this splendid sacrifice! We hope we are not encouraging immorality and helping to swell poor rates, or the catalogue of affiliation, by our strictures on these little points; all we wish to do, is to show how the pulse of the Opera pit beats, and to account for the suddenly renewed popularity of Signor Curioni. Mr. Bochsa, the present director of the music at the Opera house, is one who has enjoyed much celebrity independent of his art. We saw him at the piano-forte on the night that Mademoiselle Sontag made her first appearance, with regret that he does not come oftener into public; for no professor of the present day is said to be more intimately acquainted with the works of some of the great German composers, particularly of *Schwindl*—than that gentleman.

A vast deal of useful small-talk is to be gathered this season in the pit of the Opera, from critics who speak loud, have all been at Naples, and who back their opinions with a neckcloth and whiskers, from which there are no appeal. It is here no secret why Mrs. Salmon so suddenly lost her voice—nor the cause of Madame Ronzi di Begnis' abrupt departure for Italy. They let you know, in confidence, the private views which Signor Garcia entertains for the advancement of his daughter, and the motives that influenced Ambrogetti to become a monk of La Trappe. There is no end of the fantastic tricks which people will play, for the pleasure of being thought better informed than their neighbours, or at least for the poor reward of being gaped at. A short time ago we heard a clerical prig at the French play, talking elaborately in broken English, a dialect he would hardly have ventured upon in reading the church prayers. It has been well said, by an ex-

cellent writer of the present day, that it is loss of time to animadvert upon the faults of public singers, but that the bad taste of the audiences who encourage them should be the object of a critic's lash. The fashionable amateurs of the Italian Opera are among some of the worst judges of the real beauties of music to be found in London—they like by rule, and applaud at a signal. The bulk of these, among whom the contagious *bravos* after a roulade run like wild fire, have no power of judging for themselves whether a passage be well or ill done; but take their cue from some action of the singer seeming to demand applause, which is bestowed accordingly. They judge of the voice of a singer as they do of a dancer's legs, which is a fallacious standard of comparison. We know of no place of public resort for musical entertainment where the audience is plunged in a greater obscurity as to the knowledge of true vocal excellence than that at the Opera house, in comparison of which the two-shilling gallery of an Oratorio is in a state of mid-day enlightenment.

The little Berlin Syren, Madlle. Sontag, has at last made her appearance, and people are rather disappointed that her voice is not louder. She comes here as the herald of Madame Catalani, who is engaged for the ensuing York Musical Festival, at something about the rate of a hundred pounds for a song. Between the two, our ears will be kept on the alert, for nothing will be the fashion but airs with variations, cadenzas, arpeggios, sudden leaps, and tricks of vocal execution. We beg that Miss Stephens will not quit the simplicity of Handel's songs, nor Madame Caradori forsake Mozart to indulge the public with specimens of difficult *soffeggi*.

The appearance of Madlle. Sontag in the part of Donna Anna, in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, formerly so exquisitely played by Mad. Ronzi de Begnis, and so finely sung by the late Miss Corri, will, we confess, be to us a curiosity. We can hardly fancy how her small features, with their good-natured expression, and "nose a little inclined to turn up," can become the heroic and melancholy Donna Anna. It would scarcely less violate the decorum of our imaginations to think of Liston's face in Macbeth. From what we have heard of Madlle. Sontag, we think she will sing the part well. In the part of Rosina, in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, she sang like a thoroughly-grounded musician who could trifle over the difficulties of her part. She was entirely self-possessed, and made no effort to astonish the audience; but executed passages as though she had command over an infinite deal more. Madlle. Sontag is highly accomplished in her art, and has received that kind of education in the science which singers have hitherto too much neglected. The ear of Madlle. Sontag is perfect—her intervals are deliciously in tune—which is an invaluable recommendation to musicians. As to the quiet tone of her voice, we are among those who prefer the quality to the quantity of that article. In the course of a little time we shall hear what Madlle. Sontag can do out of Rossini's parts—whether she can be grave as well as gay, and restrain that dangerous flexibility of voice, so often fatal to good taste and expression. If she can do this we may safely hail in her a singer of the first order of talent.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

9th. The assizes have, for the last month, been going on throughout the country, and, naturally, during so continued a dispensation of our laws, many of their anomalies and absurdities have come forth into view. We wish our readers to bear in mind that we are far from impugning, in the mass, our criminal jurisprudence: in a great majority of cases Justice is administered in Mercy; but *still*, and in despite of this, the leaven of "the wisdom of our ancestors" is to be frequently found, in its usual fruits of folly and barbarism. The case of maliciously destroying a horse, in Wales, has perhaps been too much commented upon in the daily papers for it to be adviseable for us to repeat what, before this number of our Magazine will be published, will have become a thrice-told tale; but there are plenty of samples of equally absurd technicality, which, as yet at least, are not known to the public. For a sample:—

A barrister on the Oxford circuit, only this day arrived in town, has shewn us his note of a case tried yesterday at Gloucester; and, from our knowledge of this gentleman, we can vouch for its accuracy as certainly as though we had been ourselves in court. The circumstances were these. A party of men had been out poaching on Lord Ducie's preserves; they laid wires in a certain wood; and, having laid them, passed on to another part of the manor. A gamekeeper, in his nightly rounds, finds the wires very shortly after they had been set, with a pheasant in them, and takes both snare and bird. Upon his return home, he is overtaken by the poachers, several in number, and of whom the prisoner was the spokesman. "Holloa!" quo' he, "ha'nt you got something belonging to us?"

Gamekeeper. I ha' got some wires: do you call them your's?

Poacher. Ees, we do; and if thee doesn't give them us, we will give thee summut thee wun't like.

The gamekeeper accordingly disgorges the wires.

Poacher. And han't thee got nothin' else of ours?

Gamekeeper. I have got a pheasant: do you call that your's too?

Poacher. Ees, we does; and thee hadst better give it us.

And the gamekeeper gave it, as he distinctly swore, under the fear of personal violence. The prisoner accordingly is indicted for robbery; and, one would think, it was any odds—Brougham, at least, to Lethbridge—that he was convicted. But lo! the Judge starts an objection:—"Might not the prisoner have acted under a mistaken notion of property?"—It is well known that if a man violently takes from another any article under a *bonâ fide* belief that it is his, however mistaken that notion may be, it is no robbery. On this hint the Judge (Baron Vaughan) spoke; and, displaying his ingenuity, argued that the man might very possibly have believed that the wires were his. After considerable debate, the counsel for the prosecution yielded to his lordship the point of the wires, but urged that it was impossible to get over the violent taking of the pheasant on the same grounds. "No," quoth

his lordship, "it is very possible he might (mistakenly I grant) have believed the pheasant to be his property also!"—Wheugh! a poacher, who has the game laws at his fingers' ends as well as all the lawyers in court, judge, counsel, and attornies put together, believes that the pheasant he snares is *his property!!!* Baron Vaughan is a very keen, shrewd, man of the world; his belief in the amiable representations, almost universally made by prisoners, of their finding the stolen goods, is very particularly scanty; he, commonly, has a great antipathy to *trash*, and throws it overboard in a case with no kind of remorse—and lo! he procreates this most preternatural piece of humbug, and dandles it as his own pet and particular offspring before the astonished eyes of the jury, and especially the bar! A man goes out to snare Lord Ducie's pheasants, and (oh dear!) he, by some strange hallucination, fancies that they are his own! In this particular instance, he had never had the bird in his possession; for the keeper had found it in the springe; but, at all events, can any man, who pretends to plain common sense, say that he believes that *that man believed, bonâ fide*, (however erroneously, still *bonâ fide*) *that that pheasant was his?* The jury declared no such thing; they added the sting to what was already in itself an epigram. This astounding doctrine had given rise to a good deal of discussion between the judge and the bar. His lordship then proceeded to lay down his point, very luminously, to the jury, who, after consulting a minute or two, turned round and declared, through their foreman, that as this point seemed to have so much puzzled his lordship and all the gentlemen of the bar, it was out of the question to suppose that men of their limited capacities could make any thing of it; and, therefore, not knowing what to say upon the subject, they thought the safest course was to acquit the prisoner: the said jury manifestly having, as our informant asseverates, not the most remote idea of what the point left to them by the judge was, or what was the question which they had to decide, when once the good stout facts were taken from their grasp. And how indeed should men of straight-forward sense have any idea of what all this gallimaufry was about?

10th. The above case, as it was managed, caused a *poacher* to escape: we beg our readers not to believe that it is *as such* that we have been taking it to pieces. But we think that, as long as laws exist, they should be administered without fear or favour; still more, that they should not be frittered away by the caprice of a judge, clever though he be, who wishes to shew off a little crooked ingenuity from the bench, to astonish the natives! But, merely as a poacher escaping from the clutches of the game laws, we are delighted at it. Those laws are wicked and bloody laws, leading to all sorts of oppression, violence, and loss of life; and are the very nursery and *shoeing-horn* to every species of darker crime. During the very circuits through the country which have just closed, the offences *occasioned* by the game laws have been most numerous and deep. Men go out to take game, and keepers go out to preserve it: they are both armed with deadly weapons, and they fire at each other instead of the birds; men are killed, men are hanged for killing them, widows are left

destitute, children starving, demoralization is spread from end of the land to the other,—and all this that a parcel of heartless dandies may have a battue once a year, in which, shooting at pheasants as thronged as fowls at a barn door in thrashing time, they may boast of the number of heads of game they can enter in their book! Why do they not enter in their lists the numbers of their human victims also? A strict preserver might run the best shot hard, if he were permitted to add these trophies to his account.

13th. The above is the tragedy of the game system in this country: its farce has just fallen under our hands, in the shape of an article in the French Globe of the 9th., entitled “Mœurs Anglaises; Les Sports.” There never, perhaps, was more strongly exemplified the danger of a little learning, than in the lucubrations of this unhappy person, who dashing onward with confidence the most perfect and undoubting, falls into errors which are beyond measure ludicrous and diverting to an English eye—though to the worthy Parisians, who think Miss Smithson can act Jane Shore, and that Mr. Terry is an excellent Lear, no doubt they pass equally current with these most egregious facts. The article begins by telling us, which is perfectly true, that the English are very fond of gaming in all its branches, and adds that though gaming-houses are here forbidden by law, there are more in London than in Paris, which we doubt. They then go on seriously to say that Crockford’s is called a *Pandemonium*, in order to avoid shocking the polite ears of ladies of quality with the word *hell*, the usual designation of such places; and that many a dandy (*maint dandy*) instead of going to the ball with his mother, makes her set him down at Crockford’s, as she goes by!—Truly we are improved of late! Next we are informed, with a flourishing display of intimate knowledge of our technical language on these points, that a person who is addicted to *all* sports, namely hunting, racing, and boxing, is termed a “complete sportsman,” which words are accordingly printed in English, as though the *calicot* of a writer had the most distant idea of their meaning. We then have, seriatim, an account of angling, shooting, and coursing; and we must admit that, under the second head, there are some very sensible observations upon our game-laws: to matters of general reasoning, indeed, the writer shows himself to be tolerably equal—but, after a few sentences of sense and spirit, he is sure to fall into some pit-fall of absurdity, by his affected knowledge of our sporting customs. For instance, he talks of our having for fox-hunting, hare-hunting, and stag-hunting, three distinct races of dogs—the fox-hound, the harrier, and the stag-hound, *to say nothing of the blood-hound!* We are obliged to him for saying nothing of the blood-hound, for the only chase, that we remember, in which we employed that animal, was in the running down the Maroons, by Lord ——— in the West Indies, some thirty years ago and more—a species of hunting, by the way, which was repeatedly honoured with the negative approval at least of the House of Commons:—

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.—

We wonder, by the way, that this idea has never been adopted

against poachers ; it would suit the intellects and the humanity of the country-gentlemen.

We have then a description of a fox-chase, in which we are told that the intrepidity of the riders, and the vigour of the horses, are such that they leap fences of three or four feet in height!—and to this is appended a note which states that the Irish horses leap even better than the English ones, and that there are some of them (*il y en a qui*) who clear walls of four or five feet! We should like to see the face of a Melton, and still more of a Roscommon, man, at this account of their prowess!—In despite of the laudatory mention of his steed, we think the Irishman could scarcely consider our friend of the Boulevard “the real thing,”—and, as for the gentleman from “the little town of Melton Morobray,” as this cockney, with the stupid affectation of the French to miscall foreign names, chooses to spell it—his disdain, we are quite convinced, would be far too lofty for words. This writer, however, with all his blunders and noodleisms, has picked up some truths, too, we must do him the justice to say: and we hope his countrymen will fructify thereupon.

16th. “The divine Sontag—the charming Sontag—the inimitable Sontag—the &c. &c. &c. Sontag has arrived;” so said the *John Bull*, in an unusual extasy of praise—so said every body else, hebdomadal or diurnal. That the raptures diminished after she was heard and seen cannot be supposed, if we believe in the *Morning Herald*, which assured us that her voice was a compound of the notes of the nightingale, thrush, linnet, blackbird,—

And all the other finches of the grove,—

blended with the varying intonations of the choicest orchestra of instrumental music.

Of course we went to hear the lady, and equally, of course, we are expected to give an account of what we heard.

Accordingly, then, Mademoiselle Sontag is ——— But hang it! no. Why should we invade the office of the *Harmonicon*, which is at this moment printing harmoniously with ourselves in the musical cases of Mr. Clowes? We have another object in view—the fair Sontag rises before our sight as one of the most illustrious subjects of the great mystery of puffing that has ever appeared among us.

Now we hope that nobody will fancy for a moment that we are going to say anything angry about the young lady, or indeed about any body else. We think ‘Warren’s blacking’ and ‘Wilmot Horton’s Emigration Bill’ very good in their way, although they are rather conspicuous on dead walls and newspaper columns; and certainly we shall not object to hear the aviary of the *Morning Herald*, because she has been much extolled by the honest chroniclers who blow the trumpet of fame.

It must be said that the puffing was good—well blown, and judiciously directed; and it has not recoiled so much as might have been expected after an explosion so violent. The finest thing of all, however, was the romantic history of her marriage. The young count,

disguised as a fiddler,—“no beefeater, but a knight templar;” his ancient father appearing so apropos at the very moment he was wanted, to give his paternal benediction, and unite his son to the fair syren, as the newspapers call her; the romantic generosity, and the glowing pathos of the whole story, were irresistible, and, if not true, why, it ought to have been so. As for the King of Prussia having fallen in love with her, *that* was but a trifle. We remember that the same prince was sadly in love with another celebrated lady, Miss Biddy Fudge, who considered him, after all, as no more than “a Brandenburg, dear.”

Cheer up, however, gentlemen of England, another great authority informs us, that “the fair Sontag is a spinster;” and the young count, with all his train of romantic concomitants, vanish into thin air. We have heard of no illuminations in consequence of this joyful announcement, and if the park guns *did* fire, it was on account of his Majesty’s preferring being born on the 23d of April, instead of the 12th of August, as his illustrious parents arranged.

Can we write seriously on such a subject? It is impossible. A lady tolerably pretty, and, as Catalani truly said, “first in a *second* line,” has been so trumpeted that people are beginning to think her as ugly as the staring lithographs have made her, and as poor a singer as — any body the reader pleases to imagine. Our German relations are queer people. It is not much more than a hundred years ago since a French abbé wrote a book to enquire why it was that the Germans were incapable of wit; and a heavy divine of Thundertentronch answered the pamphlet in a thumping quarto, which went far towards proving that the Frenchman was right. In the twinkling of an eye they have turned the tables; and, not content with being the first of wits, poets, and philosophers, they have determined to lay violent hands even on the established domain of Italy. Accordingly, when Miss Sontag appeared, every pen in Germany was sharpened in her praises, and they puffed her as lustily as if she had been a cigar. Not an uncombed member of the Burschen—not one of the five hundred and ninety-six trunkhosed and huge-whiskered sonnetteers who infest Germany at present—not an article-factor in the whole of Deutschland, was idle. Away they set, growling forth her praise in the full gutturity of high Dutch. The very beer-pots exhibited her countenance, and her beauty shone radiant through the dense curls of the smoke of the meerschawm. The unanimous acclaim rang through Europe—and here she is.

Suppose we prophecy a little, always with the full knowledge of the uncertainty of that art. Our readers need not be alarmed. The influence of the god shall not remain upon us very long.

Our prophecy then is, that after the curiosity is over, she will not be very attractive. Her peculiar excellencies of execution will be found to be little more than mechanical triumphs, and we shall discover that neither Miss Sontag, nor any other young lady, can be a great singer by inspiration. We do not believe in the existence of prima donnas of two-and-twenty.

But we should be sorry to be critical over much on the jewel of Germany. Reviewing, Doctor Southey in former times told us, was
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an ungentle trade at the best. We fear that if it be harshly used at the expense of a young lady, the epithet will be somewhat lengthened, and it will be voted ungentlemanlike. Fearing, therefore, the stigma of that damnatory word, we refrain from further remark, wishing the fair dame every success, but still—we stick to our prophecy ; *il faut toujours finir par là*.

Just as we had come so far, we received a letter per two-penny-post, —paid of course, we never open any other,—inclosing us a couple of epigrams on Miss Sontag, which are not much worse than the average poetry of the *Morning Chronicle*. In order to understand them, our readers, not acquainted with Teutonic, must be informed that Sontag is the German for Sunday.

Pious beyond all former times we've grown ;

All Sabbath breaking must have vanished clean—

The veriest reprobate that e'er was known

Is sure to worship now, when Sunday's seen.

When crowds of beaux and belles, a brilliant throng,

Rushed in full tide to hail the Queen of Song,

The tir'd check-taker, vex'd with toil and heat,

Squeez'd, crush'd, bored, bother'd, knocked from off his feet,

"This, perhaps," he cries, "to others sport may be,

But Sunday shines no holiday to me!"

17th. We are surprised at Lord Lansdown wishing to omit from his bill, relating to offences against the person, the clause giving the bodies of murderers to dissection. We confess, we think his reason that so repulsive a class of criminals being singled out for dissection, throws a stigma on the practice which prevents other bodies being devoted to this purpose—we think this very fantastic and overwrought ; and we rejoice that he yielded to the suggestion of Lord Grey to retain the clause. But this question—namely the supply of anatomical subjects—is one which must shortly be discussed at large ; for petitions to parliament are rapidly accumulating from the medical profession, complaining of the difficulties which are opposed to their procuring a sufficient number of these most necessary materials for study, and alleging that numbers of English students are driven to Paris, from the absolute lack of them. Of the absolute necessity for medical men to learn anatomy from human subjects, and of the extreme fallacy and danger of substituting artificial figures, there is now, we believe, no doubt with any one : but *how* to supply them is indeed a question of the utmost and most complex difficulty. That the horror of dissection is a mere, and very silly, prejudice, there can be no question ; but it is a prejudice connected with feeling, and therefore, like all other matters of feeling, will not bear argument. Nay, we are convinced that men, who would, with the most willing readiness, consent to have their own bodies anatomized, would shrink with disgust from the idea of those they had loved—their wife, their mother, or their sister, being subjected to any such thing. The delicate reverence with which we regard *these*, at once causes a feeling to arise within our hearts which prevents our uncompromisingly branding the general ideas among the lower classes on this subject, as mere ignorance and

prejudice. We believe, indeed, that there is a very prevalent sensation of dread of their own worthy carcasses being anatomized, which is mere foolish, we might almost add, selfish prejudice: but still, it is impossible to make any regulation on the subject which is not general, and consequently which does not involve the wounding more natural and amiable feelings. It is, however, most difficult to devise any arrangement by which a sufficient number of bodies would be supplied. We see the *Times* suggests adding the bodies of self-destroyers; but there are two or three objections to this. There is one, indeed, suggested by the *Times* itself: namely, that it would not add to the number of subjects, as it would diminish that of suicides. If we were convinced of this, we would say "Aye" to the proposition at once; but we are far from being so. Suicide is nearly always caused by the desire to *escape* from some overwhelming misery, bodily or mental—and we cannot believe that that desire which is strong enough to overcome the strongest regular feeling of human nature, fear of Death, would be overborne by that of dissection. Nay, we have the fact, that the ignominious burial which the law, till lately, provided for self-destroyers, in no degree operated to lessen the crime. It acted only as a punishment upon the surviving relations and friends—an effect manifestly unjust. Besides this, in nineteen cases of suicide out of twenty, the Coroner's Inquest finds a verdict of lunacy. If, therefore, such instances were to be excepted, the additional gain to science would be scarcely any thing; and, if not, it would be violating every principle of law and justice, by awarding a punishment (for, in this case, it must be so considered,) against a party whom you, at the same instant, declare not to be morally responsible for his actions. And, thirdly, the real effect would be, as it was as the law formerly stood, that the only persons really punished were the innocent survivors.

An increase of subjects, to a small extent, might be gained by ordering for dissection the bodies of all executed criminals. These are persons who are forfeited, by their crimes, for the promotion of the general good. Their being put to death conduces, by example, to the moral benefit of the community; and if their corporal frames can be of physical advantage, they ought to be devoted to that purpose.

But this would, of course, not operate to any very great extent. The only real addition, we fear, of considerable amount to the regular supply of bodies, must be looked for in the general progress of society to the conviction, that the more we connive at the dealings of those who are known by the term "*Resurrection-men*," the better.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

As long as it is unknown to us that the ashes of our friends are disturbed, we can, of course, feel no uneasiness on the point. Why, then, should we officiously strive to inform ourselves of that which it must always be painful and disgusting to know, and which would, undoubtedly, never come to our knowledge at all, if we suffered matters quietly to take their course. We certainly, as a broad principle, hold the system of connivance to be abominable; but there are some cases which outstep every general axiom, and we think this one of them.

The government, we have reason to believe, acts upon this feeling when cases of this kind are, we must say so unwisely, prosecuted at law; and we cannot but approve of the discretion said to be exercised, without any noise or publicity, on such occasions. "Resurrection-men" should be punished on the Spartan principle—for being found out; and we think that no very violent activity should be employed to discover them. Some members of the House of Commons seem to hint at the existence of feasible means of ensuring and regulating a constant supply of subjects. We confess they do not suggest themselves to our minds: but we shall hail with joy and gratitude any middle course which may be devised, by which the interests of science and the sensitive feelings of humanity may be united.

25th. The progress of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts through Parliament, has given rise to many most curious scenes: First, Mr. Peel is astounded by a swinging and unexpected majority; which, after a few "short sighs and murmuring reluctance," induce him fairly to give in—*moyennant* a sort of salvo in the shape of a very general declaration. The bill thus passes the House of Commons, and comes into the House of Lords. Here, new wonders come to light. The whole Bench of Bishops, illuminated, no doubt, by the new light of the government, voted for the bill, to a man!—and many of them even spoke in a tone of liberality:—they!—the Bishops!—Lord Eldon, however, the sturdy, the staunch, the unshaken, the unshakeable—he, who always "sticks to his point, like a rusty weather-cock,"—he, who never was guilty of feeling one liberal sentiment, or expressing one tolerant idea,—he, though all else are recreant, still descends into the arena to fight in the good old cause of Exclusiveness and Persecution. But no—*all* are not recreant—all do not desert their venerable leader; lo! the aged knight is attended by two doughty squires, Mansfield and Winchelsea;—they, like merry-andrews in general, go farther than the head mountebank himself—they make Lord Eldon's doctrines seem little short of absurd, by the ludicrous excess to which they carry them. Surely, John, Earl of Eldon, umquhile Chancellor of Great Britain, must feel some touch of degradation at having, in the House of Lords, scarce "ten followers of his own"—at the head of whom is such a man as Lord Winchelsea!—that is, supposing that egregious nobleman to have survived the impalement inflicted upon him by the shafts of Lord Holland's ridicule, after he proposed his clause. But we are probably mistaken;—for intense stupidity, like the tortoise-shell, effectually protects its owner from feeling any attacks from without.

The bill is still under consideration, and it is yet in the womb of fate in what condition it will come out of the mill in which the unhappy document is at this instant being ground; we shall reserve our observations till it is completed. One thing, however, is to us quite clear, viz. that if it be clogged with any more declarations, in the shape of professions of faith, &c., it had better never have been brought forward at all; for the annual indemnity bill prevents much absolute evil arising from the existence of these acts, while inquisitorial questioning into the minutæ of every man's belief is in itself an evil of the greatest

magnitude. They will not, indeed, we conclude, proceed so far in imitation of the Inquisition, as to propose the enactment of any positive punishment, in case the answers should not chance to please the examiner: exclusion, will probably be considered sufficient. But ministers should reflect, that, if they permit any further tampering with the bill, they will virtually give up that which they have pledged themselves to support. They should stand firm, and say, 'we will not have another word.' They should follow the admirable, manly, and liberal advice of the bishop of Lincoln; that 'in matters of this nature, they ought, above all things, avoid dogmatizing upon points of faith.' Would that all churchmen spoke thus; there would be little need of checks and securities, in favour of the church then.

— A very curious petition was presented to the House of Lords last night, on the subject of an addition to the declaration contained in the bill for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. This addition is, that after the words, 'I declare,' those of 'on the true faith of a christian,' shall be inserted. Against this, Mr. J. L. Goldsmid of Dulwich appeals in the name of the Jews; inasmuch, as it would, he states, render the condition of the Jews worse than it is at present. This is a curious mistake, for a gentleman, who is himself a Jew, to fall into. Why, at this time, Jews cannot be members of corporations, nor can they hold any office, nay they cannot even open a shop in the city of London; and all this simply for the reason that *Jews are foreigners*. This certainly not only sounds, but is very preposterous. A man born in this country, of a father and mother both born in this country, trading and possessed of considerable wealth in this country, having lived here all his life, and being married here, and bringing up a family here,—for this man to be called and treated as a foreigner, is a piece of absurd barbarity, which it is a disgrace to England in the nineteenth century, still to suffer to exist. The famous bill for the naturalization of the Jews, which was brought into parliament in the year 1753, was literally rioted out of it by a mob, congregated upon the no popery system; and we conclude, that the fear of this mob has been before the eyes of our statesmen ever since, that they have not brought forward some similar measure. Really, there are some men in both houses of parliament, who ought not to remain passive while such a paltry scandal is allowed to continue in existence.

— The debates in both houses last night, were not a little curious. Lord Eldon's exertions in the Lords, on the Test Act repeal bill, were continued with equal vigour and ingenuity; and we perfectly agree with the *Morning Chronicle*, that 'from his minute knowledge of the law, he will bother their lordships exceedingly before all is over.' But the debate in the Commons, on the abuses in Chancery, was ineffably good. Mr. Sugden, must have given his constituents of Weymouth, just cause to be proud of their superior discrimination to those many boroughs which have hitherto rejected the honourable gentleman's overtures to represent them. The wit and humour displayed by him, seem to have convulsed the house with laughter. He sets out with the facetious proposition, that all persons who complain of the Court of Chancery,

are rogues and swindlers. 'When he looked to the character of those persons who were most loud in their condemnation of the Court of Chancery, he found that they consisted of persons who were fraudulent trustees and executors. [Some murmurs were here expressed from the opposition benches.] He disclaimed any intention of making a personal allusion, but he did not hesitate to say, that those persons who were loudest in their complaints against the Court of Chancery, were persons on whose character there was some moral taint, and to whom the unravelling of their transactions was naturally annoying.' Adherence to fact, is but a vulgar quality; or we should be glad if Mr. Sugden would run his eye over the lists of those who have voted with Mr. John Williams, and Mr. M. A. Taylor, on these subjects, for several years back. We should be glad if he would inform us, after he has done so, how many fraudulent trustees and executors he has found among them.

But the peroration of the learned member's speech, was what the French call *impayable*. We shall give it entire, and without comment. The house seems to have appreciated it as it deserves:—

'With respect to the gentlemen of the bar, he would say they were as honourable and high-minded men as any that existed. If any barrister was to countenance abuses in the practice of the law, he would be unable to show his face among the other members of his profession. So far from being unfriendly to reform, if they had any fault, it was an over anxiety in favour of innovation [cheers and laughter]. Their interests lay in that direction; for every change must be beneficial to them, as it would lead to fresh discussion and doubt. The persons who would suffer from those innovations were not the lawyers, but the men of property. It was for them, especially, to be cautious how they cherished plans of reform, which were in their tendency almost revolutionary [cheers and laughter]. He would repeat, it was for the men of property to be careful how they put themselves at the mercy of a new code, about the working of which they could know nothing, till they had the dire experience of it [hear, hear!]. He declared that he had himself the good of his country at heart. He would give his attention to every project of useful reform; but, humble as he was, he would, notwithstanding the sneers of those who opposed him, stand up against all those schemes which he would again call revolutionary, and which struck at the very foundation of that happy system of law which had long existed in this country [cheers and laughter].

Electors of Weymouth, we wish you joy!

Facetiousness, however, seems to have been the order of the night. Sir James Scarlett, in defending the bar against the imputation of interested motives, concludes thus:—"But of all charges against the bar of England, that is the least deserved which is derived from the pay it receives; *their emoluments are purely honorary*." Now really this is rather too amusing; a gentleman in the receipt from his professional exertions, of ten or twelve thousand a-year, talks of his emoluments being purely honorary! It is perfectly true, as a piece of paltry, special-pleading technicality, a barrister's fees are undoubtedly, in the eye of the law, *quiddam honorarium*; and he cannot main-

tain an action for their recovery. But the consequence of this, is that he receives them, with his brief, in ready money; and the glittering gold and rustling notes, do, we confess, appear to us to be something considerably more than "purely honorary."

We must not, however, be mistaken. We are far from calling the bar a mercenary profession in the evil sense of the term; and in the good sense of the term, all professions are and must be mercenary; *i. e.* its members will work, in fairness and in honour, for proper pecuniary compensation. In such a sense, can the term mercenary, be applied reproachfully? and if it be, are not the army, the navy, medicine, and the church equally exposed to it? Really, Sir James, it was going rather too far, for the amusement of the House of Commons to talk in this way. As for the motion for reform in Chancery—after the abuses being made out, beyond all doubt or cavil, by some half dozen members, in speeches of great research and ability, it was of course lost by a large majority of members who had held their tongues.

26th. The following, strikes us as a very amusing bit of criticism. The French have, undoubtedly, been most kind to our actors in Paris, and very tolerant, considering their prejudices, towards our dramatic poetry. In the article (in the 'Journal des Debats') from which this is an extract, the praises given to the tragedy of *Virginius* are great, and those showered upon Macready's representation of the hero are lavish. These are all very well; but the exceeding *Frenchness* of the following very lively and most just observations, have tickled us exceedingly; and, therefore, we recommend it to our readers:—

"Il ne faut pas oublier que l'action se passe au milieu du quatrième siècle de la république romaine. Les historiens sont d'accord qu'à cette époque il y avoit à Rome des écoles publiques pour les enfans des deux sexes, et que ce fut en effet, lorsque Virginie, accompagnée de sa nourrice, se rendoit à l'une de ces écoles, que sa beauté attira les regards et enflamma les désirs d'Appius. Mais ce que ces historiens ont oublié de nous dire, et ce que M. Knowles a deviné, c'est le genre d'instruction qu'y recevoient les jeunes filles. Dans la tragédie, on leur apprend à broder au tambour, à entrelacer, sur un canevas, des chiffres amoureux, et à peindre des scènes de passion, telles, par exemple, que les adieux d'Achille et de sa captive Briséis. La nourrice apporte au père l'ouvrage au tambour; ce brave Romain y voit avec un étonnement, que les spectateurs partagent, un L, un I et un V, élégamment mariés ensemble, et entourés d'une guirlande de roses. De notre temps, on ne feroit pas mieux dans Bond Street on dans la rue Vivienne. Le père ne conçoit rien à cet hiéroglyphes, mais Servia prend soin de le lui expliquer. "L est là pour Lucius; I représente Icilius, ce qui fait bien Lucius Icilius; quant au V, il signi fie évidemment *Virginia*." Le tout veut dire que Virginia est amoureuse d'Icilius; Virginius est enchanté, parce que cette découverte change en certitude le soupçon qu'il avoit déjà de la passion des deux amans. D'ailleurs, il ne lui est plus possible d'en douter. Virginia lui apporte son tableau de Briséis, et il se trouve que, par le plus grand hasard du monde, la naïve écolière a donné à Achille les

traits d'Icilius. Cet épisode, tout à fait dans le goût des romans de la Calprenède, forme un contraste bien extraordinaire avec l'époque et les mœurs que M. Knowles avoit à peindre. Boileau lui auroit conseillé de ne donner ni l'air, ni l'esprit Anglais ou Français à l'antique Italie, et la connoissance de l'histoire l'auroit fait ressouvenir qu'à aucune époque de la république, les Romains, et encore moins les Romaines, n'auroient daigné consacrer leur éducation à l'étude d'arts qu'ils méprisoient, et dont, sous les Empereurs mêmes, ils abandonnoient la pratique à leurs esclaves."

Since we wrote the above, we have seen the criticism on the same performance in 'Le Globe;' and it has revived more vividly than ever our surprise that the French should have taken the least zest in our drama, seeing that they so little understand our language. 'Le Globe' is a paper conducted by most able men, and standing altogether upon a literary footing, which would, one cannot but think, render it a matter of certainty that their English criticisms would show some knowledge of English. First of their familiarity with the existing state of our dramatic literature.—"M. Knowles est depuis douze ans, avec Colman et Mathurin, le soutien du théâtre britannique." Good, misguided people, learn that Colman has, with one abortive exception, produced nothing on the stage for these twenty years; and that Maturin never had but one successful piece in his life. That tragedy, 'Bertram,' has now been laid aside for several years, and Mr. Maturin himself has been dead two or three. We do not wish to detract from the merit of Mr. Knowles; but he himself must either laugh or blush, or both, at being called "le soutien du théâtre britannique." But it is in his quotations that the writer in the 'Globe' shews he has not the most distant idea of what he is talking about. 'One slip or so might be an error of the press; but the press cannot be always wrong. What does he mean by

I think

There's nothing strange is that an L and an I
Twin'd with a V. ?

Now we think it's *very* strange—Don't you, Mr. Knowles? Again: and we beg our printers will be kind enough to take care to print the passage as barbarously as it is done here—if they can:—

"Nous l'y devançons. [à Rome.] Nous y trouvons Virginie dans les larmes. Elle tremble que son père ne puisse arriver à temps pour la protéger. Enfin nous l'entendons. Il est dans les bras de sa fille. Ces simplis cris: *My child! my child!—I am! i fell i am! i knowi am! my father!* admirablement prononcés par Macready et par miss Smithson, ont un pathétique qu'ils ne peuvent avoir dans la pièce de Laharpe et d'Alfieri, où nous ne connaissons ni la voix ni les traits de Virginus."

Certainly such cries must be very pathetic indeed! And these people pretend to admire Shakspeare. That is what vexes us: if they would but abuse him we should not care, but their admiration is too much.

28th.—There have been strange reports afloat with respect to the Adelphi Theatre, which we are happy to see contradicted on the best

authority. A most calumnious paragraph, implicating the theatre and *both* the proprietors, appeared in a paper called 'The World;' but as 'The World' revolves in a very limited orbit, having little or no circulation, there it might have remained innoxious, had not other papers of more consequence, with their usual avidity to say ill-natured things, propagated the scandal. This paragraph stated that the speculation had failed, that one proprietor had been compelled to fly his country, and the other "to hide his face under a hood;" thus sacrificing truth and common fairness to the desire of making an atrociously bad pun upon the title of Mr. Yates's forthcoming entertainment. We are happy in saying that we *know* that the whole of this paragraph, as far as relates to Mr. Yates, is false; and that the theatre has more than realized the expectations formed at the time of its purchase. It is rumoured, and we believe correctly, that Mr. Yates is about to become the sole proprietor. When therefore he read this piece of scandal, he considered it "the strangest thing in the *World*." 'The World' has, however, made Mr. Yates the "*amende honorable*."

— This will never do. The newspapers are getting up another murder. We do not say the murder has not been committed by the party charged; it may or it may not; that is a matter for a jury of the country to determine next July, and undoubtedly it is exactly the matter which the gentlemen of the press have no sort of right to prejudge in April. It will be readily seen, that we allude to the murder at Polstead, of which a man of the name of Corder is accused. *Accused*, mind;—gentlemen of the press, we beg to call to your recollection that the man is *accused*, not convicted. Then what right have you, O Morning Chronicle! to have in your paper of this very morning a sentence beginning, "When Corder had committed the murder"—? What sort of right have you, papers in general, to give biographies, anecdotes, "further particulars," "accounts of Corder's character and conduct," and all sorts of trash like this, to saturate people's minds with the idea that this man is a Bluebeard, who does nothing but cut off women's heads. We are not willingly betrayed into speaking lightly upon such a subject, but really this press-work should be put down some way or other, for it is playing with men's lives. Let the reporters give fair reports of what passes; by notes, if the coroners are not foolish enough to prevent them taking them; if not, to the best of their memory. But these extra-judicial raw-head-and-bloody-bone stories are equally repulsive to good taste, and in breach of the commonest principles of justice.

1:1

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. II.

MODESTY forbid that we should print all the encomiastic letters we have received during the present month! They have done us serious injury. Some minds cannot bear praise, and we are of that order;—it intoxicates us—takes us off our balance—makes us reel with a gloating delight in the contemplation of our own manifold excellence. Abuse we can endure, and indeed rejoice in. We like persecution—“parsecute away.” That rouses us to exertion, and calls us to gird on our armour for the fight. Woe betide the blockhead who then crosses our path.

We shall be exceedingly fastidious in making any selection from our private correspondence. As a body, the “unpaid” will not do. But we may still offer a little encouragement to the young, and courteous, and unassuming. The business-like sense of the following letter is really very agreeable to us:—

Honiton, Devonshire, 15th April, 1828.

“SIR,—I do not know whether an old subscriber and constant reader is to come under the denomination, or be subjected to the same conditions as are contained in the “Hints from a Veteran Contributor,” in your Magazine for this month, being the first number of the third series, namely, to be one of the “paid,” or “unpaid,” or “a payer,” for the privilege of addressing you in your editorial capacity; or whether the “private correspondence” is intended to open the way for remonstrance on account of the past, laud for the present, or anticipation of the future.

“Magazines, like empires and ministries, have their revolutions and changes, by which, in most cases, some good is effected, until the first effervescence is past over, when they quietly sink back into the same vapid state as before, to be again blown into commotion when it becomes necessary to stimulate the public into a change of opinion. Now, like the Vicar of Bray, I have abided by the “London” in all its changes—through thick and through thin (I mean both in quantity and quality)—have successively mourned over the defalcation of Elia and the Opium Eater—have acquiesced in the absence of the amusing and whimsical contributions of T. H.—witnessed the abrupt termination of the Traveller’s letters from the continent, and the adventures of an Italian gentleman—have dosed over the contents of a number where the diary alone had redeemed it from from the character and title of a review—and finally, have rejoiced over the “thus much show of spirit” exhibited in the commencement of the third series.

“And why have I done this? Why when, at the commencement of the last series, the increased price of one shilling a number caused a serious conflict between my wishes and the thoughts of the alterations necessary to be made in my system of finance (besides the hints and remonstrances of my better half, who considers all magazines as trash, and nothing better than old newspapers, the ‘Ladies’ Magazine’ even not excepted—I give you her very words, Mr. Editor, being tolerably

perfect from monthly repetition)—why did I persist in expending my monthly 3s. 6d., but because I lived in hopes of something better, and could not bear the idea of destroying the symmetry of my little library, on the shelves of which the volumes of the ‘London Magazine,’ in all the glory of blue and gold backs, form so conspicuous and imposing a figure?

“Now, Mr. Editor, comes the gist of my complaint; in the last series four numbers form a volume, but the change which has been effected cuts off one number from the set; and what is worse, a sheet of that number is deficient, which was promised to be supplied in the number for this month; perhaps this, in the confusion necessarily attendant on so important a change, and the removal of the publication from the hands of one publisher to those of another, has been forgotten; you will, therefore, much oblige a lover of regularity and good order, by informing him in what manner this is proposed to be remedied.

“You will please to excuse this communication—it is the first time I have ventured to intrude my sentiments on the editor of the magazine, having, in the Old Series, been deterred by the well-known severity of the “Lion,” though I should consider a pretty smart stroke of his paw, even should it make the blood rush a little, as more endurable than the oblivion in which all notice of contributors has been wrapped during the last series. I hope better things from the “private correspondence,” and that complaints will be heard, noticed, and redressed, though the nonsense of the medium through which they may be conveyed may not be worth insertion, and I remain, Mr. Editor,

“Yours obediently,
“T.”

Nothing would give us such serious pain as not to perform our contract, to the letter, with all portions of the public. The missing sheet, with title and index to the parting volume of the last series, shall be delivered with our next number. We do assure our most excellent and constant friend, who has abided by us “through evil report and good report,” that we aspire to a place in his “little library,” and desiderate the glory of “blue and gold backs,” as a sort of present immortality. That library—we can see it in our mind’s eye! The room is certainly not more than sixteen feet by twelve, looking out at a pretty distance upon the public road, though screened from vulgar observation by a natural blind of roses and geraniums. The hearth, ever beaming with the kindest associations, is at the other extremity of that snug apartment, and on either side of the fire-place are two simple unglazed book-cases, containing each about one hundred very choice volumes. Ay! what treasures of thought are there constantly present to one who, after his daily duties, takes down that book which is most congenial to his frame of mind. There is Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Cowper, Byron; Tonson’s fine clear edition of the ‘Spectator’ and ‘Guardian;’ the ‘Rambler,’ ‘Johnson’s Lives,’ and the ‘London Magazine.’ What need has he to be a subscriber to the Book Club, to be compelled to read against time always—often against inclination? At the moment when he opens this number, instinctively at that page

where he will find his own letter, his dear companion; "on hospitable thoughts intent," is directing the arrangement of the little sandwich-tray,—for the curate and the apothecary will look in that evening for a quiet rubber. These kindly duties suffer a temporary interruption; for under the new regime contributors are patted on the back, and welcomed to our board, even as we should in person be welcomed if we were to drop in at the hour of refection, at that home of peace and innocence; and the number must be glanced through by brilliant eyes, even though our reverend friend should come in before the little preparations are quite complete. Most faithful of subscribers, heed not the curate's criticism; for when you praise and defend us in all future time, as you assuredly will, and he should impugn either our taste or our politics, drop us another letter, no matter whether of encouragement or reproof, and it shall be hard if we do not strive to redeem our errors, if errors we have, and render ourselves still worthier of a place amongst the immortals, who beam their intellectual radiance upon the happy circle in the "little library" at Honiton.

But who have we here? '*A gratuitous contributor*,' who maintains that 'the paid' are poor miserable hacks, and that those who scorn our filthy lucre, volunteers—constitutional forces—are the only true allies. He is certainly a better specimen of the tribe than most of

'The mob of gentlemen who write with ease'—

but he is mistaken in looking down upon the incomes of the *professionals* of literature. He has a secret to learn. We give an extract from his letter:—

DEAR LONDON,

Your 'veteran contributor' appears to have as strong an aversion to *unpaid* contributors as the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* has to unpaid *magistrates*. But I suspect that his dislike of us arises rather from a selfish dread of our rivalry, than a contempt for our alleged dulness. The effects of gratuitous contribution on the monthly incomings of those dozen or two '*professors of magazing*' that vegetate in 'Blackwood,' the 'New Monthly,' and the 'London,' might be awful. For think only how pennyless would the fate be of these few *professionals* of literature, if every man who can write a readable article for a magazine, and can afford to contribute it for nothing, would devote but one evening in the month to illuminate the pages of his favourite periodical, as I do for mine, dear London! If we volunteers once took the field in all our strength, your *regulars* would not stand a moment before our *constitutional* vigour. Beside, I hate a standing army even of contributors; you cannot depend on mercenary auxiliaries. They are on your side this month, but let them receive but five shillings less than the price of their article, and the next month they stand against you in the ranks of your adversary—"Mag's Swiss who write for any mag or man,"—abusing Brougham and liberal principles to day in 'Blackwood,' and exposing Mr. Peel's shuffling policy the next day in the 'London,'—Faugh, I loathe the moral perversion of talent, that, for a guinea, would turn black into white, and confound truth with falsehood! And why should it be presumed that none but your

veteran scribblers can write an article worth paying for? Have they monopolized "all the talents" to themselves? Is there not one clever writer amongst the reading public beside these twenty veteran regulars? Are the libraries and the universities open to the trading literati alone? Some of your regulars, that I know, are more utterly destitute of brains and information than any unperiodical I ever met. But why should it be held that an article for which no compensation is required may not for all that be worth compensation, be worth printing? Or is the value of the article lessened by the fact that no price is asked for it? that it is offered as a gift out of the overflowings of the giver's abundance, or as a mark of his attachment to the principles of the publication to which he offers it? I concede to you that "the contribution is not worth printing that is not worth paying for;" but I will not grant to your veteran contributor that the contribution for which nothing is asked or expected is, therefore, unworthy of publication. I can imagine the existence—indeed I need not imagine it at all, for I know it to be a fact—I am acquainted with several gentlemen, independent in their means and masters of their time, who possess abilities and acquirements, and a taste for literary composition not at all inferior to the best specimens of magazine writing, yet who never write for the periodicals, and who, if they did write for them would not accept a compensation; and for this plain reason, that they are independent of such means of subsistence, and not through contempt for money or for literary composition as a profession. Nor do I think that these gratuitous writers would lose much in declining remuneration from the periodicals; for I am strongly inclined to think, that, of the whole corps of magazine-writers, there is not one, no not the most successful, who earns one hundred and fifty pounds a year, from all the magazines put together."

We most entirely approve of our friend's doctrine, that if the 'unpaid' can and will write *as well* as the 'paid,' they are quite as meritorious members of society. We shall hang out our banners for such; they will find open house here, and merry shall be their entertainment:

Come with a hoop and come with a call,
Come with good will or come not at all.—

But they won't come; at least so says our experience.

Our friend has sent us an elaborate article on 'the thefts of the Poets,' written in somewhat an angry tone against their larcenies. Why should he be angry? Literature is a common estate—a sort of Owen's community—a garden where few new flowers can be produced, but where the art of the florist may give new combinations of colours to the old. If this were not attainable, all the records of poetry should be burned once in a thousand years, in justice to the existing generation of the sons of verse. However, our friend shall state his own case.

THE THEFTS OF THE POETS.

In reading the poets every body must have observed, in some of them, sentiments given as original, which he had seen in others also before—not merely similar thoughts, but entire sentences, thought

and word, sentiment and diction—*verbum verbo*. This strange mode of appropriation I have sometimes accounted for on the supposition that similar circumstances may have suggested similar thoughts, and that similarity of tastes or intellectual organization may have supplied similar diction: but then the words being identically the *same*—not an iota different—the coincidence was to me irreconcilable on metaphysical grounds. My next idea was, that one poet, admiring a turn of thought in another, unconsciously treasured it in his memory; and in the ardour of composition, mistaking the acquisition of his memory for the creation of his invention, gave it to the world in the full and honest belief that the thing was his own: but against this opinion, I observed, that most of the borrowed thoughts had such strong marks of the older writers' peculiar style, as when seen by the poet of later date must at the first blush have reminded him that these productions were not his original property. Lastly, I adopted a third hypothesis on the subject, namely, that the more modern poets actually stole those literary infants of their seniors, and as Sheridan has it, wilfully and knowingly disfigured them—"to make them pass for their own." On this last conjecture I have settled down—and for my reasons I will give you some specimens of the stolen articles in question:—

And first, there's Pope's (as the world thinks) happy phrase, in his character of Atticus (or Addison),

Damn with faint praise—

is not this a most manifest theft committed on that prologue of Wycherley's to his 'Plain Dealer,' in which he says, the critics—

With faint praises one another damn?

then again, that fine sentiment, where Pope, talking of natural religion, says, he

—————takes no common road
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

Is not this clearly stolen (though improved by disfiguration) from Dryden's—

And nature's God through nature's optics views.

But Pope was not the only bard that robbed poor Dryden; you remember Goldsmith's description of the efficacy of his brother's preaching:

Those who came to scoff remained to pray.

Who would not have thought this to be original, if Dryden had not some seventy years before that, writing about a prayer sent to heaven, said that

Presenting angels met it half the way
And sent us back to praise who came to pray.

In Young's Night Thoughts, we read,

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

Look at Goldsmith's ballad,

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Every body knows the lines in Abelard and Heloise, at least every young lady does:

Love free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Spencer, more than a hundred years before Pope was born, wrote thus :

For soon as maistry comes, sweet love anon
Shaketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.

Pope's lines are compounded of those of Spencer's, and of a part of the following from Butler—Love—

Debarred the freedom of the air,
Disdains against his will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away ;
And therefore never can comply
To endure the matrimonial tie.

HUDIBRAS.

While we are on Butler, does it not strike you that, in his fine irony on lovers' laudations of their mistresses, the thought—

Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet—

is not merely borrowed from Perseus, but nearly a literal translation of the Satirist's—

Quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiet.

But to take a higher flight. Milton has transferred even into his immortal epic the thoughts of others. For instance, in his description of the fallen angel,

. His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness.

Is not this evidently borrowed from Virgil on a flower before it fades ?

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recepit.

And again, talking of hell,

. long is the way
And hard that out of hell leads up to light.

Is this more or less than Virgil's on the same subject?—

Sed superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.

And again :—

. Our final hope
Is flat despair.

Compare it with Virgil's—

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem—

And shew me any difference but in the degree of condensation by Milton.

But, to go farther, I suspect that even our most original Shakespeare was not guiltless of these thefts. It is known that the principal classic authors had been translated in his time ; and the frequent allusions to Greek and Roman history and Mythology prove that he must have read the translations—at least, if his "small Latin" (as Jonson called it) was not sufficient to enable him to encounter the Roman writers in their own language.

Can any one for a moment doubt that our friend of Avon borrowed—

That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns,

From Catullus

. Per iter tenebricosum
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam.

Every body remembers Hamlet's assertion, that—

. Guilty creatures, sitting at a play.
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul.

Have we not the entire material of that thought in Juvenal's description of the effect of Lucilius' satire on guilty auditors?—

. Quoties Lucilius ardens,
Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa—

Talking of Shakspeare puts me in mind of Ben Jonson, his contemporary and acquaintance. You remember that pretty song addressed to his mistress:—

I sent thee late a rosy wreathe,
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since which it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Now, have we not this same amatory compliment more delicately and pointedly expressed in the following *two* lines of Martial, than in the five or more over which old Ben spread it out, like so much malleable gold:—

Intactas, quare mittis mihi, Polla, coronas?
A te vexatas malo tenere rosas.

But here comes a more palpable robbery; and that by Young, too, in his 'Night Thoughts':—

Where infant tempests wait their tender wings,
And tune their tender voices.

See how, not merely the thought, but the very words are stolen from Cowley's:—

. Where unfledg'd tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try.

And look at the Doctor again, how he builds up his moral verses:—

. Men, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to the chaste eyes of heaven,
Yet shrink and shudder at a mortal's sight!

He manufactures this pompous poetry out of Shakspeare's plain prose on the conduct of the Venetian ladies:—

They will let heaven see the pranks they dare not shew
Their husbands.

But the best instance of literary larceny I have met with, is Mrs. Barbauld's serious adaptation of Dryden's parody on Cowley's lines, as above, about the "unfledged tempests," "infant winds," and their "tender voices." Talking of a theatre, in Macflecknoe, Dryden, burlesquing Cowley's 'Cradle of the Winds,' says—

. A nursery erects its head,
Where queens are formed, and picture heroes bred;
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
And infant punks their tender voices try.

Yet this obvious ridicule of Cowley's lines on the Davideis, Mrs. Barbauld gravely appropriates, and, turning the jest into seriousness, attempts to pass the thought for her own; in her lines addressed to some Grammar School she tells us—

. . . . Its modest front it rears,
A nursery of men for future years;
Here infant bards and embryo statesmen lie,
And unfledged poets short excursions try.

By the way, Wordsworth could not have been one of those unfledged poets, for I believe *his* "*Excursion*" is one of the *longest* flights of our day.

While we are on Dryden, I must expose his barefaced appropriation of poor Nat. Lee's notorious specimen of the bathos—

Let there be not a gleam, one starry spark!
But gods meet gods, and jostle in the dark!

Yet with this never-to-be-forgotten extravagance of his friend Nat. staring him in the face, Glorious John, describing the confused flights of martins during an eclipse of the moon, says—

The crowd, amaz'd, pursued no certain mark,
But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark.

But the system of preying on our predecessors is not confined to your established authors alone;—now, the very maker of a fugitive ballad must pick his decorative plume from some gay old peacock of antiquity. You remember the truly poetical description of a girl's red and white cheeks, in the Irish ballad—the blushes reddening through her fair skin—

Like a dish of ripe strawberries smother'd in cream.

There's fancy for you! one of those few similes that answer both purposes of comparison at once—illustrating and adorning at the same time; what a pity it was not original with the Hibernian ballad-monger; but alas, for his claim! one of the amatory poets had said the identical thing hundreds of years before, in the following more poetical manner; praising the rosy complexion of a fair face, he says—

Ut rosæ puro lacte natant folia—

But to bring the charge of poetical robbery nearer home—you remember (who does not?) those sweet lines of Campbell's—

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh'd, till woman smil'd.

Now, I contend that this sentiment is stolen, (body and bones) from the following verse of a very old ballad, on Adam and Eve—

He (Adam)

He'd a garden so planted by nature,
Man could not produce in his life;
But his happiness was not completed,
Because that he wanted a wife.

But it is Moore whom I especially charge with high crimes and misdemeanours in plagiarism, from capital felony to petty larceny. In his song of the woodpecker, he says—

And here
With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep when I blame,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die—

Now is not this flat robbery on the Latin poets, (I mean the weeping poets)—

. quater ille beatus
Cui tenera irato flere puella potest !—

Again, in another song of Moore's—

. Alas ! that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving !

Can the poet presume to deny that he took it from that line of Propertius ?—

Jam te formosam non puduit esse levari !

Again,—

'Gainst beauty's glance,
I find my chance
Is now as weak as ever.

So sings Moore ; but John Milton forestall'd the drawing-room bard, when he described Adam as

. only weak
Against the charms of *beauty's* powerful glance—

Our friend closes his ingenious communication in great wrath against "Tom Moore ;" and as he is, certainly, a pleasant tempered fellow, seeing how fond he is of doing gratuitous service, we shall return the kindness, by printing no personality for which he would have reason to blush.

We have an excellent friend and correspondent, who sends us a heap of very serious verses, for which he expects a large price, contrary to the canon, accompanying the ballast with two attempts at humour, which he chucks us into the bargain. We decline the *tender* ; (he will excuse the pun) and print, for the encouragement of his lisp-ing muse, the following illustrations of the bathos in modern verse :—

I.—THE ROMANTIC.

Oh saw you the knight of the blood-red plume,

As he spur'd his coal-black steed ?

The sky as he pass'd was wrapt in gloom ;

And so fast he rode—that he left his groom

At a very great distance indeed.

He comes from the plains of Arracan :

From the wilds of Timbuctoo ;

For he slew the Sultan, man to man,

His red-plume wav'd in victory's van,—

And he show'd 'em what he could do !

A boy rides with him of sweet presage,

With ringlets all shining and shady :

He can soothe the knight in his wildest rage,

But a good sharp eye which examines that page,

Will shrewdly suspect—'tis a lady.

And the lady she speaks in a foreign tongue,

She was born in a land of fairy,

I ween by her accent you'll guess the spot,

'Tis an accent in sooth, that is seldom forgot,

The brogue of her own Tipperary.

But thou! Lord Hilderic, man of blood!
 Who usurps't that lady's domain;
 Who didst send, in thine ireful and fraudulent mood,
 For assassins, her carriage to stop in a wood,
 And pistol her—somewhere in Spain.
 Behold her return'd all alive! alive!
 And Sir Gawen is come to right her,
 Now tyrant oppressor! confess thee and shrive,
 Or summon thy vassals, and manfully strive,
 For Sir Gawen's a devilish fighter.
 The trumpeter's breath rends the welkin in twain,
 But the red-plumed knight shall answer ye,
 Nor think, should thy impious challenge prove vain,
 To keep the estate by the law's chicane,
 Or filing a bill in Chancery.

* * * * *

Now joy to thee, Lady! thy lands are restored;
 Like a lion that never flinches,
 Lord Hilderic fought, but was quickly floor'd,
 And Sir Gawen has pass'd his avenging sword,
 Through his windpipe—a couple of inches.
 The bells are all ringing, full certain I am
 There's a wedding, with masquers and dancsers,
 Run! join the carousal! shout, revel, and cram,
 And pledge the fair bride of Sir Gawen M'Flam,
 Of the sixteenth regiment of lancers.

II.—THE SENTIMENTAL.

Oh, the heart that aches is but ill at ease,
 So sages all declare;
 And our hopes are snuff, which misfortune's sneeze
 Will dissipate in air.
 Oh! love, while 'tis hot is seldom cold,
 Affection is smiling and young;
 And the grief that is felt, but never told,
 In silence dies on the tongue.
 Let ambition toil on for gold or renown;
 The violet that grows on the ground
 Is lovelier far than a monarch's crown,
 And far more easily found.
 For friendship and love, that were meant to bless,
 Perform quite a different part;
 And prudence! what does it but still repress,
 The generous warmth of the heart?
 Oh! bear me away to some lonely dell,
 I am sick of the world's debate;
 The heart that delights with despair to dwell,
 May bid defiance to fate.

The soft summer winds shall blow over my tomb,
 (In winter they're somewhat colder.)
 And oh ! if I die by an early doom,
 At least I shan't live to grow older.

P. S. To *all* Correspondents ;—pay the postage.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

No. II.

READER, are you subject to "the skiey influences," or are you troubled with dyspepsia? In either case, or in both, for the maladies often go together, you are a very miserable man ; but not half so miserable as if you were condemned to write under the withering influence of a cold spring, or to read with the gracious accompaniment of a racking head-ache. "The unceasing fluctuations which take place in the atmosphere" are not to be laughed at, even by *Praed*, who laughs so delightfully at every thing. He has given "the *New Monthly*" one of his gems, ridiculing a fair friend, who is too solicitous about the weather :

And well my heart might deem her one
 Of Life's most precious flowers,
 For half her thoughts were of its sun,
 And half were of its showers.

And very wise thoughts they were. What a delight it is to walk forth, in a genial spring-time, and behold the buds and blossoms stretching out their delicate fingers into the sun-light, as it were to give you greeting ; what a horror it is, to crouch under a park-paling for shelter from the keen eastern shower, and observe the half-formed leaves of the hawthorn shrinking back into the bark, like a gentle maiden retreating from the gaze of a rough world. And then if you keep the house, as all sensible persons do, in an April like November, what driving of hail against your window-panes, amidst the most fitful gusts of wind, which howls as it were a 'perturbed spirit.'

Oh, it is sweet to hear the roaring wind !—

but only under the circumstances with which *Catullus* accompanies the music. Over a stupid book, it makes us perfectly savage.

Now, here is a most gentlemanlike person who writes a book about Italy *, to prove that the English are rogues and idiots to have abandoned the church of Rome,—that the blood of *St. Januarius* still liquifies—and that our institutions are quite inferior to those of despotic governments. And yet this is a sensible man, but mad upon one point ; and because we do not choose to follow him back to the mummeries from which *Cranmer* and *Ridley* delivered us, he holds us in supreme contempt, with the true virulence of an apostate. He is certainly a person who considers himself all in all ; and thus, whilst he flatters himself that he shall, for the first time, make Italy known to the English public, he talks in the usual silly strain, about his own private

* Italy as it is ; or Narrative of an English Family's residence for three years in that country, by the author of "Four Years in France." 8vo. Colburn.

affairs, and constantly makes discoveries which no man but one as wise as himself could dream of, such as 'the mischief of antedating books is, that one cannot tell when they are really printed;' or, 'Apropos of ridicules—the little bag which ladies bear, called by this name, made of net-work, or inclosing their netting apparatus, is a *rete*, or reticule.' Prodigious!

Our readers will laugh at this gentleman's prostrate surrender of his understanding to modern miracles:

'Of the churches of Naples, five or six principal ones were indicated as especially worthy of being visited: the churches generally speaking, are handsome. The cathedral is a very venerable pile: three great churches are united by a vast nave: in the eastern church, are the much-spoken of busts of the twelve apostles in silver: in the transept on the right hand, is the precious treasure, or precious trickery, as faith or incredulity may decide, of the blood of St. Januarius. Kneeling at the rails of the altar in this church, I touched with my lips, and, by consequence, had very near to my eyes, a phial in which was a liquid sustance resembling blood. Persons of my family testify to having seen this substance in a solid state a few minutes before, when the phial was turned in every direction by the hands of the priest.'—pp. 414, 415.

'A morning's ride on the Via Appia is a successful chace of wonder, The church of St. Paul *fuori delle Mura*, had been burnt down the summer before. Some workmen employed in repairing the roof, had left there a pan of ignited charcoal; by some accident the fire was communicated to the timber of the roof; in a short time it blazed forth: all Rome was in alarm for one of the finest, perhaps the second, of its churches. Cardinal Gonsalvo hastened thither; every effort was made to extinguish the flames; in vain, the beams and rafters, seasoned and dried during many ages, burnt fiercely. Within thirty-six hours the roof fell in, and all was a heap of ruins. It was still some days ere these ruins could approached, the fire still continuing within the walls. The doors of Corinthian brass, were again brought into the state of fusion which first formed that metal more than two thousand years before. I have a ring, to all appearance an ordinary gold ring, made of the metal of these doors, now dispersed in trinkets over the world. When the heat had subsided, so as to permit an entrance within the walls, the beautiful marble pillars were found calcined, or fallen, or cracked, or tottering. The shrine in which repose the relics of the apostle, though in the centre of the conflagration, was unhurt. Yet so incredulous is the age, that no one cried out "a miracle! a miracle!" Does the miraculous nature of a fact depend on human belief? If so, 'tis man, not God, that works the miracle.'—pp. 375, 376.

After this who can wonder that he has a contempt for the understandings of the English, and a hatred for our perseverance in "that unhappy schism, which has rent from Catholic unity one-fourth of Europe." Let us tremble when we learn what the enlightened people of Naples or Sardinia think of us:—

'The governments of Sardinia and Tuscany pay civil attentions to foreigners, but in no part of Italy are the English beloved. This has been accounted for.

'Whatever they themselves may think of the matter, their separation from Catholic unity at the bidding of a bloody tyrant, a boy, or a profligate woman, is not considered by impartial judges as a symptom of magnanimity. —pp. 428, 439.

Is it possible that we can endure this evil opinion of the most intelligent of mankind; and can we refrain from rushing again to the blessings of "Catholic unity?"

But our institutions are as defective as our religion. In domestic life we are the profligates, and the Italians the most calumniated and virtuous of heaven's people.

'The morality of the Italians is represented by English writers as depraved, in a degree that would be utterly inconsistent with the decencies of society, or the relations of domestic life. If we were to believe these writers, it would be necessary for Italian proprietors of land to adopt the precaution of the Joliffes, a nation of Interior Africa, among whom the family estate is left to the daughter, to assure its descent to the grandchild. Distrust these extravagances my countrymen! your virtue wants not the foil of perversity in others: you have your actions in *crim. con.*, and your newspaper reports to secure your own conjugal fidelity, and scandalize all Europe.

'A *cavalier servente* is simply what the name implies, a gentleman in attendance. The person whom he attends is a married woman: his service is approved of by her husband; it is rendered to her in all societies. Can we rationally suppose confidence to be abused, and the decency of good company to be insulted, to the point which it pleases the flatterers of English purity to imagine? Whatever is essential to order, is substantially the same in all polities constituted on the same principles, and leading to the same results. Married women on the continent, do not lead about their paramours in defiance of their husbands and of the world, whatever may be the pious belief of the good wives of England.'—pp.429, 430.

Bravo! It is delicious to hear one who was brought up in an English university, and amidst the decencies of English society, praising a custom which all sensible Italians even agree in pronouncing the greatest degradation of their country—a degradation of the mind. But this is the view of a good Catholic, who hates Queen Elizabeth, and was wont to receive Colchester barrelled oysters, per coach, every Friday morning, during three months of the winter!

Our worthy friend says not a word of the Inquisition, though he lauds the union of the ecclesiastical with the secular arm. We wish he would spend "Three Years in Portugal," to afford us fresh materials for the love of fraud and bigotry. In default of these aids, we must turn to a traveller of another kind; one who relates the story of Portuguese revolutions from personal observation*.

This book was written, when there was some chance that Portugal might have risen out of her degradation, and that her people would have preferred the enjoyment of a regulated liberty to the capricious tyranny of an absolute king. She is again fallen under the miserable dominion of a cowardly idiot, building his power upon all that can lay prostrate the human mind in sordid ignorance, or fiery intolerance,—all the nameless abominations of a crafty priesthood, converting a religion of light and freedom, into a torturing instrument of the darkest oppression. This view of the recent revolution of Portugal, although containing little information upon the immediate state of that unfortunate country, is highly valuable to those who will look at history for its moral uses. Our own conviction is, that the people are not fit for liberty, and therefore cannot receive it; liberty will not grow in the soil of superstition and obstinate ignorance; the sun of knowledge must shine upon it before it can produce fruit.

* "An Historical View of the Revolutions in Portugal, since the close of the Peninsular War." By an Eye Witness. 8vo. Murray.

The author of this volume lived seventeen years in Portugal, and a great part of that time was devoted to agricultural pursuits. This book is therefore of an higher order than the speculations of a mere travelling politician. The hatred of innovation, which makes the Portuguese cry for an absolute king and the inquisition, applies to the commonest affairs of life.

'The Portuguese people manifest an extraordinary spirit of opposition against the introduction of every attempt at innovation; that is to say, against every improved plan of operation, whether in agriculture, mechanics, or any other department of industry. The press now used in preparing oil differs in nothing from those which were in vogue some centuries back; this rude machine consists of the trunk of a large tree, about thirty feet in length: an enormous stone is the force applied to this clumsy lever, to which it is suspended by a wooden screw, that serves to raise it from the ground as required, and this acts upon the bruised olives placed near the other extremity of the trunk, and presses the juice from them. A foreigner residing in Portugal, took the husks and kernels that had passed through this process, and placing them in a press where the power of the screw was properly brought into action, obtained more than an eighth part of oil in addition to what had already been extracted by the common method. The strange antipathy of these people to improvements, may be farther illustrated by the following curious instance; the same person, when planting a vineyard, wished to avoid the needless cost and labour attendant on the usual process; according to this, the ground is dug to the depth of nearly four feet, and the vine cuttings laid in about the same distance apart; the foreigner in question made use of an instrument resembling a large gimblet, which, while it bored the soil, likewise inserted the cutting. It was afterwards discovered, that the native labourers indignant at the innovation, had, with the young scions, introduced spear grass, which ultimately destroyed them. He also attempted an improvement on the miserable bullock carts; and succeeded in constructing a car, which, when heavily laden, was drawn by one bullock, more easily than the awkward machines of the country could be moved by two oxen; but he experienced the greatest difficulty in persuading any Portuguese to work with it; and at length it was intentionally destroyed. One man exclaimed, "I will no longer drive such a cart, for load it as heavily as you may, it will not squeak;" alluding to the incessant grating noise, produced by their rude revolving axles, an abominable sound, which the rustics believe to be as encouraging to their oxen, as it is agreeable to themselves.'

We must start off to the New World, and see what a prostrate belief has done for Mexico. We have a book before us, telling us some curious tales of the artifices which are so holy in the eyes of our converted Italian resident*. With this volume we shall not quarrel much. It is written in a rough off-hand style, and although Mexico has been admirably described by several late travellers, yet much valuable information may be gleaned from the pages before us. The author, it seems, gave up the sword to embark in commercial speculations; and this we suppose, is his *debut* on the stage of literature. However, although we have received much gratification from his book, we must tell him, that no small portion of it is tinged with a pruriency of description, gross and offensive to a degree; indeed, so well aware Mr. Beaufoy

* "Mexican Illustrations, founded upon facts indicative of the present condition of Society, Manners, Religion, and Morals, among the Spanish and Native Inhabitants of Mexico." By Mark Beaufoy, late of the Coldstream Guards. 8vo, Carpenter.

seems of this fact, that he informs his readers of it in his preface—saying, “That many of the anecdotes related, are indelicate, I am unwillingly obliged to admit, but when a man attempts to delineate a *beast*, he must be careful not to substitute ‘Hyperion for a Satyr.’ This is candid; but is no sort of extenuation of the evil complained of.

Our Author's account of the ladies of Mexico is clever and sprightly :

“ ‘As a nation, the women must be pronounced unpardonably plain; I was astonished after all I had heard, and all I had read, not to find above a dozen really handsome ladies with good figures, in all my excursions, and even they lost most of their attractions if seen in the morning, by the habit of being then peculiarly slovenly; for, it is impossible to speak of the Mexican ladies, as “when unadorned, adorned the most.”

‘In the city of Mexico there were six, and I will not assert two more might not have been found, who were lady-like and agreeable in manners and person; one was remarkable for her soft and pleasing tone of voice, and very much admired by all Europeans, for her conversational powers, and fascinating style; others had also evidently taken pains to improve their understanding and personal appearance.

Why these bright examples of the sex had not their ideas more delicate and refined, can only be accounted for by their being thrown among men totally incapable of appreciating such acquirements.

‘In general the black eyes of the Mexican women have neither that vivacity, or that softness, which different persons have praised in the Spanish females, and they all, but more particularly those of the lower classes, lose their pretensions to beauty at sixteen or seventeen years of age.

‘All have a great quantity of dark hair, but it is not fine or in natural ringlets. Indeed, that of the lower orders is so coarse, long, and black, that when of an evening I have seen women walking about in great pride, purposely turning round to display fully their straight locks hanging down their backs, my imagination has irresistibly reverted to the tails of the Life Guards' horses in London.

‘Seldom is one lady found paying a visit to another, such things are either unpractised, or considered an improper sort of espionage. They go to mass in the morning; to the theatre at night; and the intervals are passed in lolling at home, doing nothing but smoke little white paper segars, or a drive to the Alamande.

‘In the evening the saloon is thrown open to such male acquaintances as choose to call, where the female part of the family are seen sitting in a row against the wall, flirting their fans with a velocity and dexterity of movement, which is highly creditable. Working I have seen once, reading never, piano-fortes twice, singing to the guitar I have heard frequently, but as they usually pitch the voice to the highest key, it thrilled through my head like a most abominable octave.’

The chapter “on Priests and Superstitions,” to which we have alluded, combines amusement and information in a high degree; and we regret we cannot extract the greater part of it. The following is an agreeable specimen—

‘Not a hut or a garden, a pigstye or a footpath, can be used, until blessed and ornamented with a wooden cross. Each separate working in the mines—each heap of stones and utensil for amalgamation, must be similarly honoured, with the addition of fresh nosegays of wild flowers or green branches every morning.

‘All these things bring grist to the mill, but far more important and pro-

fitable, are holy processions in honour of the virgin or a saint; the gift of a new image to some chapel; the conveyance of one patron saint to pay a friendly visit to a neighbouring one, or to effect some cures which the other had failed to do; for it should be known, that the poor bigots are extremely capricious in their estimation of the different canonized worthies, and have been seen to flog an image most soundly, and then cover its wounds with filth, for not having paid due attention to their prayers.

'This gadding about of saints on visits of ceremony or condolence, and carried in a canopied sedan chair, by uncovered Indians, is one of the most ridiculous sights imaginable; and so well have their ignorant bearers been tutored by the legendary paintings and stories, that they always take a gentleman saint to keep company with a lady, or vice versa.

'On one occasion, I was determined to see the farce out; and having first humbly inquired, cap in hand, and with downcast eyes, where they were going, and ascertained it was one of the many San Antonios, on an excursion of pleasure, to see Santa Catalina for a day or two; I took a turn through the wood; and there as soon as the pastor's ears tingled with the grateful dissonance of the Indian chaunt, he hastened into his church, and as the joyful wretches were bearing their precious burden with triumph under the porch, he slammed the door in their face, nearly upsetting the whole concern. A parley took place, and angry noise was heard from within, "Dont tell me, I know not any San Antonio, but the blessed one who now sanctifies my church with his presence."—"But our revered patron brings fifty dollars to pay for candles and fire-works."

'Wide flew the gate, in walked the procession, the little dolls were placed side by side, in a most decorous position, and they were then left comfortably to their own communing.'

'There is a clever chapter, in which the "mode of working the mines" is concisely described, and illustrated by several well executed wood cuts.

Before we quit the subject of travels, we must pay a debt of gratitude that has been long owing personally from us, to the conductors of that very agreeable compilation, the *MODERN TRAVELLER*:* and we discharge it by the following notice, which Mr. Duncan is exceedingly welcome to print, with our authority, in all newspapers, catalogues, and other received engines for the propagation of the true faith in literature.

This very clever and valuable work still proceeds, increasing in interest as it goes on. We look upon ourselves as rendering a service to every one desirous of knowing, fully and accurately, the present state of the chief countries of the earth, in making public a performance which so perfectly, at so inconsiderable an expense, answers the purpose. The utility of such a work must be immeasurably superior to that of any of the former collections of voyages and travels, not merely from the obvious advantages of its plan, and the intelligence of its editor, but from the vast quantity of curious, authentic, and novel information accumulated by the travellers of the present day. No period of the world has been so favourable as our own for the general knowledge of the globe. Peace has not only opened the European continent to the British traveller, but has stimulated and empowered him to explore every other. The traveller has, by the general increase of scientific knowledge, and by the improved education of our day, been generally better qualified to investigate and describe. Even criticism has tended to compel him to cultivate accuracy and usefulness

* The "*Modern Traveller*," Parts I. to XLIV.—India, Part 4. London. Duncan.

in his information. But this information, communicated in a variety of voluminous and expensive works, is not merely beyond the reach of that immense multitude of readers to whom the expense is a matter of consideration,—but beyond those, who, however opulent, cannot give the labour or the time necessary for their perusal. Under those obvious and common contingencies, the writer who will give a judicious combination and condensation of the actual knowledge contained in those costly works renders one of the most valuable services to the reader. That this service requires diligence, impartiality, and judgment of no usual kind is perfectly unquestionable. But any one number of the present work has only to be looked into, to afford full evidence of the editor's adequacy. His plan and its performance seem scarcely capable of improvement. He successively gives a geographical and statistical account of the country in question, a political history, brief, but clear and characteristic; a view of the natural history, antiquities, state of society, &c.;—the materials for those being collected, not only from books of professed travellers and scientific writers, but from every source capable of supplying the slightest actual knowledge. The geography, in particular, a highly important feature, has been laboured with the most singular and pains-taking attention.

Greece, Turkey in Europe and Asia, and Egypt, countries now of course attracting the highest interest, are among the late numbers; and the reader may rely on obtaining from those numbers, a clearer, fuller, and more authentic detail of the history of the present contest, the circumstances of the countries, and the general capabilities likely to be brought into play, than by any or all the other publications on the subject, partial as they must be in their observation, if not generally biassed by the objects of their writers.

And now for a little fiction.

Our excellent friend, the author of *GEORGE GODFREY**, may assure himself that it is a mistake—very spirited in parts, but a mistake. How could so acute an observer fall into the error of mixing up real persons with false attributes of character, and impossible situations;—blending the real and the imaginary in such a strange medley, that the verisimilitude is constantly destroyed by the most outrageous violations of taste and propriety? The author has excelled in one walk, and he should not have rashly quitted it.

The author of "*George Godfrey*" has talent enough and time enough to redeem twenty failures; and, therefore, we tell him our mind. But we must be more courteous to the lady who solicits our attention, Mrs. Roche, to whom the world of fiction is indebted for "*the Children of the Abbey*," one of the most successful of the novels of thirty years ago, (the days of Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Inchbald) has just brought out a new work†. "*The Children of the Abbey*," we believe, is now in its tenth or eleventh edition; what effect this may have on her last work '*Contrast*' as it is called, we cannot say; our readers must judge of the work themselves; we shall merely observe that the story is simple, and entirely of a domestic nature. The characters are stated to be taken from real life; and the author's object in

* *History of George Godfrey.* 3 vols. Colburn.

† *Contrast. A Novel.* By Regina Maria Roche, 3 vols. post 8vo, Newman & Co.

drawing two opposite characters, as the title implies, would seem to be to show the natural results of patience and impatience, and the danger of allowing ourselves to be actuated by impulse, instead of regulating our feelings and subjecting our passions to the controul of reason.

Now, we hope this civil notice will do Mrs. Rocha a great deal of service, and call up the gratitude of those who, of late years, have been inclined, (justly in a great degree,) to turn from the novel literature of those days, when the secret of painting characters and incidents with spirit and fidelity was not so well known.

As we are approaching towards the laudatory, we must bestow our praise upon one of Mr. Colburn's numerous and thriving family,—an Eastern story :*

This is unquestionably one of the most talented of the tales of Eastern manners and customs, which have been called into existence by the success of the inimitable "Hajji Baba." The author has chosen quite a new field for the display of his knowledge and of his powers, and he has evinced no small share both of talents and acquirements. The pictures of the wild, reckless, and desperate Toorkmans of the desert, of the bold and adventurous Affghauns, and of the stately and polished Persians, are sketched with a masterly hand, and prove that the author was fully qualified by his experience to undertake the task which he has set himself to perform.

The plot is one of considerable interest, and is generally well sustained. It is however interrupted in the middle of the second volume, and again in the third, by the interpolation of another tale. The story of the young merchant is full of agreeable details of manners and habits, but to say the least of it, is very awkwardly introduced, and has not the slightest connexion with the adventures of the Kuzzilbash.

The style of the work is simple, forcible, and perspicuous; quite unincumbered with ambitious ornament, and, consequently, admirably adapted to its subject. The volumes on the whole have strong claims upon public attention, both in the character of a novel and as offering a striking picture of the adventurous and spirit-stirring scenes which they describe. We sincerely wish them the success they deserve, as a prelude to the continuation, which the author has rendered dependent upon popular favour.

We cannot speak in the like unqualified way of another work from the same prolific source. The title of "The Night Watch" excited the expectation of something very spirited and novel; but disappointment met us in the first story of "The Captain," which is tame and common-place. It, however, possesses the redeeming qualities of inculcating strict morals and religious feelings. The Master's story follows, which is an account of his own life, and is replete with affecting incidents. He had when a boy read books of voyages and "Robinson Crusoe" until he was desirous of encountering similar perils and adventures. He accordingly determined on going to sea. This his parents (the old story) opposed; so he escaped from them, changed his name, and entered at Bristol on board a coaster bound to London. He experienced rough usage

* The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan. 3 vols. Post 8vo. Colburn.

† The Night Watch, or Tales of the Sea. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Colburn.

from the Captain, ran from him, and entered on board a ship bound to the Baltic. In the Northern latitudes he encountered tempestuous weather. This description, and many others in the book, have the rare merit of being drawn from experience. Most storms are manufactured by those who never heard the wind, except in their chimneys, and never saw salt-water except in an oyster-tub:—

‘ Nothing (says the Narrator) could be seen around us but the flying spray topping the furious waves that threatened to break on board of us at every surge, for we were obliged to carry press of sail to keep the ship to windward.

‘ All hands were on deck, the ship lurched heavily in the hollow of the waves, and the very masts shook when their wild and curling tops struck the bow.

‘ The mainsail flew in tatters, and at that moment a loud crack was heard forward—the bowsprit had risen a foot from its place—the gammoning which was rotten had given way—the masts were in danger—the helm was instantly put a-weather—the ship flew before the wind—the foresail was hauled up—the runners and tackles were boused up the stern, and a hawser passed out of the hawseholes over the bowsprit; this saved the masts, and the ship was again brought to the wind.

‘ We knew that we must have run several miles to leeward while the bowsprit was securing, but the loss of our masts there would have been death to us, for we then heard the roaring of the breakers against the iron-bound coast. As daylight broke, red and fiery streaks, with wind-galls, were seen among the clouds, and the rugged mountains of Norway, fleeced in white, were just showing their towering peaks above the misty curtain which cover the horizon to the Eastward. All eyes gazed with horror at a sight which in security would have been magnificent. Drenched with the spray, cold and weary as we were, still some hopes remained that our dispatch in securing the bowsprit had kept us further to windward; but when the veil of mist passed away, all the perils of our situation came full upon our view.

‘ The steep black rocks frowning over the boiling surf, threw up the liquid element in mad gambols, till the oblique rays of light reflected an iris in the spray; but the sun seemed to shine to show, and not to relieve us from danger.

‘ Our sails were all that we had to trust to; another mainsail was bent and set; and the master, with a stout man, took the helm, watching every surge to ease the ship as she rose. At each curling wave all eyes seemed to turn instinctively—first to the mast, then to the coast, and then to the deck; no one looked at the other,—not a word was spoken, and nothing was heard around us but the wild winds, the rush of waters, and the screaming of the sea-gulls in our wake.

‘ The ship plunged violently, and made but little way. A few minutes were to decide—we were within a hundred yards of the weathermost rock, which occasionally showed its dark head above the furious sea that rushed over it.

‘ It was an awful moment—we had got into that long swell which usually precedes the tremendous break of a heavy wave on a rock,—a few minutes more were to rank us with the living or the dead. Each man raised himself up, grasping firmer the rope by which he held, as if willing to lighten the ship, by poising himself in the air, till the wave sunk back from the rock and the vessel glided into the hollow of the sea—no shock—another heave and we were all clear.

After this, “The Master” is for some time an unhappy vagabond,—undergoes many vicissitudes,—is *impressed* both into the service of

Love, and the lighter perils of the King's service,—and after enduring a liberal allowance of calamity, settles down into a very misanthropical sort of gentleman. Those readers who are desirous of knowing something of the life at sea, without the inconvenience of stinking cabins and unmaستicable biscuit, will do well to read these volumes.

There is a compilation upon our table, which has carried us through all the changes of critical susceptibility.

When we first took this goodly volume into our critical hands, and caught a glimpse of the title on the back, we must honestly confess, that we laid it down again somewhat precipitately, and with a feeling approaching to that with which we turn shyly from an old acquaintance whom we would willingly avoid. A stifled groan followed the recollection of the trials to which our patience had been subjected by the ponderous tomes entitled, 'Shakspeare and his Times,' into which a worthy doctor contrived not many years ago, to cram all the weary, stale, flat and unprofitable trash, which the ingenuity of tedious commentators, and the research of black-letter antiquaries had been for a century past busily employed in amassing, without mercy. 'What,' we exclaimed, 'in the name of all that is awful in the critical vocabulary, can this very amiable, but particularly prosing caterer of literary gossip have now to say upon this worn and thread-bare subject? Has he not already exhausted it beyond the endurance of mortal man, in the tremendous heap of rubbish which he has carted into his two unwieldy quartos? We fairly wash our hands of him and his book together, and heartily wish the garrulous old gentleman a very good night.'

There is, however, (and no one seems to know this better than the worthy doctor) something so peculiarly captivating in the very name of Shakspeare—something that twines itself so closely round our hearts, and interweaves itself so completely with all our feelings, that we had scarcely come to this magnanimous conclusion, before we cast a second glance, a sort of side-long and wistful look at the volume, and ventured to take a peep at its title page.* The sight of this dissipated some part of our uneasiness, and induced us to turn to the table of contents. We found that our old friend had been, on the present occasion, content to act in the humble capacity of master of the ceremonies to a most brilliant train of writers of real talent, foreign and domestic. The whole volume in fact, with the exception of some seventy pages, which the editor has set aside for his own lucubrations, and which, for aught that we see in them of novelty or interest, might with very little detriment, have been omitted altogether, is made up of such occasional criticisms on the works of our great dramatic bard, as lie scattered through the pages of many of the most popular and talented writers of our own and other countries. The names of Dryden, Warton, Beattie, Scott, Coleridge, Campbell, Lamb, and Godwin among the former—of Madame de Stael, Villemain, Lessing, the two Schlegels, and Goethe among the latter, are powerful and indeed irresistible talismans; they at once command the attention which they deserve; and so long as Dr. Nathan Drake shall limit his book-making propensities to selec-

* Memorials of Shakspeare; or Sketches of his character and genius by various writers, now first collected; with a prefatory and concluding essay, and notes. By Nathan Drake, M.D. 8vo. Colburn.

tions from such excellent sources, we shall always be ready to welcome his appearance, and may even pardon some of his slipshod garrulity, in consideration of the better company to which it is the means of introducing us.

We must, however, except from this act of grace, the pitiful and empirical puff direct, which disfigures the title; we could hardly indeed, have believed it possible, that in these days a writer of any pretensions, would have condescended to lay aside so completely every feeling of *bienséance*, and every suggestion of common sense, as to trumpet forth in propria personâ, and under his own name, the praises of his publication even before it was published, and to send it forth to the world with the stamp of his own self-confident approbation presumptuously fixed in its face. From what we have already said, it must be evident, that we concur in considering the present compilation, as 'forming a valuable accompaniment to every edition of the poet;' but we cannot therefore, hold the editor excused of overweening vanity, in blazoning to the world in express terms in his very title-page, that such was his own opinion of its worth. We intreat him for the sake of his character among men of sense, to cancel the title page, and to substitute another, untainted by this paltry quackery; it is almost as bad as a worthy knight's puff of his own mighty system of philosophy.

From these observations, which it has given us real pain to be compelled to make, we turn again for a moment to the more pleasing part of our duty. These 'Memorials,' constitute an additional monument to the glory of our immortal bard, in the nature of those 'Testimonia' which are prefixed to most of the editions of classical writers; like them they contain many casual notices and incidental references, which might have lain neglected, or been passed over with listless inattention, in their original situations, and which afford valuable indications of the opinions entertained by men whose opinions are worth knowing; but they also go further than this, by furnishing us with new, and often rich materials for thinking, in the splendid and lofty conceptions which kindred minds have caught from the master-spirit, at whose altar their torch has been kindled, and before whose acknowledged throne they offer up unanimous and grateful homage.

We wish all success to the young author who has tried his hand on the little volume of essays before us.* We fear they will not sell, but they are very readable. He looks upon the world with an amiable feeling; and his love of nature will preserve him from the contagion of society. We give a pleasing passage from his essay "On the Love of the Country:"—

'In the whole compass of English literature, perhaps no pursuit is more beautifully illustrated than Love of the Country. Its peaceful amusements were even blended with chivalric life. "Hunting and falconry," says Mr. Mills, "the amusements of the cavalier, were images of war, and he threw over them a grace beyond the power of mere baronial rank." Herrick has commemorated all its festivities with his usual quaintness. Milton wrote many hours in his garden at Chalfont; and Cowley poured forth the greatness of his soul among the boscajes of his rural retreat at Chertsey. Lord Bacon is proverbial for his love of gardens; Sir William Temple discourses

* Cameleon Sketches. By the Author of a Picturesque Tour round Dorking.

eloquently on the same; the illustrious Shaftesbury wrote his *Characteristics* in a delightful spot in Surrey; Evelyn first cultivated the garden taste in England; and Sir Philip Sidney's beautiful *Arcadia* must not be overlooked. Pope's love of gardens is, perhaps less to be admired; but, within the same neighbourhood, Thomson

Sung the Seasons and their change,

in a rustic summer house. Innumerable also are the devotional passages on this subject, in the self-written biographies of Christian and rural philosophers, besides those already mentioned. In our drama, too, are many happy allusions; as the Duke in *As You Like It*, and some scenes in *Cymbeline*, which are full of the touching simplicity of country life.

'The ideas of rural enjoyment have, however, assumed another cast; they have become less philosophic, and are, for the most part, regulated by the caprices of wealth and high fashion; and the majority of the people being drawn together in large knots, by the arts of life, or worse motives, are accustomed to short periodical visits to the country. Hence, their pleasures become so costly, as to assimilate to extravagant luxury; and such precious intervals of toil are eagerly seized by the ostentatious and purse-proud, as scope for their little aristocracies. Among these follies, the preference given to watering-places is not to be overlooked.

'But there is another and a better class of mankind, whose neglect of the country is still more culpable, not to say criminal, than the above; inasmuch as they have the advantages of education, taste, and fortune, on their side. Such are all those who herd together in the court of fashion, from April to August in each year; thus terminating the spring tide of fashion with the summer of Nature. Their love of the country is confined to the forced luxuries of kitchen gardens, conveyed to them in wicker baskets; and a few hundred exotics hired from a florist to furnish a mimic conservatory, for an evening rout. Here they remain, content to breathe through the lungs of the parks, till their trees and the town grow "thin;" Ude, Jarrin, and Gunter, at last fail to produce a gusto, and their votaries are fairly worn out and blind with the gas, heat, and dust of the opera, and even the feet and the foot-lights lose their charms. Now, when early leaves begin to fall, and remind old and young of their wrinkles, the parliament man sets off to recruit his eloquence in the chase; the coquette to repair those few wrecks of beauty which the season has spared her; and the young man of fashion to recruit his recreant limbs and shattered frame in the country. Then follow loud complaints of dulness and ennui, and scores of visiting friends go the round from September to January, when they return to their "base purposes" in town.

We have been delighted with two numbers of a little periodical, "*The Harrovian*."* Eton has earned reputation enough, both in cricket and literature, to be able occasionally to lose a match; but, we nevertheless, are not pleased to hear of her defeats. With the memory of "the Etonian" still fresh at Eton—with its exquisite poetry, its playful wit, its keen satire, its precocious knowledge, living in the public, not the local mind—what could induce the publication of such a mass of dulness as the '*Eton Miscellany*'? The themes of ordinary sixth-form boys upon "*Ambition*," "*Candour*," "*Criticism*," "*Flattery*," and "*False Friendship*," may be very creditable as exercises, but are certainly not required for the edification either of the little or the great world. However, we cannot but look charitably upon all the flights of young ambition;—and will say no more.

* *The Harrovian*, By a Harrow Boy. No. I., II. Hurst and Chance.

"The Harrovian," whether the production of *one* boy or many, is unquestionably a production of genius; and we shall feel delighted, if our cordial notice should carry it beyond the circle for which it was intended. Harrow, we hear, is fallen low as a school—that is, in point of numbers;—but here is evidence that classical learning, sound judgment, and good morals, are successfully cultivated by some of her denizens. It seems natural that the fame of Byron should lead those boys to some effort of literature. Harrow has other splendid names; though the roll is neither so splendid or so numerous as that of Eton. She, too, has associations of beauty in her localities quite enough to stimulate a poetical imagination. There is not, indeed, at Harrow that beautiful river, along whose 'silver winding-way' every Etonian has glided in the autumn twilight,—there are not the antique towers, which carry the young enthusiast back into the days of civil strife, but tell him of learning and piety, triumphant over all the principles of evil, and bequeathing to after ages blessings which they would well know how to appreciate. But at Harrow there are glorious prospects over fertile-valleys,—green and silent lanes, where the heart of innocence may muse its fill,—and that towering spire shooting upwards to the skies, a landmark which the wandering school-boy can never miss and can never forget. Such a secluded village is a place for poetry and sound learning; and "the Harrovian" has not neglected his opportunities, or his peculiar inspirations. We shall give an example or two.

A spirited criticism upon Euripides,—perhaps a little too enthusiastic in its admiration, but that is not a fault,—introduces some very charming translations of the chorusses of the *Phœnissæ*. The second and third chorusses appear to us quite exquisite:—

CHORUS. II.

'Gently, gently, the well ply'd oar
Ruffled the wave on the Tyrian shore,
Still and calm was the face of the sea,
As it thrill'd to the western melody.
There is no voice in the bow'rs above
So sweet as the sigh of that breeze of love;
But oh, how sad was its whispers to me,
Angel of light, when a slave to thee,
In the stranger vallies of Greece I dwell,
And wept in the temple while I knelt!

* * *
Soft and bright is your flowing for me,
Beautiful streams of Castaly,
Holy and pure, and fresh and fair,
Are the charms you throw on a maiden's hair!
But oh, the charms of Juno's dress,
Can it still the cry of bitterness?
Being of fire, whose glorious brow
Gleams upon the green hills now,
Lighting up heaven and earth the while,
With the beauty of thy smile.
Vine, beneath whose purple blushing,
The nectar fount of love is gushing,

Caverns in the shades of day,
Where the dragons wait for prey ;
Mount of song, with thy snowy crest ;
Watch towers, where thy spirits rest ;
God of brightness, may I be,
Ever fearless in praise of thee !

CHORUS III.

‘ God of war ! in ruin and flame,
In clouds and darkness art thou the same,
At whose feet the flower-wove sunwreaths fall,
Mid the shouts of the mountain festival ?

The voices of mirth on the sunny hill,
The songs of beings who thought no ill,
Like the sounds home around me still —
God of battle ! the midnight dance,
The joy and beauty of woman’s glance,
The music that lull’d the evening’s trance.—

God of glory ! the heav’n-lit blaze
That smil’d on the thousand harps of praise,
Soothing thy slumbers with their lays.—

The nectar fountains, the vineyards bright,—
The golden gardens laughing in light,
The bound of the roe on the mountain’s height.

Spirit of terror ! the lute of the air,
Trembling thro’ the lotus’ leaves fair,
Oh could they not, could they not, keep thee there ?

The “*First Day at Harrow*” is a clever paper, full of right feeling, judiciously and elegantly expressed. We give an extract :—

‘ A public school is a theatre for training ; it levels distinctions, it places the poor gentleman by the side of the noble with twenty thousand pounds a year, and makes the duke, who traces his family back to the conquest, bow to the talented youth, who boasts no other ancestry than an honored and stainless name.

‘ The republican would be amazed to see the sons of the proudest among the aristocracy, carrying the viandes which are to cover the table of the more fortunate plebeians.

‘ I am not exulting over the great : thank God, not a drop of republican blood runs in my veins. I merely instance what I consider the most glorious privilege of the institution to which I have the honor to belong—the measuring each individual by that unerring standard, the purity and nobility of the soul. I mention it, because it is interwoven with all my recollections of days, when no flattery was mingled with our praises, and offers undeniable proof that genius is one of those all-pervading powers which beautify and sweeten the paths of life.

‘ Every one knows the remark of the facetious Charles, when some one talked of the *visible* church, “ I know no place where the church is visible,” retorted the merry monarch, “ save at Harrow-on-the-Hill.”

‘ I never felt the breeze play on my cheek as I walked up the ascent leading to that venerable structure, without experiencing the sensations so eloquently described by him, of whom it has been said, that he died without conferring one benefit on mankind—I mean the misguided author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. Every step we take on elevated ground, seems an approach to the bound between us and heaven. We throw ourselves on the

MAY, 1828.

X

air which bathes us in perfume, till our pulse becomes gentle as the fanning of the winds; the mantle of earth falls from off us like a withered leaf from the wing of a bird, when he springs from his nest into the sunniness of daylight.

The bell for the first call had ceased when I reached the school, the door of the great room was open, and as I glanced round, I thought the pale blue sky shone sadly through the casements upon the old wainscotted walls, which were covered with names, some cut in a finished manner, others rudely traced, and almost obliterated by age. In a corner, hid among a multitude of straggling nomenclatures, I discovered, or fancied that I did, the signature of Sheridan. What scenes did that name bring before me. I heard the shouts of revelry and rejoicing, the bursts of merriment, and the exclamations which followed the repartee of the brilliant and unfortunate Sheridan. I seemed to wander through princely halls and glittering palaces, and rooms lit up with the smiles of beauty—and then these vanished, and I sat in the chamber of mourning, by the couch of sorrow and adversity.

From Sheridan my thoughts turned to Byron—the clouded yet magnificent Byron, whose dirge may be comprised in the word—departed.

“On Poetry of Thought, and Poetry of Diction,” in No. II. is a very able and interesting disquisition; but we should mar it in attempting to give only a portion of a consecutive argument.

We conclude our notice of this very agreeable and promising Miscellany, by a translation from Jean Doublet, a French poet who flourished in the early part of the sixteenth century:—

ON THE RUINS OF ROME.

STRANGER, for departed Rome
Falls the anguish of thy tear!
Look on the moss round this mouldering stone,
Stranger! Rome is here!

Look on the destroyer's traces,
Look upon the crumbling walls,
Look upon the grass-grown places,
Where the echo'd footstep falls—

There is Rome! tho' the shield of battle
Flash not on yon sun-lit hill,
Her mighty spirit's giant shadow
Frowns upon the city still.

Conqueror of earth and sea,
At the darkening of whose hand,
A thousand nations bowed to thee,
Thy tomb is the dust of thy father-land.

Lo, on the ashes of the fallen
Her silent watch the captive keepeth,
In the stillness of her ruins,
The dead the deathless sleepeth.

LE TROUBADOUR.

We are acquiring a great distaste for our “Room;” for the sun is once more seen in the heavens, and there are birds in the trees, and cowslips in the fields. The spring is come, and we must to the country. There, indeed, a heartier welcome than the hawthorn blossoms await us—the most genial of smiles from the kindest of lips. Apropos of

this blessed hope, in comes the Post, bearing what most appropriately turned out to be

A FEW DOGMAS ON WOMEN.

I.

THE maxim "that a reformed rake makes the best husband," is not so untrue as it has latterly been considered. The reason why it has fallen into discredit is, that the rake seldom is reformed; and *that* undoubtedly makes the worst husband in the world. A rake, in the sense in which it is used in this instance, manifestly is a person who knows women well; and none can appreciate so fully the value of the affection of a wife, as those whose commerce with the sex has been extended. Moreover, "a reformed rake" must, at all events, have reached a time of life when a man may marry with some chance of happiness. His attachment is not the "straw on fire" of the feelings of an impetuous lad; but the "red-hot steel" of man's passion. He knows too, what it is that he is doing: he knows the all-engrossing importance of the step, and he does not take it lightly. He will not marry unless he *loves*; and if he does love, he is, ipso facto, for the time reformed. It depends afterwards, upon the united good sense and good feeling of both parties, whether or not he remain so—upon the former especially. If he do remain so, they will be the happiest people in the world; if not, the woman will either break her heart, or give it to somebody else; and I wish the husband joy in either case.

II.

It is ridiculously absurd to hear people talk of a woman being beautiful—and then, upon being pressed, admitting that "certainly she has a bad figure, but I spoke of her face." Thou Tyro—hast thou yet to learn that, provided there is nothing absolutely disagreeable in the face, the person, forms at least eight-tenths of the sum of total beauty? A lovely, and still more, an expressive face (yet this is a pleonasm, for there can be no real loveliness without expression) is certainly a very great and charming addition to a beautiful form. But it is nothing, or next to nothing, without it; while a fine person is always admirable, even with only moderate comeliness of face.

III.

Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she become attached to you, it will be from seeing and valuing similar qualities in you. You may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence; you may consult her, for she is able to advise; and does so at once with the firmness of reason, and the consideration of affection. Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been lightly won;—it will be strong and ardent, for weak minds are not capable of the loftier grades of the passion. If you prefer attaching to yourself a woman of feeble understanding, it must be either from fearing to encounter a superior person, or from the poor vanity of preferring that admiration which springs from ignorance, to that which arises from appreciation.

IV.

This may require some little annotation. It may be thought that it is impossible that any one should prefer the "admiration which springs from ignorance to that which arises from appreciation;" but there are many who dread, and justly, the touch-stone of real appreciation, who delight in exciting in an inferior mind that kind of admiration with which savage islanders receive their first European visitors. *Such* persons would always fear a woman of sense.

V.

There are very few women who are to be trusted with their own secret.

VI.

A woman who has the beauty of feminine delicacy and grace—who has the strong sense of a man, yet softened and refined by the influence of womanly feeling—whose passions are strong, but chastened and directed by delicacy and principle—whose mind is brilliant, alike from its natural emanations and its stores of acquirement—whose manners have been formed by the imperceptible influence of good society, in its broad sense, yet are totally free from the consciousness and affectation of any *clique*, though it be the highest—who, though she shines in and enjoys the world, finds her heart's happiness at home—is not *this* the noblest and the sweetest of the creatures formed by God?

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

NO. III.—JUNE.

REFORMS IN THE LAW.

NO. I.—THE HISTORY OF A SUIT.

“ He was guilty of no error,—he was chargeable with no exaggeration,—he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, King, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings, end simply in bringing twelve good men into a box.”—*Mr. Brougham's Speech on the State of the Law.*

THE public mind of this country has, at length, come to consider fairly the great question of Law Reform. It no longer receives, with the uninquiring reverence of habit, the old adages, that “ the British laws are the perfection of reason,”—that “ our law knows no distinction of persons,” or, that it has faults only, “ lest we should be tempted to think it of more than human structure.”* People now are fast opening their eyes; and, as the necessary consequence, they see all manner of deformities in this boasted pile—they find, to speak without a figure, that in the place of a cheap, speedy, and certain administration of justice—which is the object of all law—we have ruinous expense, intolerable delays, and extravagant uncertainty, even in cases in which the merits are as clear as the sun at noon.

The public mind has infinitely advanced: in despite of all the sneers at the phrase of the ‘ march of intellect,’ the fact is undeniable, that the general intellect of the country *has* greatly progressed. And one of the first fruits of extended intelligence has been the conviction, now fast becoming universal, that our system of law, so far from being the best in the world, is an exceedingly bad one; and stands in the most pressing need of revision and reform. The different degree in which public interest is now excited by these subjects, and that which was attracted by the earlier motions of Sir Samuel Romilly, upon the criminal law, would in itself serve to put beyond doubt, the greatness of the change. Men now are no longer content to regard law as a recondite mystery, of the merits of which no one but a lawyer is capable of judging;—they feel that law is, or ought to be, made for universal use, and should be intelligible to ordinary capacities:—they know that the means should not overlay and devour the end—they see that it most immediately comes home to their “ business

* Blackstone.—Conclusion of the Commentaries.

and bosoms," and they determine to look into a matter of such near concernment, *themselves*.

This has given rise to many works, within the last few years, of different, but chiefly of very considerable, merit, projecting reforms in various branches of our law. But, although the prevalence of opinions in favour of alteration has become very great, even among members of the legal profession, there is not the slightest cause to apprehend any of the dangers belonging to rash and hasty innovation. The crowd of interests opposed to all change—the enormous *vis inertiae* of ancient routine—the very complexity and extent of the subject itself—render it impossible to fear anything like unwary and indiscriminating haste. All the apprehension, indeed, should turn the other way—namely, lest the clog of all this dead-weight should extravagantly retard the progress of improvement. That it *must* ultimately take place, we consider as certain as the recurrence of the daily natural phenomena of the physical world: the object of all the well-wishers of England should be to hasten its advance; and if any humble efforts of ours should, in however small a degree, give aid to that great cause, it would yield us a pride and satisfaction, which, we fear, we should be thought to be hyperbolical, if we were to express fully.

The subject of Law Reform branches out into so many different divisions, as to render it impossible to consider it in the mass, within the space of one paper. It is probable, that we shall recur to the topic, under its different heads, more than once. The Magistracy—the Constitution of the Courts—the Criminal Law—and the Law of Real Property—each of these demands, and will afford, ample matter for a separate investigation. At present, we shall content ourselves with laying before our readers a picture of a suit at law, from first to last. In so doing, we shall follow the course of that part of Mr. Brougham's great speech, which relates to the same subject—stating and commenting upon his proposed amendments, and, where we see need, adding others of our own as we go along. There are not, we believe, many of our *lay* readers, who are fully aware of even the general nature of the technical details of an action at law, and, therefore, cannot feel the *extent* to which they need alteration. It shall be our endeavour to convey to them this knowledge, in a manner as little technical as possible—and when they see what a suit at law really is, we can have little doubt as to what their answer will be to the question, Whether such it ought to be?

The first step in the great majority of actions which are for the recovery of debts, is the suing out the writ, and having the defendant arrested upon it. Now, this proceeding, the very first step of a suit at law, is itself strongly to be gainsaid. A person is arrested solely upon the affidavit of another, that he owes him some sum of money, not under twenty pounds.* The cause is subsequently to be tried—

* This is the sum fixed by a very recent statute; it was at the time of this act being passed 10*l.*, a temporary act making it 15*l.* having expired. It is said that the junior barristers complain much of the falling off of business which this has occasioned in the bail-court; and also, that another order of legal practitioners, the sheriffs' officers, are still more loud in their outcry against the decreased number of arrests. This serves sufficiently to show to what extent arrests for paltry sums are carried.

it is afterwards to be determined whether A do really owe B any thing—B's affidavit will not avail him a jot in establishing that in court, but it fully suffices to put his opponent to the disgrace and expense of an arrest. And this is not a theoretical evil; it happens every day—and is by no means rarely carried to that excess, that respectable men are arrested without any notice of action at all. The alleged motive is, to prevent the debtor's escape; it being thus assumed that he *is* a debtor, and also that he will run away and abandon every thing to avoid payment. "On what ground," says Mr. Brougham, "of common sense does our law in this matter rest? Why should it be supposed that a man, owing twenty pounds, will leave his house, his wife, his children, his country, his pursuits; and incur voluntarily the punishment awarded for great crimes, by banishing himself for life? Yet the law always proceeds on the supposition that a man will run away the moment he has notice given him of an action for the debt. Some men might possibly act thus, but their conduct forms the exception, not the rule; and do you legislate wisely—do you legislate like men of sense—do you legislate with common consistency—when you denounce a penalty against all men in order to meet a case not likely to occur once in a thousand times?"

We must confess we consider this argument conclusive, as regards arrests on *mesne* process. We need scarcely, we suppose, remind our readers, that it is, at present, only of arrests on *mesne process*, that is, pending the action, that we are speaking. The great question of imprisonment for debt, generally, is a totally distinct matter, into which it is not our present purpose to enter; and which obviously has no connection with this branch of our subject. An arrest on *mesne* process is, as far as it goes, a prejudging the case; it is a privilege which is constantly used most harshly and unnecessarily—and there are some instances of its having been taken advantage of for the worst purposes. Surely, the utmost limit to which it should be carried, for the ends of justice, should be to grant it in cases where the plaintiff made affidavit that he believed the defendant to be in the intention of absconding. But, the present mode of arresting and taking bail answers no other purpose than to increase the costs of suit, and to put the defendant to all manner of annoyance and inconvenience. An alteration in this point of our law would, perhaps, tend to diminish the extent of credit given by retail tradesmen; but we think it would do so only to a degree beneficial to trade, rather than hurtful. Credit would still be given to those who deserve to have it; and its being withheld from others would produce the great advantage that those who do pay their bills would no longer be taxed for those who do not:—a practice which we believe to be universal among tradesmen in a large way of business. We do not at all mean to say that so many shillings are added, specifically, to the price of any given coat or pair of boots, in a bill which the tradesman knows will be paid at Christmas, to reimburse him for articles which he knows will never be paid for at all; but we do believe that *bad debts* are taken into the general calculation of risk and outlay, upon which the tradesman grounds his scale of prices. If the abolition of arrest on *mesne* process were to have no other effect than the reducing the case, or

rather the rashness, with which tradesmen give credit, we cannot see that *this* would be any objection to it. Its advantages we have already spoken of, and we think they are abundant and manifest.

We next come to probably the most important part of our subject—that of *Pleading*; the forms, namely, by which the subject-matter of the suit is (supposed) to be placed before the court. We say ‘supposed,’ because, as we shall presently prove to our readers, neither the court, nor any one else, can, in the great majority of cases, form, from the pleadings, the slightest conception of what the action is about. But, before we come to the pleadings themselves, we shall draw the attention of our readers to a most prominent feature of the system, which we cannot but consider one of its most grievous faults, and to which we shall devote the more attention from the circumstance of Mr. Brougham having omitted all direct mention of it in that part of his speech which relates to Pleading. We allude to what is known by the term of *Forms of Action*.

We must explain to our lay readers what this expression means. Whence these distinctions arose it now matters very little: the real question is, whether they are applicable to our present wants, and whether they tend to the furtherance of justice. It is probable, certainly, that the received doctrine is true, that certain forms of actions were, in ancient times, provided for remedying the injuries then most common—and that, afterwards, the courts, with their distinguishing love of precedent, would allow no others to be used. The action called *on the case*, i. e., not belonging to any of the classes, but arising from the circumstances of the individual case, became, after some resistance from the courts, also established, and now forms a class of itself: and thus the matter stands to this day.* There are now, not to speak of one or two which have become obsolete, ten different forms of action;—four are called *ex contractu*, or for breach of contract,—viz., assumpsit, debt, covenant, and detinue—five *ex delicto*, or for wrongs—viz., case, trover, detinue,† replevin, and trespass *vi et armis*;—and one, which is not strictly within either class, ejectment.

We are not writing a treatise on pleading, and, therefore, we shall not go into a description of these different forms, and of their variations from each other. We shall only make one or two instances sufficiently clear to our readers to shew to them the grounds of our objections to their existence altogether. When the plaintiff has, by the means we have already spoken of, enforced an appearance of the defendant, he then proceeds to file his declaration—which is, (or rather is supposed to be‡) a statement of his complaint against the defendant. This must be according to one of the forms of action we have just enumerated—which is called declaring in assumpsit, declaring in trespass, declaring in case—as it may happen. Which form is chosen, is indicated by certain technical words at the beginning and end of the

* We confine ourselves to personal and mixed actions—real actions come more properly under the head of the law of real property.

† Detinue, being the form of action by which to recover any specific chattel, may evidently occur under either head.

‡ Of the abuses of the pleadings themselves, we shall speak presently: we now confine ourselves to the evils which arise from *forms of action*.

declaration, and of every count in it, if there be more than one—words of mere form, and no way relating to the facts of the case; the defendant then is obliged to plead in the form recognized as the proper plea in such a form of action—the replication, the joinder of issue—in short, all the subsequent proceedings being carried on according to the same rules.

Now, the first, and yet one of the least objections to this system, is that it produces great needless technicality, with all the evils which invariably spring from it. In consequence of a few peculiar words at the opening of the declaration—the use of which designates the form of action chosen—everything must be carried on in one particular manner throughout. Such and such things are allowed in one form, which are prohibited in another—the evidence which may be given under the general issue is more limited or more extended, according to the particular form of action; the merits of the case have nothing to say to these regulations—they depend upon whether a plaintiff declares in *assumpsit* or in *trover*, in *trespass* or in *case*.

It may be said that these are, after all, only harmless technicalities; that as every man, or at least every lawyer, must know at once what form of action should be applied to such and such a case, there can be no practical evil in following the old usage. In the first place, no technicality that does not carry with it some direct and positive advantage, *can* be harmless. Everything which tends to obscure and mystify the law between man and man, is in itself a great and crying evil. But, besides this, every additional technicality is an additional expense; the fictions which these forms introduce, tend to lengthen pleadings immeasurably beyond the fair statement of complaint and defence—and everything, down to the dots of the *i*'s and the crosses of the *t*'s, is matter of charge. And, secondly, so far from its being at once evident what form of action should be adopted in such and such a case, it is often one of the most anxiously-discussed points in the whole suit! If the plaintiff declare in a wrong form, he is turned round, whatever the merits of his case may be, and, in many instances, with the costs of both sides to pay—of course always with his own. “Thus,” says Mr. Chitty in his celebrated work on Pleading, “where the plaintiff in an action on the case, stated that the defendant *wilfully* drove his coach and horses against the plaintiff’s carriage, the court arrested the judgment on the ground that it appeared, from such allegation, that the action should have been *trespass*, and not *case*!”* Now can anything be more preposterous than this? The merits of the question did not come into play—they were not considered at all; the plaintiff had inserted in the commencement of his declaration that he complained of the defendant “of a plea of *trespass* on the case,” instead of “a plea of *trespass*,” with the subsequent use of the words “with force and arms!”—and for *this*, his time, his trouble, and his expense are all lost!—if he still wishes for redress, he must begin absolutely *de novo*, and be a second time exposed to all the vexations which are included in the term *law-suit*! We are not at all complaining of the court; we are perfectly aware that, as the law stands, they

* 6 T. R., 125.—8 T. R., 188.—1 East, 109.

could not have acted otherwise : but how comes it that the law should be thus, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century ?

We will give another, because it is, perhaps, a still more glaring instance of the absurdity of the law as regarding forms of action. It is a case more familiarly known than perhaps any in the books to professional persons ; but the world in general we believe to be in happy ignorance of this particular instance of the glorious folly of those laws which, according to Mr. Sugden's maiden speech in the House of Commons, have so long caused the happiness of England. It is necessary to premise that the rule of distinction between actions of trespass and of case for torts is that, for *direct* injuries redress should be sought in trespass ; for *consequential* injuries, in case. It is very evident that the distinction must be sometimes a nice one, and, in the case we are about to cite, the judges differed—the dissentient judge being Sir W. Blackstone.* The facts proved were, that the defendant had thrown a lighted squib, in the market-house of Milborne-Port, upon the stall of one Yates who was exposing gingerbread and pastry for sale—that one Willis, who was standing close by, to prevent injury to himself and the goods of Yates, took up the squib and threw it across the market-house, where it fell upon another stall which contained the same sort of goods, kept by one James Ryall, who, to save himself and his goods, took the squib, and threw it from him, whereby it struck the plaintiff and put out one of his eyes. The action was brought in trespass *vi et armis*—and a verdict went for the plaintiff with damages of 100*l.*, subject to the opinion of the court whether, upon these facts, the action were maintainable. The Judges were unanimously of opinion, that the action was brought against the right person, the counsel for the defendant having urged that it ought to have been brought against Ryall—but they differed as to whether the action ought to be trespass or case—Mr. Justice Blackstone being of the latter opinion, and Chief Justice De Grey, and Judges Nares and Gould thinking it was correctly trespass. The case is an exceedingly curious one to read—for the opinions of the Judges, which were delivered *seriatim*, and at very considerable length, are most curious specimens of able and ingenious minds devoting all their powers to the consideration of points of the most childish and trifling nicety. As the law stood, (and, alas ! stands,) it was their indispensable duty that they should do so : and most subtle some of their arguments are, and most felicitous their illustrations. The decision, which is even yet a very frequent topic of discussion, was, in this case, in favour of the plaintiff—but when such men differ, how is it possible for inferior practitioners to know which is the proper form to choose?—How absurd and mischievous is it that there should be this possibility of going wrong ! There was no sort of doubt that the defendant threw the squib, and that the plaintiff had his eye put out—and why should not the statement of this broad fact, with the detail of the concurrent circumstances, be in itself a sufficient declaration, without any form of trespass *vi et armis*, or of case, at all?—We confess, we have never heard, amid the many defences of special pleading in general, any one word said in support of Forms of Action.

* Scott v. Shepherd—3 Wilson's Reports, 403.

We trust we have pointed out the evil—it is, indeed, glaring, and on the surface; and, in this instance, fortunately, the remedy is at hand. We would have, then, forms of action swept away *in toto*, and at once. Whatever other alterations might be judged necessary in pleading, *that* undoubtedly should be the first. Let the technical words, by which the chosen form of action is designated, be omitted altogether. Let the declaration be a declaration of the subject of complaint, and be received as such; let it rest upon its own merits—and let the fantastic, useless, and mischievous distinctions of *assumpsit*, *trespass*, and *trover*, be wiped out for ever, and forgotten.

This leads us to consider the declaration, as such, the form of action having been chosen. The declaration is supposed to be the statement by which the plaintiff makes known his subject of complaint to the court and to his adversary—but, certainly, any thing more ingeniously contrived to prevent the possibility, in nine cases out of ten, of the slightest information being gained, could not very readily be conceived. We cannot do better than quote what Mr. Brougham says on this point:—

“The count of a declaration should convey information as to the subject of the action; but it conveys no precise knowledge of the plaintiff’s demand, or, indeed, of what the suit is about. Take the instance of the common counts, as they are justly termed, in *assumpsit*, being those constantly resorted to; and take the most common of these, the count for money had and received. I will take no advantage of the audience I speak before being unacquainted with legal niceties, in order to make merry with the venerable formalities of the art. All lawyers know how easy it would be in this place to raise a smile, at the least, by recounting the little fooleries of our draftsmen: but I disdain it; and will treat the subject precisely as if I were addressing professional men. The plaintiff declares, that the defendant, being indebted to him for so much money had and received to the use of the said plaintiff, to wit, 1000*l.*, undertook and faithfully promised to pay it, but broke his engagement; and the count is thus framed, the self-same terms being invariably used, whatever be the cause of action which can be brought into court under this head. Now, observe how various the matters are which may be all described by the foregoing words. In the first place, such is the declaration for money paid by one individual to another, for the use and benefit of the plaintiff; this is what alone the words of the count imply, but to express this they are rarely, indeed, made use of. 2dly, The self-same terms are used on suing for money received on a consideration that fails, and used in the same way to describe all the endless variety of cases which can occur of such failure, as an estate sold with a bad title, and a deposit paid; a horse sold with a concealed unsoundness, and so forth. 3dly, The same words are used when it is wished to recover money paid under mistake of fact. 4thly, To recover money paid by one person to a stakeholder, in consideration of an illegal contract made with another person.* 5thly, Money paid to revenue officers for releasing the goods illegally detained, of the person paying.† 6thly, To try the right to any office, instead of bringing an *assize*.‡

* 1 B. and P. 3. Ibid. 296.

† 4 T. R. 485.

‡ Str. 747, Carth. 95. 1 T. R. 255.

to the throne of Otaheite, the unhappy plaintiff is "turned round," and left *in statu quo*, with the slight exception of having to pay two furiously long bills of costs! We confess it is, and always has been, totally beyond our powers of comprehension to define why, in matters of law, as in other matters of business, language should not be used which is comprehensible, and capable of conveying the subject under question. Just conceive a merchant or a banker writing a letter of advice, *mutatis mutandis*, in the style of a declaration at law!—And why should public justice be made less intelligible than private business? As matters are conducted at present, our system of jurisprudence would really seem to have adopted Talleyrand's doctrine, that speech was given to man for the concealment of his thoughts.

"Of the circumstances," says Mr. Brougham, "peculiar to the transaction, the pleadings tell the defendant nothing—they tell the counsel nothing—they tell the judge nothing. It may be said that the defendant must know the cause of action himself; but that does not always follow, especially if (which may be presumed barely possible, though it seems never to be thought so) the allegations are groundless. There is, however, one person who must know the cause of action, and that is the plaintiff. He ought, for the satisfaction of all concerned, to state it distinctly." Truly, we think so.

The declaration being filed, the defendant has to put in his answer to it. This answer is called his plea; and here again, technicalities spring up to impede, if not to frustrate, the due course of justice. The manner, however, of the most usual and most objectionable technicality, in this part of the proceedings, is of a nature opposite to that we have been complaining of in the declaration. If the plaintiff wraps up his meaning in a mass of absurd jargon, the defendant conceals his, by confining himself to the most terse and laconic defence. In every form of action there is a plea which bears the name of the *general issue*; as, in *assumpsit*, where the gist of the action is, that the defendant *undertook* to do such and such things,—generally, to pay such and such sums of money—the general issue is *non assumpsit*; meaning that the defendant never undertook to do any such thing. In trespass, where the defendant is accused of doing certain wrongs to the plaintiff, the general issue is, not guilty; and so on. This, at first sight, seems very plausible, and is all very well where it is the defendant's intention fairly to prove that he never did make this promise, or commit that wrong. But under this plea, he is allowed to prove all manner of different things, of which the plaintiff can have, from the plea at least, no sort of knowledge. Mr. Brougham gives several very striking instances of the vagueness and injustice of this proceeding:—"In the *indebitatus assumpsit*, from which I took my first example, the general issue is *non assumpsit*. Now, under that plea, no less than eight different defences may be set up; as, for instance, a denial of the contract, payment, usury, gaming, infancy, coverture, accord and satisfaction, release. All these defences are entirely different, and yet they are all stated in the self-same words. So, too, in the action of trover; take our former case of the gun, (an action of trover for the recovery of a gun, or rather of its value): the defendant, under the plea of not guilty, may set up

as a defence, that he is a gamekeeper, and took it by virtue of the statute of Charles II. ;* or that he had a lien upon it as a carrier, for his general balance, and had, therefore, a right to detain it ; or a particular lien for work done upon it ; or that he had received it as a deposit, and was entitled to keep it ; or that he took it for toll,† or detained it till passage money due by its owner were paid;‡ or the reward due for saving it from shipwreck were given.§ Any of these defences may be concealed under the plea of not guilty, without the possibility of the plaintiff discovering which it is that his adversary means to set up ; so that every body will, I think, agree with me, that if the count teaches the court and opposite party little, the plea teaches them not a whit more."

Whether this mode of proceeding causes adherence to the following maxim, or not, we leave our readers to judge. Mr. Brougham says, "the plaintiff ought to tell the defendant the real nature of his complaint, and the defendant ought to make him equally acquainted with the nature of his answers." This would seem to be a gross truism, were it not, that the practice is, as we have shewn our readers, for the plaintiff and the defendant to conceal from each other, as much as possible, every particular of what will be brought forward in court on the day of trial. If, on the contrary, the rule of simple sense and justice above given, were adhered to, "perjury," as Mr. Brougham most justly observes, "would not so often be committed ; every thing intended to be proved, would be stated on each side ; and the parties, knowing the evidence on which the respective statements must be established, would have an opportunity of examining into the character of the witnesses, and of procuring the best evidence to elucidate the point. At present, the mystery of pleading leaves them in doubt ; and the vague and indistinct statements on the record, unaccompanied by other information, open a door to the entrance of falsehood in the witnesses, far wider than any you could open, by enabling them to get up proofs in answer to those expected from the opposite side. Whenever the parties fight each other by trick on the record, in the first instance, fencing to evade telling their grounds of contention, they renew the fight afterwards by perjury in court."

Again, nothing can be more arbitrary and vague, than the rules as to what may and what may not be given in evidence under the general issue. In some forms of action, far more liberty is given to the defendant in this respect than in others ; for instance, (and here the old evil of *forms of action* again comes across us,) in case, far more may be given in evidence under the general issue than in trespass—and we have already shewn how closely those two descriptions of action trench upon one another. Lord Mansfield has given a very subtle dictum on this point, viz. that actions of trespass are *stricti juris*, while actions on the case are "founded upon the mere justice and conscience of the plaintiff's case," and therefore, matters need not be pleaded specially in this last, which must be in the former. Are not these subtleties pitiable ? Is not the fair—the

* St. 22, 23 Car. II.—Dawe and Walter in Bull. N. P. 48.

† Sir W. Jones, 240. § 2 Camp. 631. § Lord R. 393.

only fair and sound distinction, this—that all which may in any degree take a plaintiff by surprise, must be specially pleaded? This, it may be said, is the distinction already recognised—but is it acted up to? Look at Mr. Brougham's list of the different matters that may be given in evidence under the general issue, in one particular case; and how is the plaintiff, unless he have the gift of divination, to know on which of these the defendant means to rely? And that this uncertainty is generally admitted, is clear, from the fact of Mr. Chitty, the great apostle of pleading, going so far as, by implication at least, to lament the custom. "As the object," he says, "of pleading, is to apprise the adverse party of the ground of defence, in order that he may be prepared to contest it, and may not be taken by surprise, it may appear singular, that under the general issue, which in terms only denies a valid contract, the defendant should be permitted to avail himself of a ground of defence which admits a valid contract; but insists that it has been performed, or that there is an excuse for the non-performance of it, or that it has been discharged; it is, as observed by Lord Holt, a practice which has crept in improperly, but is now perhaps too settled to be altered."* Thus it is, that those who have the candour to admit that faults there are, still fondly cling to them. The thing is wrong, but having been wrong a long time, it ought to continue to be wrong. Is this consistent, Mr. Chitty, with that "logical precision," of which you speak a few lines farther down the page, as being the distinguishing characteristic of pleading?

This brings us to another flagrant breach of common sense,—(the remedy of which, is the principle we thirst to see established in our jurisprudence, both generally and in detail)—in the system of pleading inconsistent and contradictory pleas:—"Where," says Mr. Brougham, "there are ten different ways of stating a defence, and all of them are employed, it is hardly possible that any three of them can be true; at the same time their variety tends to prevent both the opposite party and the court from knowing the real question to be tried. Yet this practice is generally resorted to, because neither party knows accurately what course his opponent may take;—each, therefore, throws his drag-net over the whole ground, in hopes to avail himself of every thing which cannot escape through its meshes. Take the case of Debt on bond. The first plea in such an action,—almost as a matter of course,—is the general issue, *non est factum*, whereby the defendant denies that it is his deed; the second as usually is, *solvit ad diem*—he paid it on the day mentioned in the bond,—a circumstance not very likely to happen, if it be not his deed; the third is, *solvit post diem*—he paid it after the day;—a thing equally unlikely to happen, if it be not his bond, or if he paid it when due; and a fourth often is, a general release. What can the plaintiff learn from a statement in which the defendant first asserts that he never executed the deed, and next that he not only executed it, but has moreover paid it off? Where pleas are consistent with each other, it may be well to let them be pleaded in unlimited abundance: where they are not only not consistent, but

* Chitty on Pleading, I. 472—3.

absolutely destructive of each other, it would be a good rule to establish that such pleas should not be put together upon the record, at least without some previous discussion, and leave obtained. The grounds of action are often stated with almost as great inconsistency, almost always with greater multiplicity, in the declaration I know that it is frequently said these allegations deceive nobody, and their vagueness and repugnancy keep no one in the dark, for each party contrives to have a good guess of what his adversary means. That this is not the case in many instances, I know;—that it takes place more frequently than might be expected, I am ready to admit. But what vindication is this of the system? If anything like precise information is obtained, in such cases as I have described, it is most assuredly not from the record, but in spite of the record; it is by travelling out of it—by seeking elsewhere for what the record does not give, or for correcting the false impression which it conveys: consequently, this defence of pleading is the very humble one, that it is useless, and, were it not for the cost, would be harmless.”

And, supposing that, in all cases, the present system of pleading were harmless, with this exception, *of expense*, what a frightful extent of evil would it not still cause?

A very extraordinary inconsistency with the permission to plead repugnant pleas, is the rule, that if a defendant demurs, he must admit the facts to be true. Demurring, it is perhaps necessary to inform our general readers, is when the defendant says, “Admitting all your facts to be as you state them, you have no claim upon me in law;” then, issue being joined on this—that is, the plaintiff saying, “I have a claim upon you, in law;” the cause is decided by the decision of the judges upon this point. Now, when the defendant pleads, and the case goes to a jury, he is allowed, as we have seen, to plead the most inconsistent facts—as, “I did not make the bond; but if I did, it is paid.” Now, why not allow him to demur *and* plead—as thus:—“*Supposing* all your facts to be true, you have no claim upon me in law; but if it be decided that you have, I will then prove that the facts are not so?” As Mr. Brougham most justly asks, “Why should not the Court first determine the disputed law, and then only, if it becomes necessary, try the truth of the facts? In Equity pleading it is so,—why not in law, too?”—Why not, indeed?

In this part of his speech, Mr. Brougham proposes that all merely formal errors should be allowed to be amended up to the very last moment; and that no one should be turned round on a mere variance or verbal mistake; and he cites several cases of flagrant hardship and injustice, which have occurred within his knowledge, in consequence of the quirks and quiddities of the present system. Nothing can be more just and right than such an alteration—as every man of the slightest pretensions to straightforward sense and rectitude must admit; but if the various amendments in pleading which we have been discussing were to take place, there would necessarily be comparatively few errors, beyond those of merely verbal inaccuracies, inasmuch as the variances and omissions which now derive importance from technical reasons could, of course, no longer exist. The line which he draws as to where variances should be fatal, is most soundly placed—

namely, where it is clear that the discrepancy has deceived the party ; but this, as he justly adds, scarcely happens once in a thousand times.

We will now suppose issue joined, and the case to be coming on for trial. But, before we consider the trial itself, we must inform our readers that they must not think that the parties have got thus far, as easily as the proceedings which, only, we have detailed would bring them. The numberless petty regulations of the court, every one of which it is necessary to act on up to the letter, to carry a cause forward, are a source of some delay, and extreme and most unjustly exacted expense. Special pleas are required to be signed by counsel—a mere form, for his clerk generally does it for him—or sometimes, as Mr. Brougham observes, the attorney's clerk, who pockets the fee. Still the fee is paid by the defendant, who also has to pay for a motion “to plead several matters,” if he desire to plead more than the general issue. Our lay readers, perhaps, will scarcely believe that, up to the reign of Anne, a defendant could plead only one plea, though fifty might be necessary for his defence. In that reign a statute was passed, giving him the liberty to “plead several matters,” the leave of the court being first asked and had ; and it is to obtain this leave that the motion we have alluded to is made. But this, as well as all other motions granted as matters of course, is nothing more than a tax upon the parties for the benefit of the legal practitioners. Those things, which are granted as matters of course, ought to be *taken* as matters of course, without the expense and delay of an application. It is beside our purpose to go into the dry details of all the petty forms and fat fees, through which a case has to work its way to trial ; but whenever (and we hope to Heaven a measure so cryingly called for will not be long delayed,) whenever an inquiry takes place into the constitution and practice of our courts, we trust this whole class of annoyances and evils will be swept away.

Let us now suppose the case called on, and the jury sworn. And here, we must make a few observations on the subject of juries, which, though we perhaps can scarcely in this place argue the point we are about to mention as fully as it deserves, will, nevertheless, at least serve to set forth our doctrine for consideration. We perfectly agree with Mr. Brougham, when he says that he considers “the method of juries a most wholesome, wise, and almost perfect invention for the purpose of judicial inquiry.” We go along with every word of the panegyric which he passes upon the superiority of this mode of trial, to any which could be framed to be conducted by the judge alone. But, we confess, we think there is one alteration in the mode in which juries act in our courts, which would prove a very great amendment ; we allude to the verdict of the majority being received, without requiring unanimity. In the cases in which the point at issue is manifest, one way or the other, unanimity would take place, as it does now ; but, in doubtful cases, in cases where the evidence is most intricate, and perhaps conflicting—where, take the court throughout, you will not find ten men sitting together who will agree as to how the verdict ought to go ;—in such a case as this, and they occur frequently, we are thoroughly satisfied that the minority of the jury are *perjured*—and

this, allowing the majority to return a verdict would prevent. We do not wish to use hard words—undoubtedly not towards juries, whose services we value so highly—but we have no sort of doubt that, in difficult cases, jurymen *give in*, not from conviction, but from weariness—not from having their opinion changed by argument, but from wishing to get free from the irksome and most disagreeable situation of a jury shut up to consult. The absurd barbarisms, in the shape of restrictions upon juries so placed, might certainly be done away at once; and, indeed, it is scandalous they should be still in existence now;—but even supposing that juries were allowed moderate refreshment and proper warmth, still the confinement would be unavoidable; and many a man gets wearied out by that, who is totally unconvinced by the arguments of his brother jurors. Nay, cases occur very often in which, to the end of time, twelve men would never come to the same conclusion—and yet juries give verdicts upon them *unanimously*. We deprecate this, because it is *tampering with an oath*—and so deeply do we venerate the sanctity of that engagement, that we look with a dread, almost approaching to horror, upon anything that tends to its infringement. The habit into which juries had got, some few years back, of returning verdicts of thefts, in a dwelling-house, to the amount of 39s. to avoid conviction for the capital offence—when the goods stolen were beyond question worth double or treble the sum—this habit, we say, of merciful perjury, always appeared to us one of the worst of the many bad consequences of that sanguinary law.* When a man once begins to tamper with his oath, from an amiable motive, he has violated the great obligation of truth—and the spotless purity of his conscience can never be restored. He ceases to shudder at the thought of taking an oath falsely—he has already done so—at least he *has* violated an oath; though it was taken, probably, with the firm and solemn intention of adhering to it to the letter. The hackneyed proverb of *le premier pas*—hackneyed, as all hackneyed aphorisms are, on account of its striking truth—is applicable here also. That man is a perjured one, from whatever motive he became so—and from that consciousness he never can shake himself free.

And thus, with juries, who are *compelled* to give an unanimous verdict, or none at all. The extreme infrequency of this latter occurrence tends, we think, to prove how constantly the weakest give up their opinion, from mere weariness and incapacity to do battle in its support. Our readers, perhaps, may most of them feel—“If I were on a jury, nothing ever should induce me to give a verdict contrary to my belief;” but they are to recollect that persons of all degrees of intellectual and physical strength—short of absolute imbecility or decrepitude—are called upon to serve upon juries. There is the sensible man, and the silly man—the vain, loud, bustling man, and the poor, retiring, weak one—men well informed, men slightly informed, and men not

* The sum is now raised by one of Mr. Peel's acts to 5*l*. We confess we think this a very narrow and false principle of alteration. The *value* of the goods stolen has nothing to say to the crime:—of course, when in the house, the thief will steal all he can find. It is—as all punishment should look forward,—it is the *animus* which should be considered; and the distinction drawn in many other branches of our law might beneficially be applied in this—that between crimes committed with violence, and crimes committed by stealth.

informed at all—all these meet on juries;—is it likely that, in long, severe, and intricate cases, they will all come to the same conclusion from the same premises? The thing is manifestly a moral impossibility. What, then, happens?—Why, when they retire,—the invalid, the proud man, the silent man, the man who has not the gift of tongue to make clear those ideas which are perfectly clear to himself,—these men, whose resistance is not much more than passive at first, ultimately give up their judgment to the arguments and the activity of their louder-voiced and stronger-nerved brethren. When these latter disagree, as of course must occasionally occur, we confess we have no idea how the matter is settled. We conclude it must then depend upon which has the stronger stomach, and can bear starvation best.

Now, to counteract this evil—and surely there can scarcely be a greater than inducing our jurymen to tamper with their oaths—we would suggest the same method of decision as is used in this country on almost every other occasion—namely, by majority. We are quite aware that there would be a strong popular feeling against this change—that the people are disposed to think that a verdict more to be relied on is given by the whole than by a part: but, to say nothing on the *rationale* of the matter—on which we must be permitted to say we have never heard any argument against our position,—to say nothing of this, the *fact* is, that the verdict is the verdict of a majority now—and that the minority only give up their opinion against their oath, instead of retaining their opinion with it. We have heard it said, that it would be a cruel thing to take away a man's life upon a bare majority of one out of thirteen—for of course, in case of the alteration, the number of the jury must be made uneven;—if by this is meant, that there ought to be more than seven men unanimous before we inflict death upon a fellow-creature, there would be (though we do not at all agree in the fact) some principle of sense in the argument. But this would be easily obviated, by raising the number of the jury to one of which the mere majority would be considered sufficient satisfactorily to decide any question which may be before them. We confess, we ourselves consider a majority of seven over six, quite enough to decide any thing: but if fifteen, or seventeen, should be considered a more satisfactory gross number, there is no sort of reason, that we know, why the jury should not consist of that.

One minor regulation—once the most proper number was fixed—would tend greatly to prevent the murmurs, which probably would at first follow a change, against verdicts of only the majority. Let the verdict be given in by the foreman as the verdict of the jury, without any mention being made of whether or not it was unanimous, or in what proportion carried—and let every jurymen be sworn to keep secret the vote of himself and of all.

We are quite aware that a change like this—a very strongly operating change in one of the most valued of our institutions—demands the most patient and deep consideration. It is not thus incidentally that it can be discussed as it deserves—but it came naturally in our path to say thus much on the subject, and we should, we fear, be running completely into episode if we were to say more. To return.

The trial is opened by the plaintiff's counsel stating his case—and

here Mr. Brougham has some very cogent observations on the difficulties under which this party labours:—

“ We compel the plaintiff to explain his case, and comment upon it before his witnesses are examined: unless his adversary produces evidence, he has no means of observing even upon his own case, after he has proved, or attempted to prove it. Hence his opening must be often very general, for fear of his evidence falling short; and hence he often labours under a prejudice, from that cautious and imperfect opening, which a little explanation might remove. Council are every day obliged to state their cases in the dark; experience teaches us, in some degree, the difference between what is set down and what will be actually sworn; so that a young advocate will give a very different statement on the same brief from a practised one,—no great compliment to our method of trying causes, in which as little as possible should depend on the forensic skill of practitioners; but even the most experienced are constantly deceived by their instructions: the cause may change its aspect, especially in the cross-examination of the witnesses; and they have no opportunity of correcting the error, and preventing the result from turning on a matter wholly foreign to its merits,—the discretion of those who prepared the brief—unless the other party gives evidence. Now, for this very reason, and to gain by his adversary's failure, (a failure, not necessarily connected with merits,) he will avoid doing so; he will also avoid it generally, to prevent his own remarks from being answered. Hence much important evidence is every day shut out, by this play of council to avoid giving a reply, which the plaintiff should have, whether the defendant calls witnesses or no. Here, as in other things, the system is far from uniform: in appeal cases, both before the House of Lords, and the Privy Council, there is a reply, as of course; and in the committees of this house, as well as in trials for high treason, there is an opportunity given to each party of commenting on his case, after it has been presented in evidence, by a summing up. The practice is the same in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Delegates.”

We think this reasoning just, and even conclusive. The see-saw, bo-peep, system which now prevails with regard to replies—or comments upon evidence delivered—is anything but calculated to promote the broad ends of justice. Surely, they demand that each party should comment upon his case, after the evidence to support it has been adduced.

We now come to that most important branch of the subject—the Evidence. And here Mr. Brougham, at the outset, suggests the great and fundamental question,—Ought the testimony of the parties to be excluded? On this question, he gives several arguments pro and con—and does not, as far as we can discern, state distinctly to which side his opinion ultimately inclines. For ourselves, we confess that, for a considerable time past, the fitness of the admission of this evidence has been becoming more and more apparent to our mind. We would, indeed, in every case, and altogether, abolish the doctrine of the *incompetency* of witnesses—let every one, however interested in the matter, give his evidence, and leave his *credit*

to the jury. Mr. Brougham seems to carry this doctrine to the utmost extent, short of admitting the parties themselves; but we would not stop even there. First, because there are many instances in which refusing to admit the evidence of a plaintiff, is a virtual denial of all redress. We will suppose a case:—A person has packed a trunk, into which he has put a great number of valuables; he sends it by a carrier, who loses it under circumstances which render him, beyond doubt, legally liable for its value: in this case, who is to prove the contents of the trunk? No one can do so but the plaintiff—his evidence is not admitted—he must put up with his loss. Secondly, the rule of law is anomalous to the last degree. Not only do we, as Mr. Brougham says, “refuse to allow a party in a cause to be examined before a jury, when we allow him to swear in his own behalf in our Courts of Equity, in our Ecclesiastical Courts, and even in the mass of business decided by common law judges on affidavit,” but we allow prosecutors, in cases where every feeling exists that can tend to influence a man, except that of mere pecuniary interest, to be sworn and give his evidence in his own behalf. A prosecutor, in an indictment for assault, is admitted without a word—and there can scarcely be a case in which a man is more likely to be violently irritated than in this;—and we quite agree with Mr. Brougham, “that there is more risk of rash swearing than of actual perjury.” But we think that this evil would be counterbalanced by the admirable mode in which evidence is taken in courts of law: after so much finding fault, we are delighted to be able to give unreserved commendation to our mode of *vivâ-voce* examination. The witness stands in a conspicuous place, before the jury and the whole court and auditory—he is examined by the counsel on the side for which he appears—he is cross-examined by the adversary—he is re-examined, if anything arises on the cross-examination which seems to need it—and the judge and the jury may put any question to him they please. Now if, throughout all this, he stick to a falsehood without detection, he must be a very skilful and a very hardened villain indeed. And yet, while you refuse to admit a party to a suit to undergo this ordeal, you will receive his affidavit on collateral points—a statement in writing, namely, made in private and at leisure, and without any cross-examination at all. Such confidence, indeed, have we in truth being elicited by *vivâ-voce* examination in court, that we would in all cases admit all witnesses, and leave it to the jury to judge of whether or not they spoke truly.

Mr. Brougham, in his remarks upon the trial of the cause, suggests what he calls “an amendment of a minor kind, but of very considerable importance. It would be advantageous to have a sworn shorthand writer in every *nisi prius* case. Those who attend our courts of *nisi prius* are aware how sorely the judge is hampered, and his attention diverted from more important considerations, by being obliged to take such full notes of the evidence. This practice is necessary, because the only record of the facts of the case is to be found in his notes. Now the judge is often a slow writer, and, in this respect, men differ so much, that one judge will try three or four causes while another will dispose of only one; and one will impede a cross-examination so as to render it quite ineffectual, while another will never inter-

rupt it at all. It happens, likewise, that a judge may be an incorrect taker of notes, which not unfrequently leads him to an incorrect decision, at least to an incorrect report of the case when a new trial is moved for. No judges ever write short hand, and for no other reason, than that their notes may have to be read by another, if the record comes not out of their own court. My honourable friend, the member for Durham, (Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor,) whose suggestions have ever been found most beneficial to judicial proceedings, introduced the great improvement of short-hand writers in our committees, and abridged the delay and expense of those inquiries incalculably. I would have them, if introduced into our courts, take full notes of the proceedings; at the same time I would not hold their notes as conclusive; they might be subject to the correction of the judge on any important matter misapprehended: for he, of course, would take his own note, but only of the principal and the more delicate things, likely to be misunderstood by one ignorant of law. He would soon find where he could trust the short-hand writer and where not; he would be relieved from much labour merely mechanical, and left free to regard all the bearings of the case, and to take a commanding view of it, so as to bring on a more speedy decision of its merits."

We will now suppose the trial to be over, a verdict obtained for the plaintiff, and judgment pronounced. Then comes the execution—and in this we must again borrow Mr. Brougham's words—for we feel we could add nothing of our own; and we agree thoroughly with every thing he says on the subject:—

"In this most important branch of the law, which may be emphatically called the law of debtor and creditor, I feel perfectly justified in declaring our system to be the very worst in Europe, departing the most widely from the principles which ought to regulate a creditor's recourse against his debtor. Those principles are abundantly plain. In proportion as, before the debt has been proved, the person and property of the party charged should be free from all process not necessary to prevent evasion; so, after judgment, ought the utmost latitude be given to obtain satisfaction from all the defendant's property whatever—land, goods, money, and debts—for to himself they no longer belong. To allow any distinction between one kind of property and another seems the height of injustice. No consistent reasoner can maintain the propriety of exempting land more than chattels; no honest debtor can claim the privilege which he waived when he contracted the debt. In the case of a person deceased, all kinds of debts and all creditors should come in equally upon an insolvent estate; and preference only be given to a mortgage or other lien. The chattel itself sued for should be returned, and damages only given where it has been lost. The person of the debtor should not be taken in execution, unless there is either a wilful concealment of property, or there has been criminal or grossly imprudent conduct in contracting the debt; for the two objects should be kept carefully distinct, of what is done to satisfy the creditor, and what is done to punish the debtor. Lastly, the former should obtain his satisfaction as speedily as may be, and as conveniently for the latter as is consistent with the creditor's security. How widely does our law

depart from these obvious and natural principles, by dint of refinements, blunders, and openly avowed injustice!

“First of all, there are only two actions for recovery of chattels, in which we are expected to give the thing specifically sued for, *replevin* and *detinue*; yet in neither can the party compel a delivery in kind; and *detinue* is besides useless, because the defendant may wage his law. In all others the claim is avowedly for damages only. A horse is taken from me, and I sue for it; yet I only obtain damages for its detention: but suppose I want the horse and not the money, the law will not aid me; nay, it will give me not a farthing in consideration of being thus compelled to part with it; I only receive what it would fetch in the market if I chose to sell it. Equity and common law differ widely here: the former always performs in specie; the latter looks to damages only; unless, indeed, where it is inconsistent with itself, as in the summary process to make parties perform awards, and attorneys and other officers of the courts deliver up deeds, and pay monies, by means of attachment. But all these defects are comparatively trifling, and rather absurd in principle, than of extensive injury in practice. What is quite substantial, and of hourly occurrence, is the frustration of a creditor after he has obtained judgment, and taken out execution. His debtor has a landed estate; if it be a copyhold, the creditor cannot touch it any way whatever; if it be a freehold, he may take half by *elegit*, and receive the rents and profits, but no more, in the lifetime of his debtor. The debt for which he has received judgment may be such that the rent of the land will not even keep down the interest; still he can take nothing more; he cannot turn the land into money;—so that, when a man sues for a thing detained unlawfully, you give him money which he does not ask; and when he asks for money by suing for a debt, you give him land which he does not want. But if his debtor dies before judgment can be obtained, unless the debt is on bond, he has no remedy at all against any kind of real property of any tenure; nay, though his money, borrowed on note or bill, has been laid out in buying land, the debtor's heir takes that land wholly discharged of the debt.

“But not only is land thus sacred from all effectual process of creditors, unless the debtor be a trader; the great bulk of most men's personal property is equally beyond reach of the law. Stock in the public funds—debts due in any manner of way—nay, bank notes, and even money—are alike protected. I may owe a hundred thousand pounds in any way, and judgment may have passed against me over and over again; if I have privilege of Parliament, live in a furnished house or hotel, and use hired carriages and horses, I may have an income from stock or money lent, of twenty thousand a-year, and defy the utmost efforts of the law; or if I have not privilege, I may live abroad, or within the rules, (as some actually do,) and laugh at all the courts and all the creditors in the country. So absurd are our rules in this respect, that if I have borrowed a thousand pounds, and the creditor has obtained judgment, the sheriff's officer appointed to levy upon my personalty, may come into my room and take a table or a

desk ; but if he sees the identical thousand pounds lying there, he must leave it—he touches it at his peril :—‘ For this quaint reason,’ says Lord Mansfield, ‘ because money cannot be sold, and you are required by the writ to take your debt out of the produce of goods sold.’ It is true, that great judge, whose merits as a lawyer were never underrated, except by persons jealous of his superior fame, or ignorant of the law, (among whom was a writer much admired in his day, but of very questionable ‘purity, and certainly no lawyer,) leaned to a contrary construction of the creditor’s powers, and might have somewhat irregularly introduced it. But Lord Ellenborough afterwards denounced such attempts as perilous innovations on the fundamental principles of our jurisprudence * ; and the law is now settled on this point.”

We shall not, at present, enter fully into the question of appeals from judgment recovered, to the Courts of Error. But we will say, that we thoroughly go along with Mr. Brougham, in thinking that they are generally had recourse to for the purposes of delay ; and that, therefore, it would be a wholesome rule if the party obtaining judgment should immediately have possession or execution, as the case might be, upon giving full security for restitution, in the event of the sentence of the court below being reversed. This would greatly tend to checking frivolous appeals, the advantage sought by delay being no longer to be gained.

We now come to *costs*—a most momentous part of the question ; for all this trouble, annoyance, delay, vexation, and, perhaps, injustice, are most abundantly to be paid for. Aye, even the party who gains his suit with costs, has a very large proportion of costs to pay himself, which he cannot recover from his adversary. So undoubted, indeed, is this, that Mr. Brougham only repeats what has been said by all the honest men in the profession for years, that he could not conscientiously advise any person, either to bring, or to defend if brought, an action for twenty, or even thirty pounds. No—it is beyond question true, that gaining your cause would be to you a source of expense far more than the amount at issue. We have thrown out some hints how the costs might be, in some measure reduced ; viz., by abolishing many of the tedious and expensive parts of the process, which literally answer no end on earth, but that of putting money into the pockets of counsel and solicitors. But, besides this, there can be no question that the costs are taxed with a rigidity far beyond what justice demands or should permit. How is it that the phrase has become known in our own courts, of “ costs as between attorney and client,” if the costs allowed were those which, without undue extravagance, had been paid. Let a fair medium be taken ; on the one hand do not encourage fantastic and extravagant expense ;—but, on the other, that which every legal person knows *must* be laid out upon the suit, to conduct it with any chance of success, should be reimbursed to the party who gains the question of costs.

We have now gone through the history of an Action of Law, from the beginning to the end. In so doing, we have trespassed much

* Knight v. Criddle, 9 East, 48.

further than we intended or expected, upon the patience of our readers—and yet our desire to avoid prolixity has caused us to perform our task in a manner much more imperfect than we could desire.—From what we have done, however, the reader may form a tolerable general judgment of the progress of a suit; and if, at almost every step, we have had occasion to exclaim against the existing practice, and to cry out for amendment—we trust we have given sufficient reasons to show that we have done so, not from a captious spirit of fault-finding, or a rash desire of innovation, but from our not wilfully shutting our eyes to the claims of reason, and from an intense love of the interests of justice. To be told, in the midst of the absurdities and wickednesses which we have pointed out at every step of the commonest action to recover a debt due, that these regulations were framed by “the wisdom of our ancestors,” and that it is, therefore, all but sacriligious to break through them, is a piece of perverse and mischievous *niaiserie*, which would excite our bile with our contempt, were it not that, thank heaven! its utterers are growing fewer and fewer every day. It is true, the measures gained by Mr. Brougham’s motion are but scanty and insignificant in comparison with those which he proposed*; but it is always a great step to have actually carried, in Parliament, any real step towards reform; for we trust the proverb we have already quoted may be true in this instance also,—that the first step will have got over all the real difficulty. The advocates for retrogression—for not moving while everything advances around us is to retrograde—are fast declining in this country; some are sinking into old age, and others into their graves; and be their prejudices and their errors buried with them! They were bred at a time when innovation, carried to excess, shook society to its centre; and, however every circumstance may have changed, they have dreaded its name instinctively ever since. But now, we hail with joy the spirit of improvement, qualified and guided by learning and prudence, which is so fast and so generally making its way amongst us; and which, we hope and believe, will, in a steady, if not very rapid, progression, lead us on to the amelioration of such of our institutions as may be bad, to the restoration of those which are decayed, and to the general addition of strength, harmony, and beauty to them all.

* The resolution he originally moved, was, “that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he will be graciously pleased to issue a commission for inquiring into the defects occasioned by time and otherwise in the laws of this realm, and into the measures necessary for removing the same.” That ultimately carried, was, “that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, respectfully requesting that his Majesty may be pleased to take such measures as may seem most expedient for the purpose of causing due inquiry to be made into the origin, progress, and termination of actions in the superior Courts of Common Law in this country, and matters connected therewith; and into the state of the law regarding the transfer of real property.”

MR. HUNT IN PARIS.

MR. HUNT has addressed the following letter to the Morning Herald:—

“*Meurice's Hotel, Paris, May 16.*”

“Having seen by the London Papers that green peas sell for *three guineas a quart* in Covent Garden market, I am induced to make few observations, for the information of your readers, relative to the price of vegetables in Paris, compared with those of London. We gave, ten days ago, 2s. 6d. for a quart of green peas; they now sell for 1s. 6d. a full quart; they are in great abundance at every table where the price of the dinner is 2s. 6d. per head. We can purchase here a much asparagus, of the finest quality, for 2s. 6d. (enough for six persons) as would cost 18s. in Covent Garden; there is also a great abundance of French-beans, at an equally moderate price, and very fine strawberries for 1s. 8d. a pottle. I landed at Dieppe from Brighton on Sunday morning, the 4th inst.; and it being the first time in my life that I ever set foot on any other than that of British ground, you may easily conceive that I was not a little surprised to see the whole of the shops open, a very large fish-market, and every one employed the same as on what we call, in England, a working day. Red mullet 3d. each and a *John Dory* (8lbs.) for 3s. 4d. We started at ten o'clock (having found excellent accommodation at Taylor's English Hotel) in the diligence for Rouen, a distance of forty miles, which we accomplished in four hours, to my great astonishment, some part of the way, being drawn by nine Norman horses, apparently as powerful as Barclay and Perkins's dray-horses, but as active as our best hacks. I was particularly interested, as a farmer, in travelling through Normandy, the whole of which is beautifully cultivated; in fact, there was not an acre within sight of the road but was cultivated; and, what will be thought more extraordinary by the English farmer, not an acre without a crop on it, or in the progress of being sown. This can only be accounted for from the absence of tithes. The whole of the way to Paris we travelled between a double avenue of beautiful apple trees, in full blossom. I can confidently affirm that I have seen more *slovenly farming* in one parish in England, than I saw in travelling 140 miles in France. I find the labourers in towns get about 2s. a day for their labour, and all agricultural labourers get 5s. a week, and all their board and lodging; thus they are placed in a similar situation to that of the very best farming labourers in England before the war to put down liberty in France, and to prevent a reform in the parliament of England. I have been in France twelve days, remaining in Dieppe, Rouen, St. Germain's, and Paris; in this time I have only seen one drunken person. In all the towns and cities trade appears to be in a prosperous state. There are more shops *shut up* in one street in London, than there are in Paris, Rouen, St. Germain's, and Dieppe; and such is the difficulty to obtain a shop in a good situation in Paris, that 400*l.* a year is asked for a

single room of eighteen feet square, without an inch of outlet. I have only time to say that Paris is a delightful place, the best hotels being about the same price as those of London.

“ H. HUNT.”

Now, of all things in the world, the most unprofitable, I take it, is talking politics or questions which can never be decided; and, therefore, I pass by Mr. Hunt's notice of wars against freedom. Waiving altogether all discussion as to what might, or might not, have been the consequence, if there had been no war, or if the war had taken another turn, I have a few words to say on Paris as it is.

There are two classes of English travellers, whom, for want of better, I may call the John Bull Allegro, and the John Bull Penseroso. The latter is our natural habit. We love to growl—it is in vain to deny it. We travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find every thing barren. The journey stirs our bile, and we pour it forth on our return in a most Smel-fungus fashion. Our insularity, and the comfortable state of war with our neighbours in which we have contrived to keep ourselves for nearly two-thirds of every century, have given us no very favourable idea of foreigners: and, let us conceal it as we can—let us laugh at it as a prejudice of the lower classes—a thing quite unworthy of the attention of gentlemen and philosophers—the persuasion that an Englishman can beat any three foreigners (I beg pardon any three d——d foreigners, for that is the classic phrase) is believed, in a degree, by the whole nation.

But action and re-action, say the Newtonians, are equal and contrary; and, accordingly, the John Bull Allegro goes to the continent determined to see no blemish. It is vulgar—it is low—it is prejudice—it is illiberal to imagine that anything English is better than its corresponding article in France. In his face you see legibly written, “ Depend upon it, my dear Sir, all you have heard about these matters is a mistake—all wrong, Sir,—I beg to explain, &c. &c.” Even here, however, the national humour breaks out, and praise cannot be accorded to a foreign country without indulging in a grumble upon our own. Hunt is evidently of the Allegro class—and on being let loose in France for the first time shews himself superior to prejudice, by panegyricising every thing he finds there.

Now, I lay this down as an axiom, that nobody (unless he is an archangel, or something of that kind, which is out of the question in this case), can know what to praise or to blame in any country in twelve days. Without travelling beyond our own good city, do we not hear, with an air of unfeigned compassion, the panegyrics or the censures poured upon London by a newly-caught provincial, in the first fortnight of his arrival. I never knew one of them, no matter how sharp he was in his own domestic cantred, or no matter how clever a fellow he fancied himself, that was not decidedly wrong in nine cases out of ten, and, in general, very ready to acknowledge the fact after a twelvemonth's acquaintance. Those who, to borrow Don Juan's rhyme, are not struck with London's first appearance, are in a different mood when asked about it a year hence; and those, whose admiration was excited at their early visit, are usually not a little

ashamed of the objects on which it was fixed, before the sun comes back to the same place in the zodiac.

So is it with Mr. Hunt in France. He gets into the country in the finest weather, and by the finest road. He travels with a mind determined not to be prejudiced—that is to say, with the strongest bias possible; and, accordingly, he finds what must not a little astonish the French themselves. That ten miles an hour has been done on the Dieppe road I do not dispute, but I always found the average even there seven, computing as we do in England, from beginning to the end of the journey. On the road which we every-day travellers know best—that of Calais, the Malle Poste, by far the quickest of the coaches, takes twenty-eight hours, regularly, (often thirty or even thirty-two,) to do 178 miles, which is not more than *six* miles an hour. In a diligence, the regular time is thirty-four hours, which in bad weather often extends to forty, or not quite $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. Which of our *heavies* can be accused of this snail's pace? I have been often tempted to use old Jonathan Oldbuck's splenetic exclamation when entrapped into these slow-going vehicles, "diligence, quo' she! sloth, she means."—Think of the diligence journey from Lyons to Paris, occupying four days and three nights—eighty-five hours! Why, in that time, we might almost make a circuit round England. Nor let any one think that the delay I complain of is occasioned by any such stoppages as greet us in England—a quarter of an hour being allowed for the purpose of taking a cup of coffee, and twenty minutes, in general, for the mastication of a dinner which defies description.

So far for Mr. Hunt's first fact. I am informed that he came back by the Calais road, and if so, there will be no necessity of my enforcing these melancholy truths upon his mind; I venture to say that, although the Dover is not by any means the best sample of our roads, he felt the difference between the management of coachee and the postillions somewhat.

As to his farming, I know little on the subject, being by nature or art (see Byron and Bowles, I have not time to enter into the dispute at full length) a cultivator of Piccadilly; but if Mr. Hunt, instead of trusting the report of his eyes, while bowling along, according to his own account, at the rate of ten miles an hour, would take the trouble of reading the agricultural reports of France, and contrast them with those of England, he will find that our neighbours are, in almost every species of cultivation of grain, fifty years behind us; indeed, in any country where so much attention is paid, and so justly paid to the vineyard, such a result is only to be expected.

The 'Gazette de France,' of the 27th, amuses itself with laughing at this letter;—it calls Mr. Hunt "le Sterne radical," and is quite diverted with the idea that his principal topic of praise should be the goodness of the asparagus, and its only costing twenty sous, while the price in Covent-garden market would be fifty francs. Really, however, Mr. Hunt is hard upon us in this comparison. How the injustice of our wars should affect the seasons it is difficult to say; and we fear that the most liberal or the most illiberal of governments will not bring peas and asparagus into our markets in sufficient time to compete with a country which has the advantage over us in latitude.

I have heard of Hunt's visit to Paris, which was, I am told, for purposes of business exclusively. I hope that he will succeed so far as to give the Parisians some idea of the liquid lustre which calls forth the pens of our poets, and the brushes of our wall-chalkers, for really they are in the infancy of the science, though they designate the gentlemen who officiate for you in that sort in Paris, by the grand title of *artistes*. He will, however, find some difficulty in procuring ivory-black, a commodity of prime importance in his business, and one which he will not get easily in France; and his radicalism, if he imports it to the dominions of Charles X., will have full scope for its exercise in the custom-house regulations of that country, which appear to have been drawn up by the author of "the Code for ingeniously tormenting." He did very right in stopping at Meurice's, which is quite an English colony—the French call it the *canton Anglais*, and we are more at home there, until we learn the manners of Paris, than anywhere else; but its being so decidedly English imposes on young travellers like Mr. Hunt. Had he gone to a French hotel,—where no entreaty could procure a carpet—where the windows will neither shut nor open—where the soap is a fragment of sand-stone—where, if there be a table d'hôte, the tablecloth is changed once a week, and the napkins once a fortnight—where everything is scorching in summer, and freezing in winter, and dirty all the year round,—he would not have so far insulted the best hotels of London as to compare them with those of Paris. Why, Meurice's is the best of the lot—the very Clarendon of France—and yet, in point of accommodation, it does not rise above the Salopian or the British. I rather incline to think, also, that Mr. Hunt does not exactly know that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, an hotel in France means merely a lodging-house.

From some practice in these matters, I strongly demur as to cheapness of French living. I am not going to bore you with the details of housekeeping, but what has been said in some of the papers is very true, that luxuries are cheap, and necessities dear. On the whole, a man of a limited income, say 1000*l.* a-year, or under, will find that his accounts, at the end of the twelve months, are much the same in London and Paris. When he gets beyond that sum he cuts a figure—a *quasi* figure—at much smaller expense I admit. The man of 3000*l.* a-year being nobody here, and having it in his power to be somebody there. But this is done by not attempting what is voted necessary in London. Nobody gives dinners on any thing of an expensive scale—and soirées cost nothing. There are no Newmarkets—no clubs—no country seats—no hunting-boxes—none of the thousand and one ways of getting rid of money which we have invented for relieving us of the superfluous metal. If we could persuade ourselves that living in London as they live in Paris was the thing, we should find it could be done as easily here as there—but that cannot be.

In the same way, in travelling—a boy gets to Paris, and is much astonished to find that he can drink wine—actual wine—for a franc a bottle—that champagne under a dozen names, all astonishing to him, can sparkle in his glass for from three to eight. Then the fine words—*sauté*—*piqué*—*aux truffes*—*salmi*—*bavaroise*—*mayonnaise*—*bechamel*—which stare at him in the *carte* at prices so very moderate, the highest

not more than four or five francs, astonish him—and he thinks, with indignation, on the guinea dinners of England, where he had only beef, and mutton, and soup, and fish, and fowl, and port, and sherry—all plain plebeian things, with the most commonplace of names. Here, again, I say, live as they do in Paris, and you will find it cheaper here. Give up the joint and take to the chop—forswear thick potatoes, and swear by Charles Wright, and the difference will be apparent. In point of fact, you pay enormously for the scraps you get in France—a pennyworth of cookery costs you tenpence. But then to be sure, as a hairdresser once said to me, when I thought he charged me rather too much—"But then, Sir, consider the science." I acknowledged the justice of the appeal.

I venture to say, that Mr. Hunt never dined in a *cabinet particulier* at Meurice's, with an ordered dinner, under twenty or thirty francs, exclusive of wine. I do not know that he tried the experiment, but if he did, I am certain he knows I am right. I do not know what has made me so financial, but I suppose I am infected by Hunt, who is now overhauling the dinner-accounts of the Corporation of London, and attacking that venerable body in their tenderest part. I shall, however, say no more on such base considerations. I perceive by 'Galigiani's Messenger,' which really is a very well-managed paper, and "quite refreshing" to English peregrinators through Europe, that Mr. Hunt was accompanied by Sir Charles Wolseley, who is styled, in that paper, an eccentric baronet: I know his politics have been rather eccentric, but by general report he is a very gentlemanlike man, who has moved in the best society. They say that he assisted at the taking of the Bastille; the fact, however, I understand to be, that he was a boy at the time, and looked on from a window. This was indeed *assisting* in the French sense, but not in our's; the phrase, however, was unlucky, for it had no small weight with the judges when poor Sir Charles was sent to prison, and therefore it might as well be explained. For my part, however, I do not see why any man should be ashamed of having helped to demolish the Bastille. It was a great piece of weakness on the part of Louis XVI. to have permitted its destruction, and something worse than weakness not to have rescued poor Launay; but it was, after all, a monument as well as an instrument of disgraceful tyranny.

Even in a letter of twenty lines about France, I should have thought it impossible to have omitted the theatres, had not Mr. Hunt done it. I shall say a few words to supply the defect. Nobody has filled Talma's throne, and no new rivals are springing up to meet Mars or Duchesnois. Malibran is the great attraction of the Italian Opera, and she is considerably improved since we heard her, but never can be a first-rate singer. The English theatre is very popular and profitable under the government of Abbott, who is a clever fellow, and most deservedly popular with the good people of Paris. You are all astonished in London with the success of Miss Smithson, and seem half inclined to be angry with the French critics; I had the same prejudice, (for such it is) until I saw her. The flattering reception which she met with has developed her talents, just as (to talk à la Tom Moore) the flower expands its petals under the influence of the genial

sun. Her Jane Shore is an admirable performance ; but as I intend, hereafter, to be critical on this subject, I stop for the present. You will agree with me in one thing, viz. that she is a very fine girl*, and that is not to be despised. Liston was not understood—they voted him an ugly old man. Macready was successful only in Virginius—and Kean's reception has been cool enough.

If Mr. Hunt would be so kind as to look into Dupin's Statistical Returns, he would not talk about the flourishing state of Paris, as compared with ours. Trade there is very wretched, and it is a fact, that a third of the population die in hospitals, or are buried at the public expence. A stranger running through cannot see these things. Mr. Hunt's eye was sharper in discerning the signs of bankruptcy in England than in France.

To bring my rambling article to an end, I must conclude by saying that I think Paris is improving in the real comforts of a city—*trottoirs* are becoming established—the lamps are better lighted, and the streets are cleaner, yet perfection is very far off. There is—but I cannot go farther. See the 'Gazette de France,' of the 23d of May, in its review of the 'Promenades d'un cosmopolite dans Paris,' a curious little book. As Englishmen complain sadly of the *gens-d'armes* now and then, perhaps you might wish to see what can be said in favour of their employment by this gentleman. Let me entreat you to learn it in French ; I did not before know that a journey to Epsom was so dangerous :—

" Le cosmopolite parcourt les rues, les promenades, les spectacles, tous les établissemens publics et particuliers. Il est essentiellement ami de l'ordre : aussi, ce qui lui plaît avant tout à Paris, c'est le soin que l'on y prend de prévenir cette horrible confusion qui trouble et dégrade souvent les plus belles réunions dans les pays étrangers au nôtre, et quelquefois même, change en périls et en souffrances des rassemblemens où chaque individu est arrivé pour se réjouir. En conséquence, ce qui va scandaliser bien des hommes libres, le cosmopolite n'a aucune aversion pour les commissaires de police, officiers de paix, voire même pour les gendarmes. Il déclare sans détour, car enfin chacun a son goût, qu'il aime beaucoup mieux qu'un gendarme l'invite à prendre la queue à la porte d'un spectacle que d'être coudoyé, heurté, meurtri, comme cela lui est arrivé cent fois dans d'autres capitales et notamment à Londres. S'il est en voiture, il trouve fort bon et fort sage de suivre la file, ne fût-ce que pour ne pas voir renouveler le spectacle effrayant dont il fut témoin, l'an dernier même, aux fameuses courses d'Epsom, en Angleterre. Quand les prix furent gagnés, l'immense multitude de spectateurs voulut retourner à Londres ou dans les lieux circonvoisins, qui à pied, qui à cheval, qui en tilbury, qui en landau. Quelle cohue ! quel chaos ! En vertu de la grande charte, ou du bill des droits, chaque *freeborn Englishman* voulait passer le premier. Bêtes et gens s'enfourraient pêle-mêle dans des chemins étroits, comme le sont ceux du pays. Ce n'était qu'à coups de poing, à coup de fouet, que le plus robuste obtenait le pas sur le plus faible. Pas un seul agent public qui se montrât pour

* Certes : we always saw, when she was a third-rate actress here, that she was an exquisitely formed woman.—Ed.

remédier à ce hourvari ! Certes, si les Israélites n'avaient pas mis plus d'ordre dans le passage de la Mer Rouge, ils n'en seraient jamais sortis. En France, dit notre auteur, tout ce monde fût rentré chez soi cinq ou six heures plus tôt ; personne n'aurait eu à se plaindre d'un bras ou d'une jambe cassé, d'un cheval étouffé, d'un essieu rompu. Mais ne pouvoir s'assommer à son aise dans un pays libre, est-ce parfait contentement ?”

With this scrap I finish. I hope Mr. Hunt will write his whole tour, in order that,

When he abroad again will ride,
I may be there to see.

P. Q.

OUR VILLAGE*.

MISS MITFORD, (we do not speak of her here as a—tragedian, we were going to say—we mean, as a tragic writer, but solely as the author of these and such-like sketches.)—Miss Mitford has many merits ; strong and keen powers of observation, great felicity in embodying the salient points of character, and subtilty in working out the recondite ones ; much power of quiet humour, and occasionally a touch of quiet, but effective, pathos. But Miss Mitford has one fault ; and that so great and so pervading a one as, in a considerable degree, to mar the pleasure which the exercise of the qualities we have named above must, otherwise, certainly excite : we mean, she is a *mannerist* ; and, perhaps, as strong an exemplification of the real meaning of the term—so difficult to define, and so easy to feel—as any name in our literature. The first time a reader lights upon one of Miss Mitford's sketches, he thinks it eminently delightful. It is so true to village nature, so fresh, so firm, apparently so unaffected. The next is almost equally charming, were it not that it too closely resembles the first ; but, as he proceeds, he finds that they are all cast in the same mould, and have, in consequence, the same deficiency in the degree of vigour and decision of outline and execution, which (if we may use such a similitude) glass which is *run* has, in comparison with that which is cut by the hand.

It is, as we have hinted, next to impossible to define what mannerism is. If the manner be good, why not continue it throughout ? Really, we can give no very philosophical answer ; but, fortunately, an answer is very little needed. Every body knows perfectly well what is meant by mannerism, and feels its influence as he reads. It undoubtedly requires a manner to be to a considerable extent marked and *prononcé*, before its constant use can amount to mannerism : but Miss Mitford's manner is very individual, and, as her subjects are nearly all of the same nature, its application to them certainly amounts to that crime of *lèse-literature* of which we have been speaking.

But, barring this blemish, Miss Mitford's sketches of village scenery and character are most delightful, certainly. Those who know country-life, must start at the recognition of their old friends, in almost

* Our Village, vol. III. By Mary Russell Mitford. London. 1828.

every page. It is impossible for anything to be more vividly true to nature, than the characters of the "country-side," which she sets forth—sufficiently tinged with peculiarity to be quite individual, and yet, closely correct as to all the generic properties of their race. Miss Mitford's sketches continually appear in the magazines, and in the annuals; and, indeed, the greater part of the present volume has been already printed. We ran our eyes eagerly down the list of contents, to find our old friend, "Jack Hatch"—but he was not there; we are not aware whether or not he appeared in the second volume of her collection; but we sincerely hope Miss Mitford does not mean to omit him from the gallery which she is forming of her single portraits. That, we think, was the best thing she ever wrote. The hint on which it is founded might be taken from the Stout Gentleman; but the merit of these things depends entirely upon the execution, and we think it fully equalled, if not surpassed, that sketch, which was undoubtedly, by many degrees, the best thing that *its* author ever did.

We must give a sample from this volume; and we must cull one which has not previously appeared in print—"Whitsun-Eve;" we do not remember to have seen it before, and this is Whitsuntide, so we will choose that:—

WHITSUN-EVE.

'THE pride of my heart and the delight of my eyes is my garden. Our house, which is in dimensions very much like a bird-cage, and might, with almost equal convenience, be laid on a shelf, or hung up in a tree, would be utterly unbearable in warm weather, were it not that we have a retreat out of doors,—and a very pleasant retreat it is. To make my readers fully comprehend it, I must describe our whole territories.

'Fancy a small plot of ground, with a pretty low irregular cottage at one end; a large granary, divided from the dwelling by a little court running along one side; and a long thatched shed open towards the garden, and supported by wooden pillars on the other. The bottom is bounded, half by an old wall, and half by an old paling, over which we see a pretty distance of woody hills. The house, granary, wall, and paling, are covered with vines, cherry-trees, roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, with great clusters of tall hollyhocks running up between them; a large elder overhanging the little gate, and a magnificent bay-tree, such a tree as shall scarcely be matched in these parts, breaking with its beautiful conical form the horizontal lines of the buildings. This is my garden; and the long pillared shed, the sort of rustic arcade which runs along one side, parted from the flower-beds by a row of rich geraniums, is our out-of-door drawing-room.

'I know nothing so pleasant as to sit there on a summer afternoon, with the western sun flickering through the great elder-tree, and lighting up our gay parterres, where flowers and flowering shrubs are set as thick as grass in a field, a wilderness of blossom, interwoven, intertwined, wreathy, garlandy, profuse beyond all profusion, where we may guess that there is such a thing as mould, but never see it. I know nothing so pleasant as to sit in the shade of that dark-bower, with the eye resting on that bright piece of colour, lighted so gloriously by the evening sun, now catching a glimpse of the little birds as they fly rapidly in and out of their nests—for there are always two or three birds-nests in the thick tapestry of cherry-trees, honeysuckles, and China-roses, which cover our walls—now tracing the gay gambols of the common butterflies as they sport around the dahlias; now watching that rarer moth, which the country people, fertile in pretty names, call the bee-

bird* ; that bird-like insect, which flutters in the hottest days over the sweetest flowers, inserting its long proboscis into the small tube of the jasmine, and hovering over the scarlet blossoms of the geranium, whose bright colour seems reflected on its own feathery breast ; that insect which seems so thoroughly a creature of the air, never at rest ; always, even when feeding, self-poised, and self-supported, and whose wings, in their ceaseless motion, have a sound so deep, so full, so lulling, so musical. Nothing so pleasant as to sit amid that mixture of the flower and the leaf, watching the bee-bird ! Nothing so pretty to look at as my garden ! It is quite a picture ; only unluckily it resembles a picture in more qualities than one,—it is fit for nothing but to look at.

‘ What a contrast from the quiet garden to the lively street ! Saturday night is always a time of stir and bustle in our village, and this is Whitsun-Eve, the pleasantest Saturday of all the year, when London journeymen and servant lads and lasses snatch a short holiday to visit their families. A short and precious holiday, the happiest and liveliest of any ; for even the gambols and merry-making of Christmas offer but a poor enjoyment, compared with the rural diversions, the Mayings, revels, and cricket-matches of Whitsuntide.

‘ We ourselves are to have a cricket-match on Monday, not played by the men, who, since a certain misadventure with the Beech-hillers, are, I am sorry to say, rather chap-fallen, but by the boys, who, zealous for the honour of their parish, and headed by their bold leader, Ben Kirby, marched in a body to our antagonists’ ground the Sunday after our melancholy defeat, challenged the boys of that proud hamlet, and beat them out and out on the spot. Never was a more signal victory. Our boys enjoyed this triumph with so little moderation that it had like to have produced a very tragical catastrophe. The captain of the Beech-hill youngsters, a capital bowler, by name Amos Stone, enraged past all bearing by the crowing of his adversaries, flung the ball at Ben Kirby with so true an aim, that if that sagacious leader had not warily ducked his head when he saw it coming, there would probably have been a coroner’s inquest on the case, and Amos Stone would have been tried for manslaughter. He let fly with such vengeance, that the cricket-ball was found embedded in a bank of clay five hundred yards off, as if it had been a cannon shot. Tom Coper and Farmer Thackum, the umpires, both say that they never saw so tremendous a ball. If Amos Stone live to be a man, (I mean to say, if he be not hanged first,) he’ll be a pretty player ; he is coming here on Monday with his party to play the return match, the umpires having respectively engaged Farmer Thackum that Amos shall keep the peace, Tom Coper that Ben shall give no unnecessary or wanton provocation—a nicely-worded and lawyer-like clause, and one that proves that Tom Coper hath his doubts of the young gentleman’s discretion ; and, of a truth, so have I. I would not be Ben Kirby’s surety, cautiously as the security is worded,—no ! not for a white double dahlia, the present object of my ambition.

‘ This village of ours is swarming to-night like a hive of bees, and all the church bells round are pouring out their merriest peals, as if to call them together. I must try to give some notion of the various figures.

‘ First, there is a groupe suited to Teniers, a cluster of out-of-door customers of the Rose, old benchers of the inn, who sit round a table smoking and drinking in high solemnity, to the sound of Timothy’s fiddle. Next, a mass of eager boys, the combatants of Monday, who are surrounding the shoemaker’s shop, where an invisible hole in their ball is mending by Master Keep himself, under the joint superintendence of Ben Kirby and Tom Coper. Ben showing much verbal respect and outward deference for his umpire’s judgment and experience, but managing to get the ball done his own way

* Sphinx ligustri, privet hawk-moth.

after all; whilst outside the shop, the rest of the eleven, the less-trusted commons, are shouting and bawling round Joel Brent, who is twisting the waxed twine round the handles of the bats—the poor bats, which please nobody, which the taller youths are despising as too little and too light, and the smaller are abusing as too heavy and too large. Happy critics! winning their match can hardly be a greater delight—even if to win it they be doomed! Farther down the street is the pretty black-eyed girl, Sally Wheeler, come home for a day's holiday from B., escorted by a tall footman in a dashing livery, whom she is trying to curtsy off before her deaf grandmother sees him. I wonder whether she will succeed.

Ascending the hill are two couples of a different description. Daniel Tubb and his fair Valentine, walking boldly along like licensed lovers; they have been asked twice in church, and are to be married on Tuesday; and closely following that happy pair, near each other, but not together, come Jem Tanner and Mabel Green, the poor culprits of the wheat-hoeing. Ah! the little clerk hath not relented! The course of true love doth not yet run smooth in that quarter. Jem dodges along, whistling "Cherry ripe," pretending to walk by himself, and to be thinking of nobody; but every now and then he pauses in his negligent saunter, and turns round outright to steal a glance at Mabel, who, on her part, is making believe to walk with poor Olive Hathaway, the lame mantua-maker, and even affecting to talk and to listen to that gentle, humble creature, as she points to the wild flowers on the common, and the lambs and children disporting amongst the gorse, but whose thoughts and eyes are evidently fixed on Jem Tanner, as she meets his backward glance with a blushing smile, and half springs forward to meet him; whilst Olive has broken off the conversation as soon as she perceived the pre-occupation of her companion, and begun humming, perhaps unconsciously, two or three lines of Burns, whose "Whistle and I'll come to thee, my love," and "Gie me a glance of thy bonnie black e'e," were never better exemplified than in the couple before her. Really it is curious to watch them, and to see how gradually the attraction of this tantalizing vicinity becomes irresistible, and the rustic lover rushes to his pretty mistress like the needle to the magnet. On they go, trusting to the deepening twilight, to the little clerk's absence, to the good humour of the happy lads and lasses, who are passing and repassing on all sides—or rather, perhaps, in a happy oblivion of the cross uncle, the kind villagers, the squinting lover, and the whole world. On they trip, linked arm-in-arm, he trying to catch a glimpse of her glowing face under her bonnet, and she hanging down her head and avoiding his gaze with a mixture of modesty and coquetry, which well becomes the rural beauty. On they go, with a reality and intensity of affection, which must overcome all obstacles; and poor Olive follows with an evident sympathy in their happiness, which makes her almost as enviable as they; and we pursue our walk amidst the moonshine and the nightingales, with Jacob Frost's cart looming in the distance, and the merry sounds of Whitsuntide, the shout, the laugh, and the song, echoing all around us, like "noises of the air."

This is very sweetly written; and displays much of that kind and amiable feeling, for which Miss Mitford's writings are distinguished. Many of her descriptions of old aunts, and veteran godfathers, are among the most (we must have the word again) *amiable* pieces of composition we know any where. But we have already exceeded the space allotted to this notice, and we must take leave of this volume with a wish, which to some would be as malicious, as here it is a kind one—we wish it all the success it deserves!

A VISIT TO AN ABBEY OF LA TRAPPE;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE ORDER

It is now many a long year ago that I discussed with an intelligent Armenian of the Greek Church, the merits of the divers sects and parties which engender, by their mutual differences, perpetual discord in the Christian world; not, gentle reader, on the summit of Mount Ararat, but in a far less appropriate spot, viz. the dusty drive of Hyde Park bordering on the purlieus of Piccadilly. Pausing as we approached a spot containing a few square feet of untrodden sand, my companion traced thereon a circle, and then dropping the ferrule of his golden-headed staff within its circumference, in measured tones continued the conversation thus—"This central point we will call heaven, equidistant, you will observe, from every part of the circumscribing boundary, by which I would designate the earthly sojournings of the human race;" and then connecting the two by sundry radiating lines, "Let these," added he, "represent the many paths by which the pilgrims of the world, the aspirants for immortality, pursue their journey from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, until they shall find a gathering in one central and everlasting resting-place. The connecting medium you will moreover perceive," continued he, "is equal in every case, however distant and opposite may be their temporal habitations. And thus it is in the Christian world: the sincere of every creed, though on points of faith diversified and repellant, may nevertheless expect to meet in one common resting-place, when their itinerancy of life is at an end."

His dark eye kindled as he spoke; and, while it rested in silence upon his sandy tracery of latitudinarian hope, a smile of benevolence quivered on his lip, sufficient to have averted the wrath of a recording spirit, had he judged him wrong. The appeal was forcible, and came home to my heart, leaving little inclination to probe too deeply the possible heresy involved in my friend's exposition; and ever and anon in after life, when pondering upon the discrepant and wayward practices of men, have I encouraged the hope that a degree at least of truth lay enshrined within it. At all events, of this I feel assured, that however ready a certain portion of the world may be to impugn my Armenian's doctrine, each, in the fervour of his own heart, and with reference to his own peculiar case, considers that the path in which he has chosen to radiate from his appointed place in the circumference to the central point, is the surest and the best, and therefore that in it he will proceed, come what come may. Accordingly, therefore, as the heart within is light or buoyant, grave or gay, so will its possessor prepare himself for the destined journey. Thus some trip merrily onwards, as if the vista, terminating in the land of promise, was besprinkled with roses and violets, scattered with a liberal hand, for their sole use and enjoyment; others again, like semi-sleepers, trudge doggedly on their way without reference to cause or consequence, as though, whether sleeping or waking, active or indolent, the effect must of necessity, and as a matter of course, be the

JUNE, 1828.

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same ; while a third class, with unremitting care and diligence, ransack heaven and earth for every refinement of mortification and misery which can constitute the acmé of their morbid and distorted piety, for the marvellous purpose of rendering life a burden, and death a joyous release. Thus Simon Stylites mounts his solitary pillar, and on its capital of three feet square, in immoveable locomotion, if we may be excused the bull, incubates through a perilous and wretched existence, considering this as the preferable radius of final communion with the Deity. A rival party, in the anticipation of a similar result, squeeze their wasted frames into holes and corners of rocks and caverns, so straitened as to allow neither prostration of body nor outstretching of limb ; or piously disfigure their features, like St. Rosa of blessed memory, who rubbed her eyes with pepper, that she might not be tempted to go to balls. Of this class, a worthy congener lived and died in the person of de Rance, to whom the religious world stands indebted for the first establishment and subsequent organization of the memorable order of which I am now about to speak.

It chanced, no matter when or how, that, under favourable auspices, I found myself, after a wearisome and sultry ride, through lanes of sand, upon the confines of that vast uncultivated region in the south of France, known by the name of Les Landes—a tract of wilderness extending, as far as a traveller's view of space and time may be estimated, indefinitely, from the tower of Cordovan to the southward. We had for some miles wound our way through a sort of composite country, made up of woods and thickets, enlivened here and there by small green glades, where springs, or splashes of rain-water, had coaxed up a scanty vegetation into a comparative state of luxuriance and verdure ; or where some more vigorous pine-tree, peering above its neighbours, had bereft them of their fair portion of light and air, and thus created a space in which it reigned pre-eminently picturesque, with many a naked and sapless branch contrasted with the masses of its dusky foliage. Emerging from thence, the eye began to rest on the horizon of Les Landes, whose "wilds immeasurably spread," seemed, *au pied de la lettre*, to be lengthening as we went ; and on which, like gigantic cranes or herons, in the distance, we saw shepherds in the costume of the country, stalking about on their elevated stilts. At length, on the western boundary of a small piece of common ground, appeared a low wall, surrounding a comfortless dilapidated-looking structure, comprising the convent and outbuildings of an assemblage of Trappists. Universal stillness reigned around, interrupted only by the tinkling of the porter's bell announcing to the inmates the approach of strangers. No bustling footsteps, no hum of voices, betokened an immediate answer to our summons ; but in process of time we espied, through a chink in the door-way, a figure descending a flight of steps, and approaching slowly, with his head bent towards the earth, across a spacious court half overgrown with weeds and rank grass. At length the key grated in the lock, and the gates, turning upon their hinges, with a corresponding solemnity, admitted our party, before whom the figure we had seen prostrated himself : after which, on our requesting an audience with his superior, he bowed consent, and slowly waving an arm terminating in a bundle of emaciated and bony

fingers, silently led the way. As mass was being performed, we were directed to a small chapel, in which the whole community was assembled, consisting of about half-a-dozen monks in dark brown robes and cowls, a few noviciates in white woollen vestments, and three in black, who we afterwards understood were temporary boarders, admitted for the purpose of refreshing their piety by a course of abstinence for a few days or weeks, as the circumstances of their case might require. Whatever complaints may have been made of the superfluous splendour and outward ornament heaped upon the Romish churches, no accusation on that score could be brought against *this*, which was almost a caricature of simplicity, consisting of white-washed walls and unpainted wood work. The superior was kneeling at an altar, nearly as primitive as the rest of the structure, and for a time there appeared no prospect of coming in contact with him. All and every thing was noiseless and motionless—lips spake not, eyes looked not, hands stirred not; when lo! in an instant, the dead silence was broken by a torrent of words, streaming forth from the superior's mouth, with a garrulous rapidity equally monotonous and unintelligible, as if the tongue had no other object in its vibrations than to make the most of its brief moments of liberty. Of the nature, language, or meaning of this burst of articulation, no idea could be formed; and patiently we waited till, after having run itself down like the rattle of an alarum clock, it stopped. Silence again ensued for a short time when the service ceased, and the noiseless congregation by degrees dropped off. While waiting for an opportunity of introducing ourselves to the chief, we followed two or three of the brothers into a small room, and ventured upon a few questions, to which no answers were given, though they were evidently disconcerted, and each eyed and pointed to the other, as a hint that the individual thus designated should be the spokesman. Not willing to press for an unnecessary infringement of their rules, we retired, and fortunately met another, whose scruples were not so insuperable, but his speech was so measured and vague, that it might have admitted a doubt whether he was in actual possession of either his wits or words. Having apologized for our intrusion, the threadbare state of his raiment, and certain other causes which rendered a windward position with respect to his person preferable to what sailors would denominate "hugging him under his lee," induced us to put a question or two relative to change of linen and cleanliness. "Apparemmment, Monsieur, vous ne changez jamais d'habits?" "Jamais, jamais," was the answer, in a drawling sepulchral tone.—"Apparemmment aussi, Monsieur, vous ne vous lavez jamais?"—"Jamais, jamais," he said again; and certainly, as far as externals went, there was symptomatic evidence of his speaking the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, though we were subsequently assured by the superior, that an under-garment (we could not ascertain which or what) was changed once a week, and that washing was not a prohibited luxury. Which of the two accounts was correct it is impossible to say, but those who are conversant with foreign ecclesiastics, especially of the monkish order, will bear unequivocal testimony to the lavatory system being extremely sparing.

We shortly afterwards met the superior himself, a Spaniard by birth, and judging from his countenance and manner, a second Loyola

in character. Enthusiastic of course, but shrewd and intelligent, he was evidently well fitted for the peculiar state in which his lot was cast; a glance was enough to convince me, that he was one who, having once put his hand to the plough, was not likely to slumber at his post, or look back with vain regret to the world he had quitted. We might differ in opinion, but it was impossible to stand in his presence without being fully impressed with the belief that, had he been born under a more favourable star, he had within him wherewithal to play a conspicuous part in the circle of life in which he might have been destined to move. We were shewn by him through the whole of his mansion of misery, the details of which will appear in their proper place, when I come to speak of the rules and regulations of the order. This is not a case in which I feel either inclined or called upon to express theological opinions, one way or the other; but when, under the guidance of this singular being, such scenes and such actors were forced upon my view, I could not but marvel at the complicated movements of those secret mainsprings of action, which can thus induce rational people, with powers fitted for better and more active purposes, so utterly to subvert and counteract the objects for which men were sent into the world. Confessing, as we are in duty bound to do, that the grossest excesses of superstition, "if grafted on piety to God and good-will to mankind, however they may excite the sorrow of the more enlightened philosopher, are justly entitled, not only to our indulgence, but to our esteem and affection,"* it was very difficult to suppress a sigh or a smile at such lamentable corollaries to a system of religious faith, starting up in their fantastic deformity at every step. The only visible leaning to the side of practical utility, was a small school-room, communicating externally, by an ingenious arrangement, with the common before the convent, in which a few little children were receiving instruction from one of the brothers, upon the uses of that mother tongue, which by his extraordinary vow he had for ever abjured. As we crossed the court-yard, another cowed gentleman, aided by a novice wrapped in a flannel dress very much like a blanket, was perched in a fine fig tree, collecting its luscious fruits, with a ludicrous solemnity and sourness of visage, on whom, had it been the tree of knowledge itself, the old serpent might have looked in utter hopelessness for an answer, had he proposed to him to taste and eat. And yet we were told, that even these secluded mortals had, not long before, been actually tempted by an Eve, in the form of a smart sprightly girl, who, from pure love of mischief, had climbed over the wall, to terrify if not tempt the Trappists. What was to be done?—Ejection was an immediate *sine qua non*—but the farming servants were far away in the fields—and none other were at hand to help them. To face the fair foe was out of the question, for, by a rule of the society, the eye of a Trappist is never to rest upon a female face. Necessity is the mother of invention; and the superior, heading his troops with admirable readiness, hit upon an expedient. The monks were formed into a line, and with eyes averted, were ably faced about, and backed upon the enemy, with the well-devised intention of check-mating her in one of the corners of the court. A dozen more steps, and she would have been inevitably cap-

* Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, p. 364.

tured—the crisis of her fate (and what might not have been the fate of a maiden, in the hands of a convent full of imprisoned monks?) hung upon a thread—already might their leader have exclaimed to his retrograding troops—

——— Nunc viribus utere totis—
Pelle moram :—vinces. *

For a moment, *obstupuit virgo*—and then, like a second Atalanta,

Moram celeri, cassataque tempora cursu
Corrigit—atque iterum juvenes post terga relinquit—

bounding away with smirk and smile to an opposite corner, towards which the disappointed Trappists, again wheeling about, backed with persevering patience, but with as little success ; for still as they approached, she flitted from corner to corner, with most vexatious activity ; and it was not till the hour of dinner, when the servants returned, that hope dawned upon their labours ; and then, once more vaulting over the wall, she scudded off to tell the history of her merry chase to her laughing companions in the village.

I have hitherto spoken but little of the internal economy of the establishment ; and as much, thereunto relating, might induce the reader to question my veracity, I prefer giving my observations under the form of a review of a copy of the rules and regulations, edited by the superior himself, which will have the additional advantage of enabling me constantly to quote the words of the original document ; which might be, at times, weakened, if not doubted, if I were to give them in my own spiritless attempts at translation. The work opens with an exordium in praise of those saintly persons, with whose presence the world has been from time to time favoured, for the purpose of fanning the too often languishing fires of the establishments of La Trappe. That these lugubrious lights should now and then exhibit symptoms of extinction is not surprising, when we are informed that the privileged candidates are invited to come forward very much in the character and costume of that cadaverous personage who exhibited himself in London, some two years ago, under the name of the “ Anatomie vivante, or living skeleton.” “ Quiconque voudra donc demeurer dans le monastère de la Trappe, n’y doit apporter que son ame, la chair n’a que faire là-dedans.” I had heard, indeed, of an excellent friend, of a very different character and appearance from the above-mentioned exhibitor, who deeply lamented, in a sweltering day in July, his inability to strip off his flesh and sit in his bones ; and I was, therefore, in some degree familiarized with this ghostly stipulation.

Under such initiatory recommendations, it follows as a very natural deduction, that, in the estimation of some, “ le monastère leur est un enfer.” But by way of encouragement to the world at large, we are, notwithstanding, assured, that a well-regulated convent of La Trappe is an absolute Paradise, “ une image parfaite du Paradis.”—Alas—

Nel ciel ———
Fu’ io, e vidi cose che redire
Nè sa nè può qual di lassù discende.—DANTE.

But however impossible to depict in true glowing colours the realities

* Ovid, Met. lib. X, line 658,

presented to my view, I shall attempt to shew in what this resemblance consists, and what is a holy superior's beau ideal of a place, in which, according to our heretical notions, so many pleasures of a different sort are concentrated. The first fascinating attraction which meets us on the threshold, may, we are aware, be somewhat startling to sound sleepers on their "down-beds sporting," namely, the incomparable luxury of getting up, winter and summer, at half-past one o'clock, and sitting bolt upright, for some successive hours, on a hard-bottomed bench, without nodding, winking, or flinching, where

————— back erect
Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease ;
The slipp'ry seat betray'd the sliding part
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.

A pleasant reminiscence of those happy days, so touchingly described by Cowper, when dress—

Save their own painted skins, our sires had none—
As yet black breeches were not.

"On se lèvera à deux heures pour Matines ; il vaut mieux prévenir d'une heure que de retarder d'un quart d'heure, et on ne s'appuiera pas sur les côtés des chaises." As a bonus for those whose souls yearn towards this felicitous foretaste of bliss, it is added, that, on sermon days, "on se lève à minuit,"—and by way of insuring a protracted enjoyment of the easy position above-mentioned, it is further stated, that if the delivery of the service is hurried over, "au cas que l'on précipite le service"—the performers are forthwith to be placed "en pénitence." We omitted to mention that, pending these midnight luxuries, no yawning is allowed, and certain toilet hints are thrown out on the impropriety of being detected in the act of tucking and buttoning up clothes, either great or small. "On n'y bâillera point, on n'y entrera point en accommodant ses habits, &c. . ."

From the dormitory, we proceed to the dining-room and kitchen department. Many of the rules I observed to be such admirable counterparts of those edited by the Rev. Dr. Trusler of polite memory, in a much esteemed work, entitled 'The Honours of the Table'—'Rules for Behaviour during Meals'—'The whole Art of Carving,' and 'Principles of Politeness,' that I could scarcely divest myself of a suspicion, that the two divines had been in close and intimate correspondence on these interesting topics. That the reader may form his own opinion, we shall take the liberty of subjoining a few extracts from each. 'The Frenchman shall take precedence—"On ne mangera ni trop vite ni trop lentement. On y (à table) sera extrêmement propre—on y aura toujours la vue baissée, sans néanmoins se trop pencher sur ce que l'on mange—on n'aura jamais son couteau en mangeant, et l'on ne le portera jamais à la bouche. On n'avancera jamais les bras sur la table, on ne se lavera jamais la bouche à table," that is to say, we presume, with reference to cleaning the teeth, since the next line forbids such vulgar practices : "On ne s'y nettoiera jamais les dents avec son couteau ou sa fourchette ;"—nor even with a tooth pick !—"ou quelque autre instrument que ce soit." Now for the Doctor. "Eating quick or very slow at meals, is characteristic of the vulgar. So again,

eating your soup with your nose in the plate is vulgar. Smelling to the meat whilst on your fork, before you put it to your mouth, is vulgar. I have seen an ill-bred fellow do this, and have been so angry, that I could have kicked him from the table. Be circumspect at table; it is exceedingly rude to scratch any part of your body, to spit, or blow your nose, (if you cannot avoid it turn your head,) to lean your elbows on the table, to pick your teeth before the dishes are removed," &c. &c.

Next comes the bill of fare, which I fear would be but coolly received at the Clarendon or at a Mansion-house dinner, but we give it as a caution to such of our readers as may chance to be invited. "On ne mangera que des racines ou légumes, pois, fèves, laitages, ris, gruaux, bouillies, jamais de poisson n'y d'œufs," butter, cheese, and milk, be it observed, only on certain days. "On n'en donnera jamais que de deux sortes, (a top and bottom dish, of course) auxquelles on pourra ajouter quelque peu de fruit.—On ne fera rien qui approche de pâtisserie, les légumes s'appêteront avec de l'eau et du sel, et l'on n'usera jamais d'aucunes épiceries." In the choice and carving of these precious dishes, be it further observed, a true Spartan taste is imperatively requisite—no epicurean, no aldermanic, fancies being tolerated—"on mangera les choses comme on les sert, sans faire mélange d'un mets avec un autre, ce qui n'est qu'une gourmandise." It is, in fact, an absolute Hobson's choice with guests who risk pot-luck with Trappists. It might be concluded, from the rules for drinking, that each man had his platter flanked by at least a bottle of good wine, for they are strictly cautioned against an indecorous over-eagerness in filling their glasses. "On ne commencera jamais par boire aussitôt que l'on est à table, ce qui témoignerait trop d'empressement, et d'intempérance, et l'on boira pausément, et sans reprises, tenant la tasse ou verre des deux mains."—Eagerness and intemperance over such cups and glasses!—the very thought annihilates all idea of thirst; for who, but an outcast from a caravan in the desert, would dream of quaffing down at a breath a jug-full of cold water, grasped with both hands as if Tantalus were at his elbow? But, whatever may be the prejudices of some fastidious readers on the data just afforded, I find, from a hint thrown out in one of the rules, that the convent has, nevertheless, now and then its interlopers on forbidden grounds, and occasional hankerers after the fleshpots of the larder, whose poaching propensities must be restrained, by positively forbidding all peeping and prying into the kitchen—"On n'entrera jamais à la cuisine sans permission."

How pleasant it is to see John Bull and his family wheeling their chairs round the fire when the bustle of dinner is over, and the dessert and decanters on the table!—Let us see what Messrs. les Trappistes do after their merry meal. Under the head of the chapter on warming, we find it written in this wise—"On s'y chauffera debout. On s'y tiendra en grand silence et en une posture honnête."—"Not so bad this," we think we hear uttered by some portly member of the Bull family, as he sturdily monopolises the whole front of the fire-place, and, reared up in consequential silence, receives on his hinder parts the sole benefit of the radiating heat.—Stop, Mr. Bull—"Doucement, doucement," as a Frenchman would say, this rule has its qualifications, no

monopolies. "Se chauffant debout en une posture honnête," does not mean, standing with one's back in the grate with a coat-flap comfortably trussed up under each arm—or seated in an arm-chair with a leg on each hob. No such thing; "posture honnête" consists of some mode of position "sans retrousser ses habits que fort peu—sans avancer trop les pieds vers le feu, et prenant garde de ne point incommoder ceux qui sont proches de vous; on n'ôtera point ses souliers ni pantoufles pour s'y chauffer les pieds—cela étant contre l'honnêteté."—Mark that, Mr. Bull.

Next, for the fields, and the labours thereof. The rules may be excellent for such discreet right-judging folks as the monks of la Trappe. I am not quite so sure of their being exactly calculated for the ears of our hedgers and ditchers. "On ira au travail assigné avec grande retenue et recollection intérieure, le regardant comme la première peine du péché, et un exercice propre et convenable à des personnes qui ont fait profession de pauvreté."

To the number of hours enjoined per day, perhaps, indeed, the above-mentioned gentry may have no particular objection; but we are no politicians, and shall leave the question of hours and times for labour to the care of Mr. Peel and his acts of parliament for regulating the same—merely stating the facts—"On travaillera l'espace de trois heures au moins par jour, une heure et demi le matin, et autant après dîner, et davantage si l'on peut."

The doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience have right royal advocates amongst these Trappists—with them they are cardinal virtues of the first water. "L'on ne s'y excusera jamais de quelque manière que ce soit, par parole ou par signe, soit que l'on ait commis ou l'on n'ait pas commis la faute dont on est proclamé: et l'on considèrera comme une faute digne d'une très sévère punition de s'excuser en quelque chose."

Physic and affronts seem to be closely connected in their estimation; and accordingly their endurance and indifference to both are precisely similar—whether jujube or jalap are prescribed, no matter—it is the monk's business simply and solely to gulp them down, "et demeurer dans une grande indifférence à l'égard des remèdes: aussi n'en faut-il refuser aucun de ceux qui sont présentés par l'ordre du supérieur"—in fact their motto seems to be

Ye all can swallow, and we ask no more.

If, indeed, he presumes to draw the minutest line of demarcation, or express a shadow of preference between tincture of rhubarb and red wine, ottar of roses or assafœtida, he stands convicted of downright epicureanism: "l'opposition qu'on y apporte est pour l'ordinaire un effet du désagrément que l'on trouve dans les médicamens, et par conséquent une marque de sensualité!"—and as for taking a fancy for roasted fowls, or, on a more unequivocal return of appetite, a longing for a beefsteak, it is neither more nor less than a burst of original sin:—"Jamais un religieux ne témoignera qu'il désire de la viande; il ne fera jamais paraître la moindre inquiétude sur le sujet de la nourriture qui lui sera donnée, et prendra garde à ne pas tomber dans l'inconvénient si ordinaire aux infirmes, peu vertueux, qui est d'aimer le changement dans le manger, soit pour les viandes, soit pour le tems de les

prendre.”—to insure, indeed, an absolute indifference between sweets and sour, a clause is ingeniously introduced prohibiting, under any circumstances, palliating or savouring ingredients; “on n’usera jamais de sucre ni de confitures dans les infirmeries.” Under one specified case, indeed, meat is actually prescribed; a regulation, however, as far as the cure of the patient is concerned, we should humbly conceive more honoured in the breach than in the observance, as being utterly at variance with the sanatory tactics of Buchan and Culpepper; but we forget that we are heretics, and good catholics may have reasons, best known to themselves, for recommending strong animal food under continued paroxysms of fever. “On ne mangera point de viande, et l’on n’en mettra point dans les bouillons, que l’on n’ait enduré trois ou quatre accès de fièvre: on en usera autrement dans les maladies aiguës et fièvres continues.”

There is a certain veil of mystery thrown over the subject of bleeding, which I confess myself incompetent to raise. The injunction respecting absolute silence is carefully repeated; not a syllable, under any pretence whatever, is to pass the lip on the day in which a vein has been opened—“surtout à l’égard de celui qui sera venu les saigner.”

No doubt, they are quite wise enough for the station in which they have placed themselves; but we do not exactly see the *cui bono* of excluding from the brains even of a Trappist the small expansion of intellect the limited extent of the convent library might impart; but no—“Personne n’entrera et n’ira lire dans la Bibliothèque (we wish our readers had but seen what they called the library!) que par la permission du supérieur, qui ne se donne qu’à très peu. On recevra de ses mains les livres que l’on doit lire, et après qu’on les a lus on doit les lui rendre. On ne lira point ceux des autres quand on les rencontre en quelque lieu, si ce n’est ceux qui sont mis pour tout le couvent dans la chambre commune, lesquels toutefois les novices ne doivent point lire.” What an exquisite illustration of an infallible mode for procuring uniformity of faith! Again:—“Rien n’est plus pernicieux que de lire des livres, quels qu’ils soient, que le Saint Esprit n’a pas inspiré d’écrire; l’Ecriture est le seul livre qui mérite de faire l’étude d’un chrétien; quand on n’en entend pas quelque point, il est permis d’en chercher l’explication dans les saints Pères et les autres, si on ne la trouve pas dans l’oraison.” Again:—“Le choix des livres qu’on donne aux jeunes gens de la Trappe, me fait souvenir d’avoir oui dire à un grand Evêque, qu’un des déplorables abus de ce siècle, est cette coutume qu’on a d’élever la jeunesse aux sciences par les livres des Païens. On les élève pour le Diable,” &c. &c. No wonder the Catholic neophytes of the priesthood are so skilled in theology and general literature! But although there is this exceeding caution with respect to what might find its way to the head or heart, no limits are assigned to the outpourings of these fancifully furnished phrenological compartments; and, accordingly, they are enjoined “d’être très exacts à découvrir leurs tentations au premier supérieur.” I should really be curious to hear the genuine confessions of a well-disciplined monk of La Trappe. What can exude from blunted vacancy, hermetically sealed from all combinations of thought or

sense? I should like of all things to analyze the barren workings of these human zoophytes. Can the component parts of a joke, for instance, ever glance athwart their blank brain? or do they, perchance, ever dream of a hearty laugh, and awake shaking their sides? At other times, peradventure, as we have heard that the fasting thoughts of shipwrecked sufferers picked up in a boat in the midst of the Atlantic, in their sleeping reveries ran perpetually on over eating,—may not the ghost of a good dinner dance through their bowels, after a spare meal of water and radishes, with all the light and airy tread of a Jack-o'-lantern? May we not fancy them stretched upon their pallets, chewing the cud of the forbidden pleasures in the *salle-à-manger* of Messrs. Very, restaurateurs in that Mahomedan paradise, the *Palais Royal*?

In the earlier part of this account, I alluded to a discrepancy of opinion between the superior and one of his community on the subject of washing; forgetting that there was a direct reference to it in the rules, which it behoves me to mention. They do wash, that is to say, hands and feet, at certain times and on specified occasions. Thus—is one appointed to celebrate mass? “on n'y servira qu'après avoir lavé les mains.” As to feet, they are introduced in strange company; and we know not exactly what to understand by their singular association with cleaning kitchen utensils; they come under the head “*La cuisine*,” thus:—“ils laveront et nettoieront tous les jours la vaisselle, et le samedi ils nettoieront les pots à boire et feront le lavement des pieds.”

The code of laws is followed up by a series of reflections of a very analogous character; and the reasoning is in most cases on a par with the practice. For instance, in answer to the question, whether all the world should live like Trappists, the answer is “No; but they should do more,”—a position thus logically exemplified:—Sailors live chiefly on bad biscuit, but habit renders it palatable and pleasant. Therefore, what habit does for the sailor, grace must do for the world; in which case they would find, like the Trappists, “*en leurs mets insipides une volupté digne d'envie*,”—which axiom, when perfected, would lead to the delectable power of neutralizing, by a species of spiritual process, the very organs of taste, thereby enabling the professor to eat “*des viandes exquisés sans en goûter les plaisirs*.” Very enviable indeed! and hence the equally gratifying inference, that a real Christian's vocation should be “*indispensablement une vie souffrante, austère, pénitente, crucifiée*,” all other modes of life being highly reprehensible, “*toute autre vie est une vie de reproché*,” and that grief, misery, and all the other melancholy and cæteras which flesh is heir to, can alone infuse “*une véritable joie*.”

Here and there we find a seed of advice more exclusively referring to the world beyond these walls,—though, indeed, we find it hinted that there are gossipers within. We will give one, particularly applicable to the London season, now at its height, which we hope will have its due effect:—“*Un des plus grands obstacles du bon emploi du tems est la coutume de faire et de recevoir des visites; c'est pourquoi une des plus judicieuses de ces constitutions défend d'entrer dans la cellule les uns des autres*.” Recreations, of course, are condemned

in the gross. "Jésus Christ avait-il des heures de récréation? Les Apôtres destinaient-ils une heure du jour à cela?" This reminds me of a story recorded of a primitive Calvinist in the pure orthodox days of the Geneva school. He was anathematizing all social intercourse with great eloquence and fervour, when a by-stander humbly hinted that our Saviour's conduct at the marriage of Cana rather militated against his doctrine. "Je l'avoue," replied the Calvinist, "mais assurément ce n'est pas la meilleure chose qu'il fit."

By an ingenious Trappical process of reasoning, virtues and vices are now and then made to shift sides, and, like Whigs and Tories in the late ministerial changes, be at a loss to know where to place themselves. For instance, woe be to him who would palliate the failings of a friend, or, indeed, have any friend at all! "Pourquoi n'y a-t-il que les religieux qui se soient avisés d'une maxime essentielle au Christianisme, qui est de bannir d'entre eux cette vertu païenne qu'on appelle amitié? Que de maux cette fausse vertu cause dans le monde! Un chrétien déteste, fuit, ou persécute le vice par tout où il est," &c. &c. What would Pylades and Orestes have to say for themselves before such a tribunal?

The world is full enough of temptation, doubtless, without wishing to enlist a reinforcement of strange recruits into so over-stocked a service. Advocates for this supernumerary introduction, however, are not confined to convents of La Trappe; I have myself fallen in with them amongst that peculiar class who designate themselves and their coadjutors as the "eminently serious," and have known many an anathema passed even on the cultivation of talents. Once I heard one of these pious individuals go a step farther, and fairly denounce scenery, and a taste for the beauties of nature, as a dangerous snare of Satan, but I never till now heard a fit of sickness so named. "Aussi la dernière ressource du Démon, après avoir essayé en vain toutes les plus rudes tentations contre le saint Job, fut de le faire malade. Il savait par l'expérience que les plus saints, après avoir résisté aux plus redoutables tentations, succombent à celle-là." We always thought this affliction might be a means of proving patience and resignation, and never suspected that the real snare consisted in the possibility of the patient's considering "la maladie comme un privilège d'immortification."

My heart sickened as I turned away from the convent gate, and pondered on the melancholy mummery and strange unsuitable garb in which Religion, the greatest boon of God to man, is so often arrayed!—and by those, too, whose duty and profession it more peculiarly is to invest it with attractive rather than repellant qualities! And yet I parted from these monks with mingled feelings of regret and respect for men who, with such palpable sincerity, sacrificed so much of the present to the future; with all their faults, I could not but respect them still.—With these feelings too, I now take my leave of the subject—lamenting only that I have it not in my power to counterbalance this preposterous collection of absurdities, by a corresponding corrective weight of wholesome principles. But yet, like Falstaff's half-pennyworth of bread to all his sack,—there are some scatterings of better feelings. Some few grains of good sense to all this hyper-

essence of "le vrai Paradis," and these I willingly select, that my reader's last impressions may not be wholly on the unfriendly side. Thus the following reflection on the supposed idolatry of the Catholic Church deserves the attention of every unprejudiced Protestant. "Ne saluer dans l'église que celui qui est l'image visible du Dieu invisible que nous y venons adorer, est une pratique que ceux qui n'ont que le nom de Chrétien négligent; mais ceux qui sentent la majesté et la sainteté du lieu où ils sont n'ont garde de diviser ainsi leur culte, s'il faut ainsi dire, et d'interrompre l'adoration du Dieu vivant pour adorer de vaines idoles de grandeur ou de beauté." Again, on private and frequent communion with the Deity, nothing can be more true and impressive than the following:—"Aussi ne nous est-il pas commandé d'être toujours à l'église ou à genoux dans notre oratoire; mais il est ordonné à chaque Chrétien de se faire un temple en lui-même, dont le Saint Esprit est le grand prêtre;" &c. . . . And this last, with which I shall close my account, contains as fair a portion of sound common sense resulting from a truly philosophic view of the subject, as could have been condensed by any writer within the same number of words. We recommend it to the thousands and ten thousands of soi-disant religionists, by whom it may be so often and so beneficially applied—"Plusieurs veulent faire passer leur température pour vertu; s'ils sont mélancoliques, leur humeur est sombre et austère, et leur extérieur sévère et rude. Il arrive rarement que ces gens-là soient véritablement vertueux parce qu'ils sont sujets à se croire et à être crus tels, et que ces deux choses sont également ruineuses."

THE GERMAN GIBBET.

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.—RICHARD III.

It was evening, towards the latter end of autumn, when the warmth of the midday sun reminds us of the summer just gone, and the coolness of the evening plainly assures us that winter is fast approaching; that I was proceeding homewards on horseback, fortified by a strong great coat against the weather without, and refreshed with a glass of eau-de-vie, that I might feel equally secure within. My road lay for some time along an extensive plain, at the extremity of which there rose a small and thickly overspreading wood, which the road skirted for some distance; and, on a slight eminence, at an angle where the last rays of the setting sun threw their gleam across the path, were suspended the remains of a malefactor in chains. They had been hanging there at least ten years; the whole of the flesh was consumed; and here and there, where the coarse dark cloth in which the figure had been wrapped had decayed, the bones, bleached by the weather, protruded.

I confess I am rather superstitious, and certainly did push on, in order that, if possible, I might pass the place before the sun should have set; to accomplish which, I put my horse upon a fast trot, which I afterwards increased into a hand gallop. The sun, however,

had set, and the twilight was fast changing into darkness as I rode up. I could not keep my eyes off the spot, for the figure swung slowly backwards and forwards, accompanied by the low harsh creaking of the irons, as it moved to the breeze.

What with exertion, and I may add fear, or something very like it, the perspiration fell in large drops from my forehead, and nearly blinded me, so that I could not refrain from imagining that the white bony arm (hand it had none) of the figure, relieved against the dark wood behind, was beckoning to me, as it waved in the wind. On passing it, I put my horse to full speed, and did not once check his pace, or look around, until I had left the German Gibbet (for so it was called) a good mile behind.

It was now a fine, clear, moonlight night, and I had not gone far when I heard the sound of horses' feet at a little distance behind, and about the same time began to feel myself unusually cold. I buttoned up my coat, but that did not make much difference; I took a large comforter from my pocket, and put it round my neck. I felt still colder; and urging my horse forward, I hoped that exercise would warm me; but no, I was still cold. However fast I galloped, I still heard the sound of horses' feet behind, at apparently just the same distance, and though I looked around several times, I could not see a living soul! The sound got faster and faster, nearer and nearer, till at last a small grey pony trotted up, on which sat a tall, thin, melancholy looking man, with a long pointed nose, and dull heavy eyelids, which hung so low, that at first he appeared to be asleep. His countenance, which was extremely pale and cadaverous, was overshadowed by a quantity of long thin white hair, which hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed in a thin white jacket, which he wore open, white fustian trowsers, a white hat, his shirt collar open, and no cravat round his neck!

We rode for some time side by side, the stranger never once turning round, or lifting up his eyes to look at me; I could not help regarding him intently, until my eyes ached with the cold. I was obliged every now and then to let go the reins to blow my fingers, which I thought would drop off; and, on touching my horse, I found he was as cold as myself! Yet the stranger looked not the least affected by it, for his cloak remained strapped to the saddle behind him, and, indeed, his jacket was flying open, and his shirt-collar unbuttoned as before!

This looked very strange!—there was something mysterious about him: so I resolved to be quit of him as soon as possible; but the faster I rode, the faster rode he; and though my horse appeared as powerful again as the one on which he was riding, yet I found that when it came to the push, his pony could have passed me easily. But that was not his intention; for when I slackened my pace, he slackened,—and on my pulling up, he pulled up also: still he never looked at me, and there we remained side by side, and I nearly frozen to death with the cold.

Every thing around us was perfectly quiet; and I felt this silence becoming quite appalling; at length, I exclaimed, "Sir! you seem determined we shall not part company, however it may be the wish of one of us." The stranger, after making a slight inclination of his head, expressed, in the most gentlemanly manner, his sorrow that it

should be thought he had intruded himself upon me, and his earnest desire that we might proceed together (seeing that our course was the same) on better terms. This was said with so much politeness; that I really could not refuse: being moreover convinced, that if I had, it was totally out of my power to enforce my refusal; so we trotted on together.

The stranger immediately began talking most fluently, but continually shifted the subject, and at length coming to a full stop, he suddenly asked me what was my opinion of all this? I, who had been dreadfully afflicted by the cold, so as to have been disabled from giving any attention, felt quite at a loss what to say:—at length, as well as I was able (for my teeth chattered so much I could scarcely speak plain), I stammered out, “whether he did not think it was very cold?” Immediately his dull eyes lighted up, and I shall never forget their fiery and unnatural light, as, turning suddenly round, he stared me full in the face, saying, in the most joyous, mild, and melodious tone of voice, “Perhaps you will accept of my cloak?” and adding, with peculiar emphasis, “he was sure I should be warm enough then,” instantly began to unstrap it from behind him. In vain I declared I could not think of accepting it, especially as he was more thinly clad than myself: he began to inform me, with the same peculiar expression, “that *he* never felt cold,”—and that he would be most happy if I would do him the honour to put it on. I kept refusing, and he persisting, till at last he became so importunate, that I rudely pushed it from me, saying, “that I would not accept of it.” O! if you could have seen the change in his manner and appearance!—instead of the mild, placid look he had hitherto worn, his face was contracted by the strongest feelings of rage and disappointment; his eyes flashed fire from under his heavy knit brows; his mouth was curled with a kind of “sardonic” grin; and, hastily adjusting the cloak about him, he said with the most sinister expression, “Perhaps I would do him the honour *another* time?” Then dashing the spurs into his beast, he was out of sight in a moment.

I felt much relieved by his departure: he was no sooner gone, than I got by degrees warmer and warmer; even my horse appeared to feel a difference, for he pranced and neighed as if freed from some restraint, and in a very little time was as warm as myself.

I began to think there was something—there was really something—horridly unnatural about the stranger;—his hollow voice, pale complexion, and heavy eye,—above all, the strange coldness that came over me! I felt rejoiced that I was thus rid of him; and that I had not accepted his offer of the cloak (as then, in all probability, we should not have parted so soon); and now, so little did I need it, that I was compelled to unbutton my coat, and take my thick lambs’ wool comforter from my neck.

Who could the stranger be?

I remembered to have heard, that the German who was hung in chains, and whose gibbet I had passed, had suffered the sentence of the law, for having burnt a house, and murdered in the most cruel and shocking manner, a person, whom he strangled with his cloak. Now, it was also currently reported, (but only believed by the idle and

superstitious) that this man did not then die:—for it was said, that the devil, to whom after his condemnation he had sold himself, had, while he was suspended, in some way or other, supported him; and had afterwards fed him on the gibbet, in the form of a raven, until the fastenings decayed, so that he could release himself, when he substituted the body of a person whom he murdered for the purpose!

There were many persons now alive who had sworn to having seen the raven there, morning, noon, and to have heard its croaking even at midnight. Many accounted for this, by saying it came there to feed on the body; but one of the villagers, who was known to be a stout fellow, having occasion to go by the gibbet one twilight, declared, that he heard the man talking with the raven, but in a language he could not understand; that at first he supposed he was deceived by his own fancy, or the creaking of the iron fastenings, but on approaching nearer, he distinctly saw the eyes of the man looking intently at him; and he verily believed had he stopped he would have spoken to him, but that he was so alarmed he took to his heels, and never once looked behind or stopped to take breath, until he reached the end of the plain, a distance of above five miles. And it was further said, the German, when released from the gibbet, was obliged, in fulfilment of his vow, to do the devil's will on earth—that he was most dreadfully pale, owing to the blood never having flowed into his face since his strangulation, for the devil, it is said, had only just kept his word; that the German, as he was called, had since often been seen riding up and down the road, and that he entered very freely into conversation, and endeavoured to entrap the unwary to put them in the power of his master.

Could it be possible that this was the German? Tut! an idle thought; and yet—I remember there was something foreign in his accent:—then the paleness of his face,—the strange circumstances that accompanied his presence,—the pressing and extraordinary manner in which he offered his cloak, which might have been some device to get me within his power,—the extreme cold with which I was afflicted,—the ominous beckoning, too, of the figure on the gibbet; each circumstance came forcibly before me; and were he the German or not, I more than ever rejoiced that I had thus easily got rid of him.

I now rode briskly on to a small inn, that was situated about half-way between the commencement and end of my journey, and arrived there about half-past eight o'clock. On alighting, the host, a fat jolly fellow, with a perpetual smile on his face, came out and welcomed me. "Shew me into a private room," said I, "and bring me some refreshment;" the landlord replied he was very sorry his only room was at present occupied by a gentleman who had been there about ten minutes, but he was sure he would have no objection to my company. He departed to obtain his permission, and returned with the gentleman's compliments, and that he would be most happy in my company: so I followed mine host to the room; but what was my confusion, when, on opening the door, I discovered seated, the mysterious stranger, whose presence had before caused me such annoyance! A sort of chillness

instantly came over me, and I would have retired, when the stranger got up, and bowing politely, said "he was exceedingly happy to accede to my request of allowing me to occupy the same room," and at the same time handed me a chair. It was impossible for me now to refuse; so, thanking him for his offer, I seated myself, and, as I before said, being rather chilly, asked him if he had any objection to a fire? I immediately perceived a strong alteration in his features, but it was only momentary; he instantly recovered himself, and said, "that, for his part, his cloak, pointing to one which hung on the back of his chair, was quite enough for him, however cold the weather might be," and added, "if I would but put it on for one moment, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*." I had a sort of instinctive dread of this cloak, and I determined not to put it on; so starting up, I rang the bell, and on the landlord's entering, asked his permission to have a fire. The stranger bowed his head, and fixing his eyes on the wall, remained quite silent. The landlord, I observed, rubbed his hands as he went out, saying, this was one of the coldest nights he had felt this year.

While they were about preparing to light the fire, the stranger sat quite silent; for my part I got colder and colder; a sort of melancholy chillness seemed to pervade the place; the large clock that was in the room had stopped, from some cause or other, about ten minutes before I arrived; and on the maid coming in, though before a merry, cheerful-looking damsel, she presently became as melancholy and as grave as either of us, especially as, after numerous attempts, she was obliged to confess her inability to light the fire. It was now very cold, so the landlady came and did her best endeavours to light a fire, but in vain; afterwards the landlord, boots, hostler, and the cook, who never having been out of a perspiration for the last ten years of her life, was nearly killed by the sudden effect of cold she experienced on coming into the room: last of all I myself tried, but unsuccessfully. They all looked surprised, and the landlord observed it was very strange—it was not so cold he was sure any where else. The stranger all this time remained as quiet and immoveable as before.

I now desired the landlord to bring in tea, hoping by that means to warm myself. When the tea things were brought, the stranger drew a chair for himself to the table, and requested I would make tea; I desired the maid to pour some water into the teapot, from a kettle which she held in her hand, apparently just from the fire: however, on pouring in some water no steam arose; so far from it, the water appeared to be scarcely warm. I questioned her what she meant by it, and how she expected I could make tea with cold water? she declared that it boiled when it left the kitchen fire, and she did not know how it could get cold since. I then told her to take the teapot and fill it from the large kettle, which she assured me was boiling on the kitchen fire; she returned, and on my tilting it up to pour out the tea, it ran gently for a few moments, and then congealed into a long icicle! The maid looked first at me and then at the stranger, and then went quickly out of the room.

I remained some time sitting intently gazing on the stranger, who sat with his dull heavy eyes still intently fixed on the wall. I can

scarcely describe what I felt, I shook so dreadfully both with fear and cold, that I could hardly keep my seat—my teeth chattered—my knees shook—in short, I began to fear that if I staid any longer, I should be frozen to death. At length he noticed my confusion, and starting up, he again said, “perhaps I would accept of his cloak.” Now I was really dying with cold, and the cloak looked so warm and so tempting, that I could not help eyeing it wistfully; this the stranger perceived, and, opening it, shewed the lining, which was of the finest lamb’s wool, looking infinitely warmer as well as softer, and more comfortable than anything I had ever seen. He then, in the most obliging manner, requested that I would put it on, adding, in his own expressive way, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*. I felt myself wavering; but, summoning up my resolution, I determined I would not yield, so, quitting him abruptly, I ordered my horse, and being resolved, once and for ever, to rid myself of this odious stranger, I mounted as quickly as possible, and putting spurs to his side, for I heard the stranger calling loudly for his horse, I galloped the whole of the way home; and I can safely swear that nothing whatever passed me on the road.

Now, said I, at any rate I have distanced him: and knocking at my door, it was quickly opened by my wife, who had been anxiously expecting me. After our usual salutation, she informed me I should meet an old friend up stairs who had been waiting my arrival. “With an old friend, a good bottle of wine, and a warm fire,” said I, “I can forget every thing;” and hastening up stairs—it would be impossible to describe my confusion—before me was seated the identical stranger, with the mysterious cloak hanging over the arm of the chair on which he sat!—He rose as I entered—rage prevented me from uttering a word. He bowed politely, saying, “that he hoped he was not an intruder; but, after our having passed some hours together on our journey, he thought he might make bold to beg a night’s lodging, having found himself benighted, close to my house.” I was so thunderstruck that I could not say a word in answer. My wife now entered the room, and complained of the cold. She said the fire had gone out soon after my friend arrived, “and, what is very strange,” added she, “we were unable to light it again. I have been to order a bed to be made for your friend—and I have ordered the sheets to be aired, as the night is rather cold.” “Oh!” said the stranger, “you need not mind that—I *always sleep warm enough!*” and pointing to his cloak, he gave a most expressive but sarcastic smile. This was almost too much; yet what could I do? I had no excuse to turn him out. Suppose it should be the German?—tush! nonsense!—but however I tried to rid myself of this thought, I never could succeed in entirely banishing it; such strong hold has the idea of supernatural interference on a superstitious mind. I resolved, however, in mere contradiction to my opinion, to put up with his company this once;—and, endeavouring to appear as unconcerned as possible, I made suitable acknowledgments in the best way I could.

After a painful silence, which was only disturbed by the chattering of our teeth, supper was announced, and hastily dispatched, for every

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thing was cold. Silence again ensued ; till at length I caught up a candle, for I could bear it no longer, and asked the stranger if I should shew him his room ; he consented, and bowing to my wife, took his cloak and followed me.

When we came into his room, I observed the water was frozen in the ewer ; “ I will order the servant,” said I, “ to bring you some warm water in the morning to shave with.” He replied, “ that he had rather I would not give myself so much trouble, on his account, for that he could lather his face with snow !” He then asked me if I slept warm ? “ I am afraid,” said I, “ I shall not do so to-night.” He placed his cloak in my hand, saying, with a chuckle, “ I had only to throw it over me and my wife, and he was sure we should be *warm enough then !*”—I threw down the cloak, and rushed out of the room.

I joined my wife down stairs, who, on my upbraiding her with the folly of inviting a perfect stranger to sleep in the house, told me, that he had introduced himself as an old friend of mine, who wished to see me on particular business. I then hinted my suspicions concerning him, and that I thought it was through him we were thus grievously tormented by the cold.

I went to bed,—but not to sleep,—not all the blankets in the world could ever have made me warm. I hesitated whether I should not go and turn the stranger out, thus late as it was ;—but I might be mistaken, after all ;—he was very gentlemanly, and behaved throughout with the greatest propriety, so that I could have no excuse for so doing. And though there were many strange circumstances attending his presence, still they might be accidental. I resolved, at least, to wait patiently for the morning, though I felt as if I was exposed to the air on a cold winter's night ; but I was doomed again to be disturbed. I had locked my room door (my constant custom upon going to bed), when, about one o'clock, as I was lying, wide awake,—the stranger,—the German,—the fiend !—for I believe he was all three,—entered my room !—how, I know not,—I heard no noise. A horrid trembling immediately came over me,—my knees knocked together,—my teeth chattered,—my hair stood on end,—I could scarcely draw my breath. What could be his purpose ? to murder me ?—no—no, I see it all,—the cloak,—the mysterious cloak, the source of all my fears and apprehensions ;—he thinks by that to gain his purpose, and fancying I am asleep, he comes, no doubt, to cast that upon me, and thus give the fiend, his master, in some way or other, a power over me ! He approached the bed ;—my tongue clave to the roof of my parched mouth, and fear, an all absorbing fear, had nearly choked me. He opened the cloak—another moment—and then—but rage, fear, despair, gave me strength :—I started up ;—“ Villain !” said I, “ I will not tamely bear it :” and grappling with him, I threw the cloak from me. I now cared not what I did or said. “ Hence,” roared I, “ and seek the fiend you serve !” and accidentally in the scuffle I caught hold of his long pointed nose ;—he shrieked aloud with rage and pain. “ My G—d, Mr. T—,” said my wife, “ what are you about ?” I received a heavy fall :—immediately the whole was gone. I assisted

my wife into bed ; for it seems that I had lain half the night with the clothes completely off me ; which, as often as she had endeavoured to replace, I had resisted ; and on her persisting, I had eventually seized her by the nose, and we both tumbled out of bed together.

ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF PORTUGAL.

THERE has been a good deal said lately of the affairs of Portugal, of the state pranks of Don Miguel, of his mother, his mobs, his monks, his ministers, and municipalities ; of the antipathy of his people to freedom,—of their mock ceremonies in burning the charter of their rights,—of their proneness to despotism, even when it must be completed by usurpation,—and of their resolution to return to their old chains and degradation,—amid the exulting shouts of a fanatic rabble, protected by the police, and receiving their impulse and their pay from the courtly insurgents of the palace. On every repeated allusion to a few prominent and undeniable facts connected with this subject, one party cries out, “see, how the cause of freedom has been betrayed by the allies of Don Pedro ; see, how the Portuguese constitutionalists have been sacrificed to the perfidious policy of the English government, which sent troops to Portugal, on the declared pretext of defending it against foreign foes, but with the real purpose of keeping its throne vacant for a contemptible tyrant, and which, having escorted him home with its fleet, to a people confiding in assurances of his change of principles, withdraws both troops and ships on his arrival, leaving our deluded friends to his vengeance.” “No, no,” replies another party, “the Portuguese, if sacrificed at all, have been sacrificed to their own blindness and pusillanimity. That people are unfit for freedom, because they have shewn themselves unable to maintain it ; the constitutionalists must be an insignificant fraction of the community, who have no right to dictate to the rest. Had any important interest of the kingdom been secured by the Charter, or any respectable party been desirous to support it, would it have been allowed to be overturned by the intrigues of a worthless woman, and the perfidy of an ill-educated boy ? Be assured,” they add, “that the soil of the Peninsula is not yet fit for freedom ; it must be gradually improved by the hand of regular government, or broken up by the plough of revolution, before such a plant can take root in it. See the church, the nobility, the magistracy, and the mob against it ; and without the mob, the magistracy, the nobility, and the church, where is the nation ? Is it to be found in a lodge of freemasons, or in a club of discontented constitution-mongers ?” Both those parties (together with a third, which pronounces for the total unimportance of the question at issue, and warns us to think as little of the political improvement of Portugal as of Algiers) seem to us to be in the wrong ; for we may assure the former, that the return of Don Miguel was inevitable ; and we hope to convince the latter, that in their precipitate expressions of contempt for bad fortune and failure, they do not make due allowances for the force of opposing circumstances. From a late residence of

some months in Lisbon, the writer of this article is enabled to give a more connected account of recent transactions than has yet appeared, and ventures to beg attention to statements, the accuracy of which, he can guarantee as much as the impartiality of the views with which they are made.

Portugal had passed through the long war which was waged on her soil from 1807 to 1814, against Napoleon, without ever breathing a wish for those liberal institutions which were enjoyed to so little purpose by her Spanish neighbour. The protracted absence of her sovereign after the conclusion of peace, and the wounded pride of her people at being ruled by the government of a colony, combined with the unpopularity of the Regency, of Lisbon, and the vicinity of revolutionised Spain, to urge the necessity of some change,—and that change was some form of freedom. When, therefore, the standard of insurrection was raised at Oporto, in the autumn of 1820, it found a numerous class ready to crowd around it, without knowing precisely the doctrines which it announced, and it passed through “an unresisting medium,” from Oporto to the capital, where the regency fell before it,—where a government was organized on the new model,—and where, in the absence of any accredited system of indigenous growth, the persons raised to temporary power, declared for the Spanish Constitution, promising, that if any alterations were made in it, *they should be in favour of liberty*; like some of our commonwealth men, who swore to an *et cætera* in the same cause. An assembly called Cortes was got together by a double election, or by no election; they proceeded to make a constitution to regenerate the people,—they talked a great deal about abstract rights—enacted many impracticable laws—ruled the mob of the day—quarrelled with the Holy Alliance—insulted foreign ambassadors—entered into a controversy with the queen about her adoption of their handy-work—declared war against the eldest son of the king as viceroy of Brazil—and when the French entered Spain, to overturn the parent constitution, that of Lisbon was unable to withstand the shock. The mob of nobility, bishops, courtiers, magistrates and monks—the mother church, and absolute king-rabble—joined with the revolted troops, then had their day, and the constitutionalists, as they could not fight after the desertion of the army, were obliged to fly. King John VI., who was personally well treated by the authorities of the Cortes, and who had good nature enough to be moderate, when he might have been cruel with impunity, wished still, after this failure, to consult the interests of his people, and to give them improved institutions.

With this view he appointed a commission to select and preserve so much of the laws made by the dissolved assembly as might be thought compatible with the exercise of his regulated power; and the government of the Cortes, like *Ignez de Castro*, might have been crowned after its death, had not a rebellion of his Majesty's own son, the hopeful usurper, who is now assuming the crown of his brother, prevented the execution of his benevolent designs. The prince was banished, but the alarms of Spain, the intrigues of the court, the opposition of the ecclesiastical body, and the weakness of the monarch, delayed the renewal or the completion of the project, till death overtook the old king in the midst

of fermenting factions. The succession which fell to his eldest son, who was a constitutionalist and a freemason, naturally excited the hopes of better times. As soon as he heard of the death of his father, he sent a charter to Portugal, which was probably intended more as the ark of safety for his daughter's title, than as a security for his people's freedom. The joy with which it was received at Lisbon, and the earnestness with which its promulgation was demanded from an unwilling ministry,—the alacrity with which it was sworn to by the chief authorities of the nation, and the regularity with which its preliminary enactments were carried into execution, shewed that there was no irresistible obstacle to a liberal change of system, proceeding from a legitimate source, and promising to regenerate Portugal, or to restore the glory of the "olden time," without its despotism. Some troops, who had lost sight of the limits of duty and obedience, amid the late commotions, refused to take the oaths to the new charter, though they had sworn fidelity to its author, and fled into Spain, which encouraged their resistance, and sent them back with arms and rewards to fight against their country. But the nation became constitutional, one party having welcomed the new order of things with enthusiasm, and the other having submitted to it with passive acquiescence. The charter continued in force for eighteen months, amid the weakness and the caprice of an ill-educated princess, who, governed by a corrupt *Camarilla*, changed her ministers and her system of government with almost every change of the moon.

Without consulting his allies in the first instance, and with all the precipitancy which has usually distinguished his proceedings, Don Pedro had nominated his brother the husband of his daughter, and thus opened his way to power, as soon as he could be prevailed upon to swear to the charter. Though the prince had been banished from Portugal, and intrusted during his minority to the guardianship of the emperor of Austria, as a near relative of his family; he was not the prisoner of Austria, like the lion-hearted English Richard, and, therefore, could not be prevented from returning home when his minority ended. Only two ways were left of his revisiting Portugal. Either he must have been allowed to return bound by engagements to his brother, and surrounded by the confidence of his brother's allies, or to be restored with the countenance and support of Spain to the fanatics of his own country, without any pledges against his hostile intrigues. The allies chose the former course. The Emperor of Austria, as grandfather of the young queen, induced the prince to accept of a royal succession, even with its constitutional limitations. The English ministry threw the whole of their influence into the scale of Don Pedro's settlement, and after his repeated engagements, sworn or less solemnly given, arranged a plan for the Infant's return to Portugal, through France and England. Here his vanity was flattered—here every endeavour was made to reconcile him to a liberal system of government—here he was shewn that, under a limited monarchy, the sovereign may still enjoy some prerogatives and splendour worth having, even though it might not be thought consistent with court decorum, for a prince of the blood to associate habitually with butchers and bull-fighters, or to murder occasionally, a royal chamberlain. The most perfect reliance seemed to be reposed

in his engagements. In England, too, he received a foretaste of what he was to expect in Portugal, in a flattering address, by a most respectable body of his countrymen; and, after a stay of some time, with which he had every reason to be pleased, at which indeed he expressed his gratitude and satisfaction, he left our shores accompanied by a new ambassador and a royal squadron. Under these favourable auspices he arrived in the Tagus, and swore to the constitution, before the envoys of all the powers of Europe, assembled to witness the ceremony; but in about two months afterwards we find the said charter abolished, and the prince regent of a constitutional monarchy proclaimed absolute king!

Here are four revolutions of government in the course of seven years—a change from absolute power and absent authority, to a government bordering on pure democracy, administered through a phantom of royalty, which “the likeness of a kingly crown had on,”—a return of democracy again to uncontrolled monarchy—a third change from the maxims of the fifteenth century, and the sway of unlimited power, to the reign of constitutional order under a regency and a charter; and, lastly, a recurrence to absolute dominion, under fanaticism and monkery. It cannot for a moment be pretended that *the nation* thus changed its opinions every two years, on the most important of all subjects—its own rights and privileges,—it cannot be pretended that even any of its great parties could have renounced one system and adopted another within such a limited period; nor can we imagine that light, either proceeding from freedom or superstition, could have penetrated the mass within this specified time;—in short, that freemen or churchmen were disposed this year to defend their rights, and the next to violate or surrender them. As there was no foreign conquest, and no domestic massacres, the balance could not have been changed by the former, nor the ranks of either party thinned by the latter.

Let us, therefore, endeavour to extract from this confused mass, the principle of change; and we shall see that the accusations brought against the constitutionalists, of fickleness, weakness, and pusillanimity, are not necessarily founded in truth.

In Portugal, the great body of the people, ignorant, superstitious, poor, lazy, and passively submissive to authority, have no more influence over the measures or the changes of state policy, than the Helots of Sparta, or the slaves of the West Indies. Unable, for the most part, to read and write, they take no interest in public affairs,—they can form no opinion on public proceedings; and it is only when great revolutions are brought home to their doors, by those who are their immediate superiors, that they learn what is going on. As they have no system of public instruction—no newspapers—no books—no meetings for political discussion;—they take their politics from the judge of the village—their religion from their curate or the friar who confesses them, and their ideas of state grandeur from the Corregidor or the *Capitão Mór* of their district. This great mass, therefore,—the mere ballast in the vessel of the state—may be left out of the question, in considering revolutions or changes of system, which cannot directly reach their condition, or attempts to extend improvements by which they are only remotely affected. The only changes which they observe with any interest, are the changes of the seasons;—their only history

is the legends of saints ; and the only events in their lives which they record with care, are fairs and festivals. This description includes the great body of the peasantry, day-labourers, persons employed in vineyards and olive plantations, and inferior tradesmen.

In the small towns, the class of shopkeepers and tradesmen is somewhat improved ; but, in general, it can scarcely be said that anything like public opinion among the lower orders is manifested beyond the two capitals of Lisbon and Oporto, the city of Coimbra, and two or three maritime towns. In the former are assembled the supreme judges and officers of the high courts of justice, the heads of the different departments of government, the merchants who conduct the general trade of the kingdom, rich shopkeepers, persons of professional eminence, together with the nobility and all their train. The shopkeepers of Lisbon are, many of them, in easy circumstances, and possess greater liberality than could be expected in their class. They have all had the elements of a common education, and when they are permitted to read, have generally shown a curiosity about political intelligence. Seeing the insecurity of their property, and feeling the weight of their burdens, under an arbitrary government, they generally desire a change. Merchants and capitalists, for the most part, encourage, and are prepared to head this body in liberal opinions. It is supported by a considerable number of the legal profession, who have not been corrupted by judicial promotion, by detachments from persons in the public departments of government, by some landed proprietors, and by the most respectable members of the nobility. A considerable number of ecclesiastics, of the greatest learning and the best repute, have likewise added their names and influence to its cause. It will be remembered that, among the latter, there are two or three prelates and several learned professors,—that the titular bishop of Coimbra, Father Luiz, was president of the Chamber of Deputies,—that Principal Thomaz was a member of the Cortes Regency, and that the present archbishop of Elvas was lately tried for being one of the alleged rioters in the liberal tumults of July last. Many of the young nobility and landed proprietors imbibed their notions of government from the English, during the peninsular war ; and have since manifested a strong predilection for political improvement in their own country. We have thus an important class of reformers—a body considerable in numbers and respectable in knowledge or fortune, disposed for a change in favour of freedom ; to them are joined many officers of the army, who acquired distinction during the late war, or who defended the cause of the charter in opposition to the rebels, during the winter of 1826 and 1827.

This constitutional party, embracing, as it does, so many persons of different classes, forms something like a public sentiment, or a new power in the state. They are entitled to command, because they possess knowledge to guide the course of government, and because, unlike the members of the church and nobility, they have no interest in perpetuating abuses. But from the want of union among themselves—from the want of these gradations in society, by which they might extend their influence through the whole of it, and from the impenetrable nature of the great mass of the lower orders, they

become isolated, and may, when they lose the hold of power, easily be crushed between the inert body of the people and the overwhelming weight of the privileged classes.

The church and the nobility, on the other hand, are, with the above exceptions, extremely hostile to any political improvement. The ecclesiastical order seems convinced that, if a liberal system of government were firmly established, its monastic revenues and overgrown wealth would become objects of plunder. While embedded in an ignorant mass, like a toad in a tree, or a block of marble, they seem secure of their continued existence; but the hatchet or the hammer of revolution, which breaks open their retreat and lets in light upon them, must become fatal.

The system of the administration of justice is, in Portugal, a system of corruption. The seventy or eighty supreme judges in Lisbon, the forty in Oporto, together with the Corregidores in the provinces, the *Juizes de Fora*, and the six or seven hundred other judges, or members of municipalities, are generally opposed to reforms which would open their courts, curtail their gains, or prevent their abuses and arbitrary vexations. Every part of the civil administration is as corrupt as the judicial. Persons in the employ of government live by peculation and plunder, and spend their lives in indolence and neglect of duty; they, therefore, are opposed to the weeding hand of reform.

The classes above enumerated, which form the elements of a liberal or arbitrary government, remain unchanged in their character, unmitigated in their hostility, and nearly equal in their strength. The army, the court, and foreign influence, are the only variable quantities which have of late so strikingly turned the balance. In 1820, the insurrection of the army and the example of Spain decided the government in favour of republican institutions, opposed to all the habits, interests, and prejudices of the country. Yet the party which then obtained power, having secured the acquiescence of the king, maintained their authority for nearly three years; and but for the influence of the French arms in Spain, and the ascendancy of the apostolical faction over the king, by means of his son Don Miguel, would have maintained it perhaps longer. That the king and the royalists imagined the partisans of reform strong, is evident from his promise to grant a modified constitution when he abolished the Cortes at Villa Franca, and from his announced intention of convening a new assembly, in the ancient form, the summer before his death. At his decease, the charter given by his son met with general approbation, the party opposed to it consisting only of persons who looked to a rival of opposite sentiments on the throne, and listened to the seductions of a neighbouring country. The countenance of England was sufficient, without any active co-operation, to neutralise this foreign apostolical influence; and, under a prince disposed to maintain the new order of things, there is no question that the charter would have been placed beyond the reach of danger, without any further confusion or bloodshed. The new institutions contained the germs of a better government; reforms, though tardy, would have advanced with certainty; the people would in a few years have begun

to taste the fruits of the change, and their zeal would proportionally have increased to maintain and defend the source of their rights and liberties. The constitution established in 1820 was an exotic—it was transplanted, full grown, from a neighbouring country, or rather, from the regions of speculation—it was propped up by the swords of mutinous troops—it did not suit the monarchy—it did not suit the community—it could not flourish in a soil formed of the ruins of all ancient institutions; it only furnished a shade for the ignorant and the enthusiastic to dance round it for a season; and was at last not irrigated with blood, only because it fell without an effort to cut it down. But the charter of Don Pedro respected the rights of the different classes of society—recognized the rank and influence of the nobility—admitted the prelates to legislative power, and strengthened the pillars of the throne.

The chambers, as instruments of legislation and reform, instead of being precipitate were, perhaps, too slow in their operations; the regent, instead of suffering any diminution of power, seemed to exercise it for the mere caprice of displaying it. The church was threatened with no visible danger—the press had shown no licentiousness—the people were submissive even to the unconstitutional abuse of present authority—because they were promised ultimate reform, and because their leaders were unwilling to hazard the success of a glorious experiment, by precipitate remonstrance. The foreign allies of the constitutional party advised them to moderation as the best means of disarming suspicion, and of reconciling absolute governments to the existence of their new rights. Every man, regarding his situation as provisional, was studious to abstain from acts of violence which might compromise his future existence, or expose him to vengeance on a change of system.

Don Miguel returns, and everything is again reversed. He dissolves the chambers, dismisses the constitutional officers from the army, takes into pay the former rebels, and restores Portugal to the dominion of the fifteenth century. The wildest ravings are heard against the very name of freedom,—a constitutional government is called an invention of the Devil, or what is reckoned worse, of a mason lodge—insults are offered to every thing liberal—the old Cortes are called to kill the new—perjury is exalted into a Catholic virtue—rebellion becomes a religious duty—assassination is invoked as the auxiliary of regal government—fanaticism, intoxicated with the wine of convents, dances round the funeral pile of chartered rights, as formerly round the burning victims of an *auto-da-fé*—a bull-fighter, an assassin, and an usurper, is proclaimed from a thousand pulpits “the angel of God”—a crown is disposed of by the subscriptions of a rabble, and accepted at their hands, on pretence of legitimacy—and the popularity of absolute power is pleaded to justify the usurpation of a constitutional throne.

Such being the recent course of events, and the present state of things in Portugal, it is confidently concluded that the Portuguese do not desire liberty, and are unfit for exercising a free government. But this, we contend, is an inference as illogical, as to conclude, that the English were not fit for the glorious Reformation, towards the beginning or middle of the sixteenth century, because their religious

establishment alternated, from Popery to Protestantism, *four times* in the course of about twenty or thirty years; or that the French were, in 1814, unprepared for the exercise of constitutional rights, because, in the course of the previous twenty years, they passed through every form of government, and had submitted to the successive infliction of almost every species of democratic and monarchical despotism. The great body of the people, as we have already remarked, can form no settled speculative opinion on the institutions by which they should be ruled. The enlightened few must decide the will of the ignorant many to reforms which, when their benefits are felt, may be in their turn appreciated and defended by the many. Fluctuations must thus take place in the character of an unformed government, according to the support or the opposition of the court, according to the abilities and energy of particular individuals, according to foreign interference, and many other accidental causes. The exercise of legislative power, through a delegation from the people—the source and guarantee of all good laws, and the necessary check upon executive extravagance—is, in its best application, only an invention of modern times, (for which the English were *once* more unfit than the Portuguese are at the present moment,) and never would have resulted, in such assemblies as the Parliament of England, and the Chambers of France, had such objections prevailed against attempting the experiment. In Portugal, there exists a body of men sufficiently enlightened to compose legislative assemblies, or to watch their proceedings. These assemblies, during the short term of their existence, conducted themselves with a great degree of good sense, and suggested many reforms, though they had not time to execute any. The sober part of the community viewed their labours with satisfaction, and a prince with the least capacity of comprehending his own interest, (leaving out of view any regard to pledged engagements,) would have been disposed and able to maintain the new system, till its experienced advantages had enlisted in its favour the general support of the nation.

In the first period of new institutions their evils are generally felt, without their countervailing benefits. As they put an end to abuses, they must alarm some, and injure others, who profited by these abuses, while the great body of the people acquire only rights *in reversion*, of which they cannot so easily appreciate the value. In the instance of Portugal, the strongest combination of accidents has been against freedom. In the first place, while the balanced parties looked to different branches of the royal family for support in their opposite views, the cause of the charter was barely kept from falling, by leaning on a ministry, which was afraid to move forward from a fear of imputed Jacobinism, or a regard to selfish interest. All enthusiasm in its favour was thus repressed—all decided steps to secure its triumph were forbidden by threats of desertion—and the public mind was kept in a state of inactive suspense, by persons who were desirous of stealing into freedom, without exciting the umbrage of powerful neighbours, or alarming the prejudices of despotic allies. They were all sensible too of the disadvantages under which they laboured, by the absence and conditional abdication of their protector. They all felt then, Don Pedro was at the distance of 6000 miles, while his

brother was in Europe, and his mother in Lisbon:—the beautiful address of the Cid to king Alonzo, in the Spanish ballad, was not more expressive of dangers to the monarch's new title, than to the people's new rights :

Muchos daños han venido
Por los Rey's que se ausentan,
Que a penas han calentado
La corona en la cabeza.

In the second place, the well-intentioned conduct of the friends of the charter, operated as treachery against it. They announced the conversion to its principles, of the prince, who has turned out its bitterest enemy. They procured from him the most satisfactory assurances of his change of opinion—they made his arrival be welcomed as the harbinger of peace, and having thus thrown the constitutional party off their guard, deprived of all desire and plans of resistance, they left them no choice but unconditional submission, or hopeless, because unconcerted and disunited, opposition. These flattering professions were the more easily believed, because, if his Royal Highness had been a man of any judgment, he must have seen that his interest lay in not violating them.

————— Cum sint præmia falsi
Nulla, ratam debet testis habere fidem.

In this way, the moderating councils of England, and the assistance of the English troops, though at first necessary to the preservation of the charter, have, without any bad faith on the part of the English government, turned out fatal gifts to the Portuguese constitutionalists, who necessarily became the dupes of assurances, which were counter-signed by parties incapable of sharing in the perfidy.

But we shall make no apology for entering a little farther into the state of Portugal, both to explain the nature of the events which have recently occurred, to show the necessity for some speedy change of system, and to afford the means of forming an opinion as to the result of the present crisis. The picture, too, may appear curious without any reference to temporary occurrences. The most prominent feature of a state of society, like that of Portugal, where the people are called upon, in the name of religion, and with the alleged sanction of miraculous interference, to surrender their liberties to an absolute monarch, is the power and influence of the clergy. Most Portuguese authors, who were either churchmen, or wrote with the fires of the inquisition before their eyes, boast that their countrymen are the most religious people under the sun, and that they have been so from the time of Tubal, the grandson of Noah, (who founded *Setuval* or St. Ubes,) to the present day. This high pretension is founded upon facts which show at once the nature and the extent of their piety. They prove, for instance, that the Portuguese have always been the most ready believers of the priests, and the most zealous persecutors of the infidel,—that they erected the first church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and have always been the stoutest champions of her Immaculate Conception—that their country has given birth to four founders of religious orders, and that their sovereigns have been the greatest endowers of religious houses—that even their money when abroad has a

tendency to invest itself in pious establishments*—that Portugal has given birth to more saints than any other kingdom, (one lady producing nine at a time)—that more relics are found—more religious festivals are observed—and more miracles performed in Portugal, than in any other kingdom. The Portuguese history having been for several centuries a continual crusade against the Moors and other unbelievers, in which each hard-fought field, or remarkable success, was commemorated by some act of munificent superstition, or some extension of ecclesiastical privilege, the power of the church was naturally increased with every addition made to the monarchy.

The face of the country and the appearance of society in Portugal, accord with the pictures of its native writers. In other states of Europe, you find the fifteenth century only in the annals of the people, or in the masquerade of fiction; in Portugal, you find it living and breathing, with a great part of its costume, and with nearly all its credulity and superstition. In the capital and the great towns, a Protestant stranger would imagine that religion (as understood in that land) constituted almost the sole business of life—that the church and church services ingrossed the whole attention of the people, and that the government was a pure theocracy. Temples, monasteries, or nunneries, are their most prominent edifices, one or more of which crown every remarkable height, or occupy every desirable retreat. You are awakened in the morning, and deafened during the day, by the sound of bells, announcing prayers, or accompanying religious ceremonies. As you pass along the street you are sure to encounter some religious procession—or to witness some prostrations before a popular image. Monks and friars, in black, white, or grey, shod or shoeless, beardless or bearded, meet you in every corner, or jostle against you in every public place. The tinkling of a hand-bell is heard, announcing the approach of the Holy Sacrament, and presently, as far as the eye can discern the canopy which covers the priest or the torches which burn in the hands of his attendants, you see the people uncovered and kneeling on the pavement before you. You enter the church along with the crowd, and find service going on at several different altars, the floor covered with prostrate devotees, and the walls hung with votive offerings. The beggars who beset you at the door insist upon your alms, in the name of the Virgin of Conception, or the souls in Purgatory; and the parish headles demand your charity in traversing the streets with a drum, a bagpipe, and a Holy Ghost. In the shops of the silver-

* One author, who has written a long book entitled "Excellencias de Portugal," (Excellencies of Portugal,) confirms his account of Portuguese piety, by telling us of a Count Linhares, who, when ambassador at Madrid, met the Host in a rainy night, and being asked for his coach by the priest who carried it, alighted and surrendered it. The coach was sent back, the Count refused to take it, saying, that "he would never enter a coach which God had entered." On this our author made the following piece of pious blasphemy:—

Mas hazeis, gran Conde, vos,
Que Dios, con tener tal nombre,
Que el da coche a qualquier hombre,
Y vos daisle al mismo Dios.

Great Count, you do more than God, for he gives a coach to any man—and you give a coach to God himself.

smiths, the wax-chandlers, and carpenters, you see celestial crowns, crucifixes, and saints, exposed for sale, as the furniture of private chapels, or commemorative gifts to popular shrines; while holidays, festivals, processions, and pilgrimages, interrupt the industry and absorb the resources of the people.

Nor are the numbers, the wealth, or the power of the ecclesiastical body less upon examination than they would at first seem. It is mentioned by the Jesuit, Father Vieyra, that in his time (about 1670), the number of monks in Portugal was ten thousand, of secular clergy thirty thousand, and of nuns fifteen thousand, making in all fifty-five thousand. This was probably a low estimate, as in one convent alone (that of Alcobaça), we find an enumeration of nine hundred and ninety-five monks, without including their servants; and although the number must now be considerably reduced, it is still lamentably great and overpowering. We have before us a statistical account, ordered to be made out by the late Cortes, of the number of convents, the number of the regular clergy, and the amount of the revenue belonging to all the religious orders in Portugal; from which it appears that the convents amounted in 1822 to 402, the monks to 5621, their servants to 628, their revenue in money to 607,253 milrees (or about 150,000*l.*), in wheat to 92,618 *alquieres*, in rye to 98,771, in barley to 17,171, in pork to 30,091*lbs.*, in beef to 8032, without including rice, Indian corn, or many other articles. The quantity of wine of which the fathers give an estimate was 22,181 *almudes*, of oil 3496 *almudes*, of fowls 15,000 head, and of chickens 2000. This table, supplied by the persons most interested in concealing the amount of their income, from a government which they looked upon as ready to plunder them, under-values or understates every item, and the return would, perhaps, be more accurate by doubling the whole. The same table fixes the convents of women at 132 with 2980 sisters, 3000 servants or agents, supported by a revenue of 341,309 milrees, and a much greater proportion of grain and other farm produce.

If to the number of ecclesiastics of all kinds, amounting to not less than 30,000, we add a powerful staff of church dignitaries, consisting of a patriarch, or Portuguese pope, three archbishops, fifteen bishops, and about fifty prelates or heads of congregations and religious orders, we shall be able to form some idea of the piety of the Portuguese. The revenues of this body, calculating only from the tenth which they pay to the state, would amount to 700,000*l.*, but it must be more than double that sum. So universal was the claim of the Portuguese clergy in former times, and so strict was their demand of their tythes, that we find, in a treaty made between one of their kings and the grand prior of one of their orders, a stipulation for the tythes of all the *mermaids* which should be caught in the Tagus.

The character of this body, and the spirit by which it is animated, become of great importance, when we thus consider its great numbers and enormous revenues. And it may be said, that it is, perhaps, the most ignorant and the most profligate ecclesiastical establishment in Europe. Those of them, who possess any integrity of character, or repose any faith in the legends which they detail, are brutified by the lowest superstition; and the remainder, who have knowledge enough

to see through the mummeries which they practise, delude the lower orders for the most sordid and selfish purposes. It is the latter class chiefly, who figure as the enemies of knowledge, and the leaders of the mob at present—who thunder against freemasons, while they know that there is not a mason lodge in Portugal—who cry, “down with the charter,” because its friends have conspired against the throne, while they know that they are the firmest friends of order—who sing *Te Deums* for popular excesses—who carry about the crucifix to sanctify assassinations—and who make the pulpit an instrument of treason and rebellion. The press, in their hands, is only employed against itself,—to denounce the benefits of knowledge, and to excite the passions of the lowest dregs of the people. One of them lately assured the mob whom he addressed, that the freemasons and the English had conspired to overthrow the church and to murder the whole royal family; adding, blasphemously, that in such circumstances, “the resurrection of their angel, Don Miguel in Portugal, was a greater miracle than the resurrection of Jesus Christ in Palestine.” We subjoin in a note below*, an extract from a late

* Arise, ye monsters and come to judgment! Come, ye monsters of disobedience, of rebellion, and ingratitude! The fatal day has arrived, in which, courageously applying to our lips our high-sounding *trumpet*, we shall cause it to resound to the remotest corner of Portugal, announcing that the happy hour is arrived, in which a judicial, powerful, and valiant arm is to drag forth from their most obscure retreats those self-styled political regenerators, who have endangered the throne of their king, and scoffed at the religion of Jesus Christ. The very moment has at last arrived, in which our *regenerating angel* (Don Miguel) is to call to his judgment seat, those supposed philanthropists, and punish them for those machinations and perfidies by which they have endeavoured to annihilate the religion of Christ, and to usurp the sacred rights which belong justly to the sovereign. He will conduct them to a place where, full of confusion, they will die in their desperation.

Come, ye monsters, to judgment! Ye perfidious partisans of infamous freemasonry, who have endeavoured not only to wrest power, greatness, and *majesty* from the august hand which now sways the sceptre; but, to destroy in the hearts of true believers, the name of piety; and that for no other reason, than that you might seize more unerringly, the prince, with whose miraculous reign we are now blest.

Who could believe it, that in those dark sects of freemasons, in those horrible and shameful societies, the only aim is to prepare the mind for insulting its Creator—to train men to be unfaithful to their sovereign—sons to murder their fathers—vassals to degrade their prince—disciples to assassinate their masters—and, finally, wretches for every imaginable crime and horror? From this infamous sect have proceeded a crew of public writers, who spread ideas of rebellion, preach principles of republicanism, and endeavour to overthrow the throne and the altar.

Ye monsters of rebellion! Ye masters of error! Ye propagators of lies! Depart from the bosom of a Christian people, and let us live under the dear sway of the most amiable of princes, whose miraculous protection we now experience.

Perfidious wretches, who call yourselves the deputies, or the representatives of the people, (a pretty address to the lower legislative chamber) you are only plotters against the throne and the altar. Are you not ashamed at having removed from the sanctuaries the images of Christ and of the blessed Virgin, and sent them to places which we shall not name? You have been an atrocious yoke to the Portuguese people—you have become perjured towards God—you are like tygers for the blood of the royal family—you bloodsuckers of the state, robbers of the treasury, and destroyers of your country.

In your infernal associations, have been trained those perfidious wretches, who revolted against the royal and beneficent hand which supported them—those soldiers who have been unfaithful to their king and country—those ministers who have trampled on the will of the prince—those priests who betrayed the dignity of their vocation by rebelling against the sovereign—and, finally, those merchants and capitalists,

number of the *Trombeta Final* (April 11th), in which, one of those fathers, addressing the friends of order and of law, by the title of "monsters," calls them to what he designates their "final political judgment." As these men must write to be read, what idea can we form of the lower classes of a people, to whom such raving could be agreeable?

We may be assured that this body will oppose as long as they can any scheme of liberty—any extension of knowledge—or any change in the system of administration, by which their influence would be diminished, or their interests endangered. One of the chief causes of their violence against the Cortes of 1820, was the order which that body issued to prevent any further reception of novices at the convents, and the commission which they appointed to obtain inventories of the revenues of the monks (an outline of which we have just given), with a view to their future employment in the service of the state. An arbitrary government will probably be led to the same project from poverty, which the Cortes adopted from policy, and a wise administration would find no difficulty in executing it. The monks, as monks, derive nearly all their power from their possession of wealth, and their alliance with the court. The lowest of the populace, the most superstitious boatman on the Tagus, will, when they have an opportunity, pass jokes on their laziness and hypocrisy, and many a begging brother of the poorer orders, in returning to his convent, with empty wallets, curses the day when the abolition of the *Holy Office* prevented him from shaking a torch in the face of the niggard or unbelieving churl who repulses him from his door.

II. The next thing that strikes us in estimating the present state and future prospects of Portugal is the character and circumstances of the nobility and provincial proprietors. Probably no country in the world is better supplied with nobles than Portugal. Some of them have names which recal the most brilliant epochs of its history, while others record only moral degradation or court caprice. The Portuguese *Fidalgo* is in general a proud, lazy, and unsocial animal,—ignorant, unprincipled, and dissipated; the most of them, with great estates, but little disposable revenue, live in splendid filth, in some retired corner of an unfinished, unfurnished, or ruinous mansion,—without any books for their amusement or instruction, without any taste for the arts, without any propensity for mental improvement, without the means even of decent hospitality—devoted to gambling and profligacy. The notorious *Marquis of Chaves*, who will now be the hero of Portugal, was in the habit

who lent their money to support revolution, impiety, and anarchy. Prepare yourselves, ye wicked masons, for eternal fire, and leave us to live in peace, under the best of all princes.

Supreme political judge of the Portuguese, behold, crouching beneath your sword of justice, this crowd of ungrateful wretches who laboured so zealously to destroy you, and reduce to ashes the religion of Christ: the books are opened—the crimes of these monsters are undeniable. Reserve, O lord, your royal munificence for those who never forgot you, and who struggled for you in the midst of your ungrateful enemies! Remember, lord, that among those tygers, there are some more atrocious than others, and more worthy of your vengeance. Remember some of them were in the former Cortes, and that they have continued in their obstinacy till now: say to them, "Depart from my kingdom, ye wretches! let me live in peace with those who love and adore me."

of stealing his neighbour's counters at play, and receiving daily from his wife eight or ten new crowns for his *menus plaisirs*, or the operations at the gaming table, pocketed the money if he gained, and refused to pay when he lost. Without any importance in the state—with no objects of honourable ambition, and placed in the midst of a population where no stimulus was offered to the improvement of their faculties—the Fidalgos were accustomed, under the late reigns, to spend their time in the crawling sycophancies of the court, in the vilest and most disgusting intrigues, or in the ostentatious exercise of a brutifying superstition. Birth and ancestry, next to the favour of the monarch, were the chief object of their pride; and though objects of contempt with every person enjoying any superiority of fortune or talent, they kept aloof from all but their own class, as from objects of contagion. A younger son of a count, without a new crown in his pocket, lately married the only daughter of a wealthy merchant—the richest heiress in Portugal—and his mother, who for a long time refused to acknowledge the alliance, was reconciled to it at last by the reflection, (which she made to one of her friends,) “that the best families might sometimes be benefited by plebeian wealth, as the best land is improved by dung.” A college, called that of the Nobles, is devoted exclusively to the education of their children. They all live in Lisbon, and flutter and flaunt about the court, not only as the source of their honours, and of their frivolous importance, but often as the spring of their emoluments, or means of existence. Besides pensions on the hereditary revenues of the crown, most of them enjoy *commanderies* in the three different military orders, one of which has 454 *commendas*, another 150, and the third 49. The king, as grand master, bestows these upon his favourites, and the extent of their emoluments may be inferred from the circumstance that the *commanderies* of the chief order (that of Christ) were valued two hundred years ago at £25,000. The tythe levied on all these benefices for the use of the state amounts to 76,000 milrees, which, multiplied by ten, would make a sum of £200,000: it probably much exceeds that amount. A body so circumstanced can never be long opposed to the court; and, as it participates in the privileges and immunities which a violent revolution would sweep away, it must, like the church, entertain an instinctive horror of innovation. At the same time, as the benefices which individual peers enjoy are often continued hereditary in their families, any reasonable political reform, like that lately attempted by Don Pedro, would respect vested rights, and, probably, would enact by law their continuance in a line where they had been possessed for two or three generations.

To the above account of the Portuguese nobility, we are happy to state that there are many honourable exceptions. Among the small number of Peers, resident in Lisbon, who took part in the deliberations of the Upper Chamber last year, there were several who evinced information, talents, and patriotism; and we know more than one of that distinguished class, in London, who would do no discredit to any order of nobility in the world. That they have not hitherto had much influence in the state, except through the medium of the court, may be easily inferred from their unresisting submission to the revolutionary Cortes, between 1820 and 1823, and their general acquiescence in

subsequent changes. The late Chamber of Peers included all of them above the degree of a Viscount. As they could not all be admitted, it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, but many were excluded, whose fortune and influence would soon have secured them admission; and there is no doubt that, if the Charter had been continued, great additions would have been made to their number. The very essay which they were led to make in their new character, as a branch of the legislature, has been of use, not only in giving them a taste for higher pursuits, but in pointing out, as rallying points to their fellow citizens, such of them as, having been distinguished for their individual and liberal opinions, have rendered themselves worthy of their confidence. Accordingly it is pleasing to find that, amid the general defection of the order, above twenty of them have refused to countenance the atrocious conduct of the court, or to subscribe to their country's thralldom. Such fearless independence presents some hope, in the gloom which now overspreads that country, as they must soon be joined by numerous friends, disgusted by the present proceedings of the apostolical faction, though too indolent to resist, and too timid to remonstrate. The rivalry of the mob, which is now advanced to the post of honour, and invited to take the initiative in the settlement of the crown, must be as offensive to their pride as alarming to their fears. The Queen Mother, who has managed the whole plot, has never concealed her aversion to such of them as are by any means eminent; and her sanguinary disposition, acting upon the congenial spirit of her son, must give them reason for serious apprehension. Indeed, it may be doubted which of them they have most reason to dread—

'Crudelis mater magis, en puer improbus ille.'

III.—But we should by no means have a complete view of the parties, whose influence is felt in the political changes of Portugal, if we omitted a notice of the persons by whom the civil and judicial administration of the country is conducted. To collect and to manage a small revenue, and to conduct the ordinary departments of public business, there are greater numbers of needy, rapacious, and dishonest agents employed—more peculation displayed—more indolence and irregularity protected, than would form an aggregate of evils to vex the greatest kingdoms. Every branch of business is managed by a multitude of persons, who are ill paid, and who, therefore, revenge themselves for inadequate remuneration, by robbing when they can, or by a careless discharge of duty, when plunder is impossible. The number of Portuguese general officers would suit the army of Russia. Their Treasury establishment exceeds that of all the boards for managing the financial concerns of Great Britain; and, as for judges, they have upwards of a hundred of them in Lisbon alone. The highest salary given to any of the latter is about 300*l.* a year, and few of them live on less than a thousand. The remainder is the fruit of bribery—the evidence of a violation of justice. The excess of judicial persons over the country is even a greater pestilence than that of the monks.

The chief clerks, in the different departments of the ministry, make, like the old furniture, parts of the inventory of their respective offices, becoming the instructors of each successive incumbent, and thus rendering themselves necessary, whether clever or stupid, lazy or active. To show the swarms of employes in the different offices, it may be

only necessary to state, that in the department of Public Works we find eighty-eight persons; that, connected with the court of Supplicação, at Lisbon, as judges, clerks, or other agents, there are one hundred and eighty-eight; that, at the Supreme Court of Appeal, we enumerate fifty-one; that, in managing the business of the *Orders*, as president, deputies, councillors, and others, we have forty-nine; that, in the Supreme Court of Oporto, there are, one chancellor, fifty-eight supreme judges, and twenty-three other officers (making, in all, eighty-two persons); that the Custom-house of Lisbon demands, for its management, ninety-nine persons of all descriptions; that the Tobacco department requires thirty more; that the Council of the Treasury employs seventy-six persons, with no less than fifteen councillors; and that the War-Office, the Home-Office, and other departments of the state, are managed in a similar manner. In thirty-six boards, for the collection and management of a revenue of less than two millions sterling, we have counted, under the names of presidents, councillors, *disembargadors*, secretaries, clerks, and other officers, 1840 persons. In the Board of Treasury alone we find 800 on pay or pensions; and though the allowances of each be small, the sums distributed over the whole amount to 273,754 milrees, or nearly 80,000*l.* sterling!

This immense host of *employés*—this swarm of vermin, clinging to the diseased body of the state with a tenacity proportioned to its corruption, conscious that the healing hand of reform would destroy the food on which they subsist. Among them, however, there are numerous and striking exceptions. Nearly half the members of the late chamber, who distinguished themselves in favour of liberty, were men whose emoluments were derived from office; and the only liberal journals established, were the property of subalterns in the departments of administration.

IV. Among a people, whose recent history has been that of misgovernment, or political convulsion, and whose prominent classes answer the above description, it would be almost needless to prove the depressed state of industry, and the low ebb of public and private resources. Totally strangers to knowledge and the arts—burdened with taxes, and liable to the most arbitrary vexations, no continued effort to better their condition could be expected from them. The miserable cultivator of the soil, prevented from improving it by the exaction of tythes or feudal services, and the impossibility of finding a market for his produce, from the want of roads or means of transport, is condemned to the most abject poverty. Beggary, wretchedness, and filth, everywhere meet the eye—trade languishes amid fiscal obstacles and spoliation—the spirit of enterprise is repressed where its fruits are rendered insecure—where property is not protected by law, and where justice is not administered, but sold. Nothing, indeed, can be conceived more deplorable than the general situation of this misgoverned country; and if the two sons of King John VI. are to contend for its crown, like the two brothers, whose strife is celebrated by the muse of *Statius*, it may be said of the former as of the latter :

Nuda potestas

Armavit fratres, pugna est de paupere regno.

Stripped of nearly all those possessions which the fortunate skill of its navigators discovered, or the valour of its troops subdued, before it saw

the Jesuits or the inquisition, and reduced nearly to the small stripe of dominion which it held when Pope Alexander divided between it and Spain the unknown regions opening to European enterprise, it is left in a state of exhaustion which cannot well be conceived. Without colonial subsidies—without the mines or the exclusive trade of Brazil; its commerce is now almost confined to an intercourse with Great Britain, and its commercial shipping has decayed in proportion. The public fortune is equally dilapidated. Its revenue is inadequate to support half of its establishments, and its credit, under an arbitrary government, or with the prospect of a civil war, must be entirely annihilated. By the budget, which the late minister of finance had laboriously prepared to lay before the chambers on the eve of their late dissolution, (a copy of which, occupying sixty-two pages, now lies before us,) it appears that the expenditure is calculated at 10,286,118 milrees, or about 2,550,000*l.*, and that the ordinary revenue is only 6,400,710 milrees, or 1,600,000*l.*; that the supplies required for the army and navy alone (being 6,093,000 milrees) absorbed nearly all the ordinary ways and means of the treasury; that there is thus a deficit of nearly a million sterling out of two and a half, that government will be obliged this year to borrow to that amount, or let its servants go unpaid; that the paper money already in circulation amounts to 6000 *contos* of rees, or about a million and a half sterling; and that the public debt, funded and unfunded, amounts to about ten millions sterling. In such a state of things, the minister estimates the expenses of the current year at not less than 15,256,882 milrees, or nearly four millions sterling, more than double the ordinary revenue. During the former arbitrary government, a bank could not be created; but under the Cortes, such an establishment was formed, which continued prosperous till towards the end of the last year. It was sanctioned by a law of the 31st December, 1821; its capital was limited to 10,000 shares, of 500 milrees each, but no more than 4800 shares, or about half a million sterling, were subscribed for. In the course of the six years of its existence, this weak establishment has advanced to the government about 10,000,000 milrees, or four times the amount of its capital. Is there any wonder, then, that it should have been obliged to stop payment, and is there any prospect that it can now support credit? Nor are the shareholders, who were in the beginning, and are still, for the most part liberals, likely to advance their money to support the existence of a government by which they are denounced as jacobins, freemasons, and robbers.

What, then, is likely to be the immediate result of the conduct of the usurper, and what its more distant consequences? He has cut himself off from all diplomatic relations with the rest of Europe, whose sovereigns, being the allies of Don Pedro, cannot wink at the overthrow of his rights. The commerce of the country must be still farther reduced—the finances of the state still farther embarrassed. He will, in consequence, be unable to support his army, or to gratify his greedy followers—the number of the discontented must thus increase, by accessions of those whose rapacity he will be unable to gratify; and if his brother recalls his commission, or denounces war, he will be deserted by a great portion of his troops, who even now exhibit a threatening aspect of revolt. He will then find that he is only the governor of a faction, and not

the sovereign of a kingdom—that the friendship of monks and friars is a poor compensation for the loss of public confidence—and that the shouts and bonfires of convents cannot protect him from the execrations arising from the marts of trade, and the haunts of industry. His conduct has given such general disgust to the majority of the troops—even to staunch royalists, that if Don Pedro were to denounce him as a usurper—send his daughter to the Azores, or to Madeira, create a regency there in her name, composed of Portuguese nobles—and call upon all the faithful Portuguese to join her standard, there is every probability that the dissolute and contemptible creature, who assumes and disgraces the name of king, would be unable to maintain his ground for three months. Such, we think, may probably be the result.

Nor will the mock convocation of the states of the kingdom—the exhumation and exhibition of an inapplicable piece of antiquity—relieve him from his embarrassments—justify his perfidy to his brother and to public rights—or reconcile Europe to his usurpation. As well might the Pope justify heresy or the alienation of church rights, by abolishing the Consistory and convoking the senate of Romulus—or the King of England appeal from the two Houses of Parliament to the Barons of Runnymede. The whole affair of the attempt to renew the Cortes of Lamego is an ill-contrived farce—in which the actors—whatever costume they may wear—or with whatever solemnity of manner they may appear, will certainly expose themselves to general derision. The celebrated assembly which settled the fundamental law of the Portuguese monarchy, at the beginning of the twelfth century, was convoked, not to destroy the national liberties, but to establish national independence—not to sanction usurpation, but to confirm a title which had already been conferred on the field of victory, and for which there was no living competitor. The gallant Alonzo Henriques—one of the most enterprising princes whose deeds are recorded in history—was saluted the king of a dominion which he had won by his sword, before he called his great men to settle the succession to the crown at Lamego. He had heard the elective acclamation, (in the version of it by Camoens,)

Real—real

Por Afonso, *alto Rei de Portugal*,

elevated on the shields of shouting troops, before he heard “*volumus Alphonsum esse nostrum Regem*,” from the mouths of bishops and nobles, in the presence of the assembled states. It is to be hoped that his cowardly and contemptible imitator will, before the consummation of his grotesque travesty of the ceremony, be *elevated* on something else.

NOTES ON ART.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS is stated in the catalogue to be the sixtieth exhibition of the Royal Academy; so that the Art in this country is sexagenary and approaches her grand climacteric. *Parbleu!* The old lady is no less enamoured of herself than when she was in her teens—sits before her glass from one year's end to another; has her parrot painted, or sketches a lawn or hedge-rows from the parlour-window—or now and

then, in a flutter of despair and affectation, buoyed up with a leaf of Mr. Fuseli's lectures and the cordial support of a quack-advertisement, takes a higher flight into the regions of mysticism and romance, grows quite fantastical, and loses all sense and self-possession, from the novelty of the attempt and the sudden elevation. The loyal and domestic character of the English nation eminently stares one in the face on the walls of Somerset House ;—the sense of property and of self-respect is every where inculcated ;—we have handsome frames, well-dressed portraits, snug interiors, charming homesteads, regattas, and watering places,—portraits of the King and the rest of the Royal Family, portraits of the Foreign Ambassadors, portraits of Lords, portraits of Members of Parliament, portraits of Gentlemen, portraits of Mr. Abernethy, portraits of children transformed into guardian cherubs, and already, by fond paternal anticipation, translated to the skies—portrait of an ox, the property of —, Esq., portrait of a ram of the Merino breed, the property of the Honourable Mr. —, (the subject of the Argonautic expedition grows flat and stale, compared with the homefelt importance of this choice sample of graphic illustration to the agricultural and commercial interests)—then we have Lavinias, Musidora's, and Dorotheas without number, those timid, blushing attempts at history, that have never ceased from the first opening of the exhibition to the present hour—in fine, we have dead game, plaid cloaks, and a peep into the Highlands. In fact, we have all the symptoms, marks, and diagnostics of a Royal Academy, in a rich and flourishing country, but not even the commencement of a *National School of Art*, in a great and intellectual one. Our spirits do not shine (like a transparency) through the stone-walls of Somerset House: we may have "got the start of the majestic world," in other ways ; but the heroic part of us does not as yet transpire from the canvas, or ooze out of the point of our pencils. This was what made Barry the painter exclaim with the frenzy of an enthusiast, and the gusto of an Hibernian, that the rooms at the Academy were, in his time, prostituted to nothing but "representations of deal boards and dead mackerel, and other such debasing and human matters !" So was it, and so it will be,

Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile axum
Accolet ; imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

It is in vain for Protestant monarchs to patronise schools and seminaries of fine art ; the Catholic religion is that alone which blends sensible objects and lofty imagination together in an indissoluble union, in which the soul mounts habitually on a *jig* or on a golden candlestick to heaven ; and, to obtain a body of eminent painters, we must part with (what no good or pious subject will agree to) our line of constitutional kings. We prefer to all the glories of art, the light of freedom, and the sober gifts of its dry nurse, reason. We, in our homely phrase, call a *spade a spade* ; and will not deck the plain object before us, with borrowed plumes and vain illusions. Round the world of external matter, there does not (in our creed of cautious dissent) roll another, hid in its own lustre, and of which the first reflects but faint hints and shadows—a world of Elysium, of grandeur and of purity, not seen indeed, but ever present to the thought, and

into a resemblance of which the eye of faith harmonises and moulds all objects of outward sense and beauty.

We are tired and sick of referring to the Italian school of art : when a thing is repeated over and over, (*crambe bis cocta*) it becomes cant. *Let bygones be bygones*. But there are our lively modern neighbours the French. Let any one enter their exhibition-room, or read over the list of the works brought forward every three years, and he must be struck with the difference—at least, “in the catalogue they may go for painters,”—their subjects are classical, their style is grave, their pretensions are imposing, their ambition is praise-worthy, even if it fails—it cannot be denied that they attempt swelling themes, and take every pains in their power to succeed in the attempt. If they want true poetic fervour and conception, it is not their fault : but we who charge them with the want of it, and set up loud and arrogant pretensions to it ourselves, do not even enter the lists, or we stoop to pick up the golden apples, instead of reaching the distant goal—or afraid of grappling with the colossus of art, “like petty men, peep under its huge legs to find ourselves dishonourable graves.” At an Academy dinner, or among a circle of newspaper critics, the Exhibition of the current year always, indeed, makes a very fine figure—but who ever thinks or speaks of the exhibition of the year before ? Or who among our amateurs or noblemen turns a retrospective wistful eye to works of native art, when he has once crossed the Channel ? Or, if challenged and provoked by the national vanity of the French, what great names or works have we to quote ? The President of our Royal Academy (we are forced to acknowledge) is a mere portrait-painter ; our chief sculptor cannot get beyond a bust ; our landscape-painters either stick to a literal copy of a place, or lose themselves in air and huge daubs of yellow ochre, as Obadiah was covered all over with mud by the splashing of the coach-horse ;—our familiar scenes are inferior to the Dutch in finish, to the French in grace ; what miniature painter, they ask, are we as proud of, as they are of Isabey ? What historic composition can we match for freedom, grouping, or effect, against the *Shipwreck of the Medusa*, by Géricault ? We are afraid that even Mr. Northcote’s *Captain Englefield in the boat*, admirable, spirited, almost sublime as it is, would hardly stand the ordeal on the other side of the water. Our routine of regular-paced Royal Academy art smacks somewhat of the city ; is steeped a little in the mud of the Thames ; inclines to the prosaic and common-place side of nature, more than we would have it understood. Or if it breaks the ordinary *money-getting* trammels, it only flies out into excess and violence, soars beyond “the visible diurnal sphere,” becomes as wild as the dreams of Swedenborgianism, turns the world upside down, and produces only prodigies and distortion. Mr. Haydon, though not an Academician, is neither refined nor lofty ; and Mr. — is absurd, without being sublime. We are not, however, of the number of those who insist on the formal and irreconcilable distinction between high and imitative art, or between portrait and history. We cannot go so far as to agree with that ingenious person in the House of Commons, who declared his belief that the essence and perfection of history painting was to be found in meagre collections of old family-por-

traits. But we *do* contend, that where there is a positive incapacity for history or portrait, neither can flourish in its utmost height, and that it is a bad sign when portrait wants the spirit of history, and history the truth of portrait. The natural spring of genius is spontaneous, and overflows the banks on either side,—it is only the water collected in cisterns and artificial conduits that stagnates, or must be forced into particular and exclusive channels. But enough of preface; and having thus discharged our bile or our conscience (whichever the candid reader pleases), at the outset, we trust that the rest of our criticism will flow in an unusual stream of milk and honey. To “leave face-making,” and begin at the beginning—

No. 3. *Portrait of James Northcote, Esq., R. A.*—This portrait is old and feeble, and has nothing of the falcon glance and Titian air of the original head. But we were to be “as kind as kings upon their coronation day;” and we have already forgotten so amiable an intention.

No. 6. *Guardian Cherubs, in which are introduced resemblances of the Lady Mary Agar, and Honourable Charles Welbore Herbert Agar, infant children of the Earl of Normanton.* W. Etty, R. A. Elect.—This is a pleasing composition, not ill executed. The idea is taken from Sir Joshua, who probably took it from some one else; the style of face is also somewhat the same, and the soft fleshiness which characterised that excellent painter is here exaggerated into paste. We imagine Mr. Etty uses the pure vehicle of oil, with which it is difficult to give sharpness and clearness. It is calculated, indeed, to make his pictures last; a prior consideration is to make them worth lasting.

No. 10. *Italian Scene in the Anno Santo, Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome and St. Peter's, Evening.* C. Eastlake, A.—We, a good while ago, gave Mr. Eastlake a character for *classicality*; he has grown fat upon it, but in other respects he has not improved. This picture has nothing of Rome, of the Anno Santo, or of Italian pilgrims in it: the figures are cut out of cherry-stones, and set in amber. They have none of the breathing look, the wild inspiration, the lofty port, or the “heavenly-musing contemplation” of the persons it represents. The meanest group that approached the Holy City in that hallowed time, had more of the pomp and power of the season in them, than a hundred such pictures as this. It was “a journey like the path to heaven,” to meet a number of these bewildered enthusiasts; their appearance was as gorgeous and as visionary as anything in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. All here, on the contrary, is stifled, finical, and smoothed to the glossiness of a japan tea-board. English students at Rome should stay there, and not disturb a luxurious dream of wondrous improvement. The ashes of the dead do not kindle the flames of the living; and the ordinary faculties they have, are swallowed up by the *genius loci*.

No. 17. *A Mother caressing her Infant Child.* R. Westall, R. A.—Our motto, *nil nisi bonum*, seems in dreadful jeopardy at the very threshold of the Great Room of the Academy: our confusion and vexation are proportionable. This outline style, filled up with pink and white, will only suit vignettes. A wit, whom we once knew,

and who had a pleasant vein of playful bitterness, used to observe, that, "he hated Westall's pictures, and all West's." Mr. Paine Knight, however, in an elaborate disquisition in the *Edinburgh Review*, endeavoured to prove, that some series of Mr. Westall's designs united the elegance of form of Raphael's frescoes of Cupid and Psyche, with the purity of colouring of the mosaic paintings discovered at Herculaneum. We heartily hope it may be so, and that we are dazzled by an excess of beauty.

No. 23. *Portraits of Charles Mundy, Esq. and his Daughter Miss Sophy Mundy, with favourite horses, and a view of Burton Hall, Leicestershire.* R. R. Reinagle, R. A.—A very good out-of-door-scene. One naturally asks the price of oats in looking at it. *Quel bon ménage!* Mr. Lemuel Gulliver would certainly have employed Mr. Reinagle to paint his amiable establishment of Houynhym's.

No. 24. *Alpine Scenery, Canton of Berne, Switzerland.* J. J. Chalon, A.—Very chaste and true.

No. 25. *Sir John Swinburne, Bart., intended for a public institution at Newcastle.* T. Phillips, R. A.—Neither very true nor very good. But Mr. Phillips is not one of those who kiss the rod of criticism, but claims a lofty immunity from it for himself and his friends: Those who do so, are generally in need of it. We have no great difficulty in humouring him. It is only a meretricious appearance of great excellence, that justifies or calls for a severe scrutiny. Where there is neither the appearance nor the reality, little need be said.

No. 53. *Portrait of a Lady.* M. A. Shee, R. A.—Mr. Shee is a very accomplished, and an equally incorrigible artist: his manner is formed; a battery would not have any effect upon it. We dare swear that this portrait is a likeness, and a very pleasing one; with great sweetness and good humour, for we know a person exactly like it, with this reservation, that the cheeks seem streaked with paint, the lips to have had a conserve just applied to them, and the eyes the addition of a mild but preternatural beam of light. It is like a very excellent natural face, badly painted over.

No. 66. *Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst.* Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A.—This is a very fine portrait; all that it wants is a certain tenderness, and transparency of colour, which Sir Thomas ever wants:—it is a pity. The Graces always hover round his pictures, but the Loves are repelled by a peculiar hardness and dryness of manner, totally opposite to that yielding softness and flexibility of texture, which is so essential to the perfection of female portrait. The skin has a parchment or vellum look: a hand in his pictures is like a glove. Sir Thomas frees his ladies from the reproach which Othello casts upon the fair Venetian dame:—

———This hand of your's requires
A séquester from liberty,—fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels.

Mr. Owen's portraits of women had, in this respect, the advantage of his more fashionable rival's; they were evidently moulded of a finer clay, with more repose and susceptibility of feeling, and were, besides, more like ladies, we mean in private life. The line which

separates the woman of quality from the courtesan, it is sometimes hard to hit, and it is often passed. Fashion, if it gives an air of lightness, also gives a hardness and an appearance of callous indifference, which is common to both.

No. 70. *Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet; or the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire.* J. M. W. Turner, R. A.—This is one of Mr. Turner's mechanical extravaganzas. It is literally like a great diaculum plaster spread over his canvas, and tinged with you know not what shapes and meanings. The man can paint a clod, a marsh, a piece of tarpaulin, and he fancies that he "sees visions and dreams dreams." He is a person of an essentially material mind. In metaphysical phrase, his perceptions are *epileptic*; that is, they are borne in upon him without any power of his own to resist or remodify them. We are far from denying, we are the last to deny, Mr. Turner's rare powers; we speak of their direction and limits. Set the palpable object before him, and his eye grasps—his hand executes it with inimitable force and fidelity; beyond this, he is blind and helpless; yet he is always trying to rend the veil that separates the actual from the ideal world; and is only overpowered by a confused mass of light that pours in upon him, and a set of objects without form and void, which he leaves in their crude embryo state. One of the commonest failings of genius is to neglect what it can do, and attempt what it cannot: it feels its prison-doors, and tries to burst through them. Mr. Turner's Muse of painting may have as many eyes and hands, as any of his greatest admirers please; we, who are also among his greatest admirers, deny that it has wings. He is, however, constantly fastening on artificial ones, like Icarus soaring to the source of light and heat, and sharing the fate of that vain-glorious aspirant. Or, if this comparison should offend, as trite and technical, we would recommend him to another, more quaint and less hackneyed—that of Don Quixote, mounted blindfold on the enchanted steed, and sailing in his own imagination through "the azure deep of air," to the empires of the East, while we, like Sancho, slip the bandage from our eyes, and see that his clumsy Pegasus has not stirred from the ground. We shall not repeat these remarks, though we might take occasion in going round the rooms: there is one exception to them, (No. 113, we believe) a sea-piece, in which the painter returns to his first manner; and in which the sails are actually distended on the mast,—the breeze blows fresh in your face,—the waves dash on the beach,—the sand crumbles under your feet. Mr. Turner has not put a bit of his *Della Cruscan* tinsel into it.

No. 83. *The Decoy Farm at Hendon, Middlesex.* F. Watts.—This is the absolute truth of nature. It is not only faultless to the eye, but it carries the whole feeling of the subject along with it.

No. 96. *Musidora.* J. Bethell—This is only the Venus in small oils, with the lower extremities drooping and heavy.

No. 98. *May Morning.* T. Stothard, R.A.—A true scene of fairy-land, a dream such as "youthful poets fancy when they love." What a pity that Stothard, with his elegant, his voluptuous, and delightful ideas of art (for he is the only artist among us who ever gives

back the cherished conception of the mind), should not have had time to add consistency and finish; and that his genius should have been "torn to tatters, to very rags," by print-sellers and wholesale contractors for fine art. Instead of beautiful studies, and often flimsy outlines, we might then have witnessed, and been proud of, something like a union (in an inferior degree, at least,) of the perfections of Rubens and Raphael—the playful, picturesque grouping of the one, with the "sweet-souled" faces and the classical forms of the other. Stothard not only excels in reflecting on his canvas the beauties of the fanciful and romantic poets;—he is (if we judge rightly) the only artist who has hit off the delicate humour and frail mutability of manners, the "Cynthia of the minute," as described by our periodical writers, in his admirable designs for the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and exquisite sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley. We wish our artists would give us an opportunity to praise them oftener: we do it with such ease to ourselves—our pen runs on so of itself when it once slides into a panegyric!

No. 99. *Esther approaching Ahasuerus*. G. Jones, R.A.—This picture is certainly a very fine study of filmy splendour and mystic obscurity, "now in glimmer, and now in gloom," though the occasion hardly warrants the veil of light and shade which is thrown over it, and the arrangement of the masses is too obviously copied from Rembrandt. It is, notwithstanding, a very happy and skilful imitation.

No. 121. *Portrait of Henry Thomson, Esq.* R.A. M. A. Shee, R.A.—A good likeness, and a tolerably unaffected picture.

No. 127. *Interior of an English Cottage*. W. Mulready, R.A.—Mr. Mulready is an artist of great general merit, but we think the present performance a failure; it is hard and tawdry. In straining after an effect of brilliant light (which it is not possible to give), he has sacrificed every other object either of form or expression, and by overcharging his pallet, has produced only crudeness and a painful glitter.

No. 128. *Richard the First, called Cœur de Lion, at the Battle of Ascalon, in the act of unhorsing Saladin*. A. Cooper, R.A.—This, like Mr. Cooper's other pictures, evinces great mastery of design and execution, but wants something of the elevation of history, and the peculiar discrimination of character. It is rash to follow wherever the Author of Waverley has left the print of his footsteps.

No. 140. *Portraits of the Marchioness of Londonderry, and her Son Lord Seaham*. Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.—Our former complaint against the President, of want of fleshiness, is here obviated; but possibly a fastidious eye might object too much redundancy and lubricity to the character of the painting. The marchioness is represented as exceedingly fair and attractive; and the composition is somewhat in the style of Sir Joshua.

No. 146. *The Bishop of Bath and Wells*. Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—Portraits of bishops are generally good. They, in the first place, take care not to commit their persons into bad hands. Then they must make good sitters, from an habitual gravity and decorum, with a sprinkling of self-importance, which gives a *point d'appui*, and a spe-

cific determination to the character. Nothing that concerns the honour of the church, and the respectability of its dignitaries in the eye of the world, is indifferent to them. Titian gave an air of dignity to his portraits by placing his sitters above him. The bench of bishops have this advantage naturally. They also bring their own *costume* and the adjuncts with them. It only remains to supply the head and hands—it is like casting the figure in a mould. Sir William, no doubt, by practice finds it easy. Every artist, before painting a clergyman's hand, should read Mandeville's description of it.

No. 147. *The Minstrel of Chamouni*. H. W. Pickersgill.—This minstrel is an impostor. Shut the door upon him.

No. 158. *Portrait of Earl Grey*. Sir T. Lawrence, P. R.A.—Gentlemanly, expectant, resigned, with a touch of patriotic melancholy and *ex-official* bile. Perhaps the cap may not fit—the coat certainly does not.

No. 161. *Portrait of John Feetham, Esq.* J. Jackson.—Mr. Jackson's colouring differs from Mr. Shee's in this, that his carnations are inserted (so to speak) inside the skin, Mr. Shee's are laid on outside. Mr. Jackson's faces are mottled, the other's tinted. The blood certainly circulates within the veins, and it ought to appear to do so. Of all our modern artists, Mr. Jackson has inherited Sir Joshua Reynolds's mantle, as far as colour and the management of light and shade are concerned. He also succeeds in giving the same broken effect of surface, sometimes carried to excess. If an imitator of the great leader of English art, he is a happy and a deserving one. In his portrait of the Countess of Sheffield (No. 200), he has carried the richness and sparkle of his mingled tones of ivory and gold to the extremest point, where art runs into affectation, but we think without passing beyond it. If Mr. Jackson has not the firm drawing or precision of outline which Lawrence possesses, neither, it may be said, had Sir Joshua, and that master's style in some measure precluded it: but he had a discrimination of character, a natural gentility, and, as it were, a mental grace, in which all his successors fall infinitely short of him. There are numberless heads by Sir Joshua, which make us feel satisfied that we have known the originals; we do not recollect one portrait by a living artist that has added to the stock of our ideas, or enlarged our acquaintance with the characters of men.

No. 165. *Portrait of the Honourable G. Agar Ellis, M.P.* Mrs. W. Carpenter.—We can only say, that if Vandyke had been a lady, we conceive he might have painted in this manner. There is all the air and flutter—nothing else.

No. 173. *Portrait of John Abernethy, Esq.* C. W. Pegler.—We are glad Mr. Abernethy has taken to sitting for his picture. It may teach him to have a little mercy on *his* sitters. Nothing, we hold, softens the manners, and corrects acerbities, more than sitting for one's picture. You endeavour to put on your best looks, and are conscious of being under a scrutiny not very sparing of defects. It is like putting a man in Mr. Bentham's *Panopticon*. The mind “sees not itself but by reflection” in something else. It is, doubtless, looking so much in the glass, that makes our women of fashion so handsome.

No. 174. *Cupid and Nymph*. W. Hilton, R. A.—As we were

about to make an ill-natured remark, we looked in the glass to see if we could detect any lurking signs of malice, but we could not; nor, after smiling graciously, and putting the best possible face on the matter, could we bring ourselves to say, that we liked this picture. Mr. Hilton's compositions, with all their merit, too often remind us of the blank and jejune aspect of English art five and twenty years ago, and we think we cannot remove too far or too fast from that vacant period.

No. 193. *A Composition from Milton*. W. Etty, R. A. Elect.—This production of the ingenious and gifted artist has been much admired, and is, in many respects, worthy of admiration. The subject affords scope for a high degree and great variety of excellence; and, to a certain point, Mr. Etty has attained the end he had proposed to himself. There is spirit, boldness, and a startling effect. The groups are well-conceived and connected; the tones are rich; the figures and attitudes, voluptuous and well-chosen. The invention, in a word, is good; the execution is, we think, faulty. The painter had advanced half way on his road to classic excellence; and there, when he should have proceeded with increased ardour and more careful exactness from being in view of his object, he has stopped short. It is ever the trick of the best English art to do thus. It leaves too much to the imagination. It seems afraid lest we should be surfeited with admiration, and grow fastidious with refinement. It is not so in making a fortune, or in drinking, or in fighting. There nothing will tempt us to turn back. May we not then exclaim, with some show of reason—*Quam nihil ad turum, Papiniane, ingenium?* On a closer view, Mr. Etty's colours, which have a good effect at a distance, want harmonising and delicacy. They are the raw colours as they are first arranged on the palette, which make a fine show indeed, but are not Venetian colouring nor a counterpart of nature. There is a streak of pure yellow, for instance, down the back of one of the nymphs, which is not accounted for as a reflection from an orange-dress on the shoulders of the figure opposed to her. The expression of the faces is vapid; the features rather homely; the limbs, though not ill-drawn, have not that finish and play of the muscles, which alone give lightness and elasticity. They seem lifted up with difficulty, and ready to fall. Have we said enough to vindicate ourselves from a charge of idle prejudice? We fear, too much. The best figure is the woman seated.

No. 217. *Echo*. G. Arnold, A.—A landscape of great taste and merit.

No. 220. *Portrait of his Excellency Count Woronzow*. R. Evans.—A very successful representation of foreign diplomacy.

No. 243. *The Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia*. G. S. Newton.—It is very seldom that subjects from favourite authors satisfy us; nor does the present attempt revive old associations otherwise than to hurt them.

No. 281. *Portraits of Three Brothers, &c.* P. Corbet.—Very like, we dare say; for there is an admirable family-likeness and character preserved.

No. 340. *An attempt to illustrate the opening of the Sixth Seal*. F. Danby, A.—We consider this a fine and impressive picture. The scene and subject are nobly conceived, and however supernatural or uncommon the light, the whole is seen under one point of view, and

is true to the medium that colours it, like objects illumined by phosphorus or the glare of a chemist's shop. The contrasts and transformations that Mr. Danby has introduced, strike and appal the imagination; the chief figures that express the story are large enough to be seen, and are accurately drawn and thrown into appropriate action; and on the whole, we think his performance the triumph of this sort of apocalyptic painting, which is founded on faith, rather than reason; and which, instead of imitating, reverses all we know of nature. The antithesis, is, however, marked and intelligible. The sun is black, the moon red, the earth blue, the flesh green, &c. We know what we have to expect; there is sufficient unity and keeping in contradiction and absurdity, and not a mere aggregate of littleness and confusion. It is like Mr. Shelley's poetry, fanatical and self-willed, but better articulated and made out. We do not applaud the class; we cannot deny the merit of the execution.

No. 352. *Scene in the Highlands, with portraits of the Duchess of Bedford, the Duke of Gordon, and Lord Alexander Russell.* E. Landseer.—Mr. Landseer has here flown at higher quarry than he usually does; and is equally natural in his copies from genteel or from *still-life*. The portrait of the little boy holding up the fish is particularly happy. Still it is not quite so good as his *Terrier and hedgehog*.

No. 415. *Cicero visited by Pompey at his Puteolian Villa.* F. Catel.—Elegant, clear, and classical.

LODGE'S PORTRAITS OF ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS.

Messrs. Harding and Lepard have devised a very pleasant and gentlemanly mode of setting a sample of the very important work which they are publishing, before the world. They have circulated free tickets to nearly all persons of eminence or respectability in town, to view the collection of portraits from which the engravings are made—thus displaying the wares, that those who please may become chapmen. If but a moderate proportion of those who go, subscribe,—we wish the worthy publishers joy; for the rooms are most charmingly crowded, and with *good people*.

It is quite clear that a collection of the bodily similitudes of the most illustrious persons whom England has produced from the days of Harry the Eighth to those of Queen Anne, must be a most interesting subject to gaze on. The result of the general *coup d'œil* is that, without any very considerable quantity of actual beauty, there is an infinite deal of manliness of aspect—very many countenances of strong intelligence—and a very fair sprinkling of what is understood by the term *fine heads*. Of course, it is obvious that we cannot go into the detail of the reflections which naturally and necessarily spring from the contemplation of the bodily image of the worthies of our annals—so doing would need an historical essay of some volumes, instead of a notice of art of a few lines. We may, however, express our regret that the pictures are not ranged chronologically. Such an arrangement would have needed scarcely any additional trouble, and would certainly have greatly heightened the moral effect. Both historically and pictorially,

the interest would have been made more *piquant*. We agree fully with our friend the author of the Family Portraits, when he says, in speaking of *his* series, that "were it only as giving a consecutive view of the progress of the art, it would be well worthy of study. But the changes of costume, and of accessories of every kind, are equally displayed. . . . To contrast the style of the great portrait-painters of England—Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, and Lawrence—by merely walking a few yards, is certainly of extreme interest. But I confess that it is of still stronger for me to be able to say to myself, as I gaze—thus did men live and look three hundred years ago: this man played at tennis with Surrey, and this at mall with Buckingham—this lady was the most celebrated beauty in Elizabeth's court, and this churchman the sternest bigot in Mary's." *

But *here*, we have Surrey and Buckingham, Elizabeth and Mary, themselves: we gaze upon the features, which (even as such) had such mighty influence upon the fortunes of mankind—and we strive through them to trace those qualities of mind which live so vividly in history, and the effects of which, in many instances, we still feel. We are most thankful for the *ensemble* of contemplation which this gallery affords us—in which, indeed, we think its most peculiar interest consists.

The pictures are miniature copies from originals, collected from nearly all the public and private galleries in England. Our wealthy people of old families, who have portraits of the greater part of their race, are obviously willing, from pride as well as courtesy, to allow these copies to be made: and certainly the selection has been conducted with eminently good historical taste and knowledge.

It would be a very interesting occupation to compare and contrast one's preconceived ideas, both imaginative and springing from tradition, of the persons of the most prominent historical characters, with what we here see them to have been. To find Lord Surrey lanthorn-jawed, and with a red beard, and Lord Falkland more resembling the common-place parson of a country village than the chivalrous cavalier of Clarendon's history, is a most startling and jarring contradiction of all pre-conceived notions. But we feel that going through the catalogue in this way would lead us into much greater length than would be fitted for this place. It is not quite impossible that we may bestow a few pages upon the gallery, under this point of view, next month. There can scarcely, indeed, be a more agreeable occupation than passing an additional hour or two there, at all events.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

ON a gloomy afternoon of a day in the last autumn, I was walking through the lonely streets of a fortified town in the north of France, enjoying the balmy stillness of the sunshine, and the tranquil seclusion

* London Magazine, Third Series, No. I. p. 69.

that fails not to dignify the *quartier noble* of a city unmolested by the din of mechanical industry, and unpolluted by the filth of a manufacturing population. The sources, however, of its pride and repose, are commonly the foundation of a certain air of decay—of past greatness and falling fortunes. The baronial escutcheons that marked the entrances to the stately *portes cochères* were, after all, but the badges of poverty, and poverty of the worst description—proud, idle, ignorant poverty!—and the tattered tapestry which garnished the gilded walls within, might have been happily displaced by some more plebeian, but more modern, fabric.

The street in which these reflections occurred to my mind, was unenlivened by a single *magasin*; for the sagacious *marchands* of the town felt that their gay wares would be hard to dispose of among so many proud but poor neighbours; and for the same reason, the merry cry of the itinerant dealer disturbed not its gloomy solemnity. It was long, narrow, and overshadowed by the vast height of the old-fashioned hotels that rose on either side: on one, opening upwards to the rampart of the town; on the other, overlooking interior gardens, apportioned by walls to its several mansions. Of these, the greater part appeared uninhabited; for the French provincial families of distinction migrate as regularly to their adjacent *campagnes*, during the summer months, as though their winter season were passed in the dissipation of Paris; leaving the country towns for the habitation of the *classe bourgeoise*. But the old and respectable mansions before me, although sufficiently dull and dingy in aspect, appeared cheerful and modern, in comparison with one among their number; one, almost a palace in extent, which receded from the street to the rear of a vast paved court, surrounded by an antique iron *grille*, of curious workmanship. The pediment of the extensive *façade* bore the date 1649, as well as a stately show of armorial bearings; and its ponderous window-shutters were not only closed, but, from the ancient cobwebs overspreading their rusty hinges, appeared to have forgotten their original vocation. The flight of massive steps ascending to the portico was rank with weeds; and the court-yard itself exhibited about as fair a show of vegetation, as a child's idea of Stony Arabia.

But, in spite of all this evidence of decay and desolation, there was a silent dignity about the old pile that claimed consideration; and even without the coronet which surmounted its emblazonments, *l'air noble* bespoke respect for its present degradation.

After minutely examining and moralizing over these pretensions, I passed, and went my way: but scarcely had I reached the end of the street, before a recollection of the singular elegance of the metal scroll ornamenting the balconies, induced me to retrace my steps, in order to sketch the design in my pocket-book. The rich yet graceful lightness of the ancient iron-work, both in France and England, might lead one to suppose that this art, like that of glass-staining, has borrowed little from the discoveries of modern science; and while I was cogitating over the causes of this stagnation, I strove to bear away with my pencil some record of the deserted mansion before me.

On raising my eyes from my employment, I perceived I had excited the attention of a grave-looking old man, whose appearance conveyed

so strongly the impression of his having outlived more prosperous days, that I could not fail to recognise him as part and parcel of the ruinous hotel. As such, I respectfully saluted him, and was rewarded by a bow, whose profoundness could not conceal an expression of mistrust and dissatisfaction. Willing to overlook the latter, and to efface, if possible, the former sentiment, I strove to interest him, while he deliberately unlocked the gate, by officious remarks on the state of the weather, mingled with flattering comments upon the work on which I was intent.

"Yes," he replied, with an air of cold inaccessibility, "the grille was certainly *magnifique*—and he had the honour to wish me a good afternoon."

I attempted to detain him by some further flatteries; when, my heraldic foible coming fortunately to my assistance, my notice of the family arms enabled me to appropriate the mansion to its true inheritor, and to mark my knowledge of the high antiquity of his hereditary honours. The old man immediately removed his cocked-hat with some show of courtesy; and his frozen feelings literally thawed to the point of inviting me to enter the court-yard, and to seat myself on one of its stone benches, in order to perfect my drawing with greater precision.

This was at least a first step towards conquest; for already an ardent desire to enter the forbidden mansion had taken possession of my fancy; and I not only accepted his proposal, but laboured to ingratiate myself still farther in his good opinion, while he stood patiently, *en faction*, by the side of the dangerous intruder whom his indulgence had introduced within the mysterious precincts.

Subjects of common interest were not wanting between us. A member of the family of St. Aldegonde had become known to my own, during that period in which Great Britain became the refuge and abiding place of the fugitive nobles of France. He had even died in emigration; and I could tell of his sufferings—his release—his place of sepulture. Much of my information had probably already reached the old family servitor, who stood uncovered, to mark his reverence towards the subject of my narration. But, in the monotonous seclusion of his existence, in his utter removal from the usages and interests of the living world, even these exhausted details were precious to his circumscribed powers of sympathy.

He told me, in return for my intelligence, that he and his wife were the sole occupants of the ruinous hotel, which the family of St. Aldegonde had never inhabited since the Revolution. They had *châteaux*, he said, in Touraine and Anjou, which they preferred to this northern climate.

"You must feel very lonely," I observed, "in that spacious mansion-house, during the long winters."

"*L'habitude fait tout.*"

"But you leave it occasionally?"

"*Que voulez-vous? Depuis si longtemps nous habitons cette maison que nous n'avons guères d'autres objets d'intérêt au monde. D'ailleurs c'est pour le service de nos maîtres.*"

"*Ces maîtres—vous les paraissez chérir avec une fidélité rare de ces jours-ci?*"

'*Hélas ! oui—mais ils ont éprouvés tant de malheurs !*'

'*Le Chevalier qui est mort en émigration étoit, je crois, fils unique ?*'

The old man crossed himself, and replied evasively, '*Il est vrai que depuis sa mort la maison de St. Aldegonde reste sans héritier.*'

My work was now concluded : but long before the last stroke of my pencil, a sort of intimacy was established between us ; and with very little remaining appearance of suspicion and hesitation, the old domestic offered to shew me a balcony overhanging the garden of the house, which he described as far superior in design to those in front. Too discreet to exult openly in my victory, I accepted his proposal with an air of *nonchalance* ; and carelessly following his slow steps to the great door, I heard its weighty hinges croak with the hoarseness of a raven, to greet my entry.

The hall was spacious, and floored with chequered marble ; and its stagnant air struck chill and damp upon the oppressed respiration. It seemed to open into various apartments by lofty doors : and he led me across its vast extent with creeping steps, that appeared to dread their own hollow echo ; till having, opened the garden entrance with no small effort, we passed on, and, to my infinite surprise, he locked it carefully behind us.

That garden—that deserted garden—how deliciously did its desolate sweetness burst upon my senses, as I stood contemplating its tangled alleys, on emerging from the mouldy darkness of the old hall ! I verily believe *mine* was the first foot that had fallen upon its overgrown gravel for a score of years ! It had been unwatered save by the rain of heaven—it had been untouched, save by that hand which directs "all seasons, and their change !" The leaves had put on their greenness with reviving springs, and had dropped to the earth with each returning autumn ; and the trees had stretched forth their huge unpruned branches, until they creaked against the stone walls of the mansion that resisted their further encroachment. The torrent of some sudden rain-storm had worn the gravelled alleys into many a deep channel ; and the thrift bordering their edges had risen into green mounds, for want of restraining culture. The rich carnations, having multiplied their spiral shoots into countless tangles, lay with their bursting flowers glowing upon the earth, in neglected fragrance ;—the matted honeysuckles had barred the entrance of the *bosquets* even to the roving bee ;—and the spring-flowers of the scarlet bergamot shone in bushy clusters, too bright to look upon, almost too sweet to endure.

As we wound our way through the entangled branches of the shadowy walks, my ancient companion appeared absorbed in painful reminiscences ; and, at length, as he unbarred a small marble bathroom, I observed that he stooped to sweep the dust from the rich tessellated pavement, merely to conceal the emotion that twinkled in his eyes. The consciousness of this circumstance repressed the enquiry that rose to my lips, of why had he abandoned so sweet a spot to ruin and neglect ; as well as of what nature were the family afflictions, of which the remembrance appeared so grievous to his mind ;—and, in order to relieve him from my observation, I affected to occupy myself with intently regarding the balconies of the mansion. I noticed that the upper range of windows remained unclosed ; and the old man

having followed the direction of my glance, suddenly left me, and re-entered the house. Shortly afterwards, I perceived him busied in closing the window-shutters above.

I can scarcely describe the sensation of loneliness that took possession of my mind during his absence. It was a still day—not a being, not a breath, not an insect, was stirring around me! The unnatural repose of the spot had scared away the very tenants of the air; and not a bird had hung its tiny home among the thick, heavy branches. The social sparrow shunned so deep a seclusion; and the air of an inhabited city was not sufficiently pure to tempt the “martlet” to hang its “procreant cradle” in the “coignes of vantage” around me. My breath came short as I gazed upon the high gloomy walls by which I was isolated into loneliness, even in the midst of a populous town; and my apprehension of an adventure only subsided, when the melancholy old domestic returned, and I had no longer a pretext for loitering. But although I felt myself compelled to retire, after an expression of polite acknowledgment, I was unable to drive from my thoughts, on my return to “mine inn,” the recollection of the ruinous Hôtel St. Aldegonde, and of its antiquated inhabitant. At night, the same images—the lonely garden-ground—the dark, comfortless, yet splendid mansion—haunted my inquiet dreams. When I rose in the morning, I could not, however, determine myself to question my flippant hostess on the subject; for to refer to the scene into which I had intruded, appeared like breaking the confidence reposed in me. Deeply did I regret that I had not pressed my researches of the preceding day more absolutely to my satisfaction. I had caught a glimpse of a vast saloon, with gilded chairs, and pannelled pictures, and “sich auld world gear.” Would it be impossible to return, and penetrate into the old dwelling and its mysteries?

The morning passed in irresolution. The evening came—and at night I was to depart on my journey. One single enquiry of those around would have settled the business at once; and by disclosing a secret, which was one only to myself as a stranger in the town, would have rescued me from the horrors of—But I must proceed regularly with my story.

I reached the gloomy street, just as the old man sallied forth in an opposite direction. The external gate could easily be unbolted from without; and once more I hurriedly traversed the court-yard, and rang at the rusty bell. Harsh and hollow was the echo within; and presently the head of a withered crone peeped from forth the only unshuttered window, and demanded my business. I replied, that I was the stranger who had been so courteously welcomed by her husband the preceding day; and that having dropped a memorandum from my pocket-book, in the garden, I was anxious to recover it.

“He was crazed to admit thee, methinks,” said the woman; “and I were nothing less myself, to venture a second time.”

“Nay,” said I, “surely, I wear no *very* formidable appearance; and I am willing to acknowledge your trouble.” So saying, I advanced to the window, and tendered her a gold Napoleon; upon which she disappeared, and in the course of a few minutes, I found myself standing once more within the vast and dingy hall. The old *concierge* requested

me to wait while she fetched the keys of the garden entrance; and she ushered me, for that purpose, into a saloon, that proved scarcely less vast or less imposing than the vestibule. She fidgeted about, however, instead of going on her errand, and seemed uneasy at the prospect of leaving me alone. Just as she reached the door, she returned to reiterate her enquiries as to my identity with the visitor of the day before. I was proceeding to satisfy her mistrust with a repetition of my twice-told tale, when I perceived that her attention was arrested by some object near me. Her eyes assumed an expression of alarm and disgust, and she made eager signs to some person to retire. Her evident terror infected me more than I can tell; and I scarcely dared turn round my head, to assure myself, through the twilight, by whom we were approached so stealthily. Slowly, and tremblingly, I ventured at length to turn my eyes; and close to me, *almost touching my face*, there appeared, as I stood petrified with horror, a human ——! No, I cannot, I dare not describe it—it is too dreadful!

Yet how absurd that the mere remembrance should oppress me thus—here, in another country, and after the lapse of twelve months. It was a loathsome human figure—half naked, with matted unshorn hair—the idiot eyes rolling hideously—the leathern cheeks puckered into a chuckling grin—the tongue lolling to one side of the open mouth—and long, shapeless ears, completing the animal physiognomy of the wretched outcast of human nature!

I sprang to the open door, and through the entrance, before the unhappy being could direct its misshapen limbs towards me. I remember stumbling, in the gateway, against the astonished keeper of the deserted mansion and its miserable tenant; and I have never since heard mention of the unfortunate family of St. Aldegonde, and of its *Idiot Heir*, without recalling his apostrophe—“*Helas! ils ont éprouvés de grands malheurs!*”

CHARACTERS OF CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN AUTHORS AND STATESMEN.

No. V.—MONS. JACQUES LAFFITTE,

MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES; WITH A PRELIMINARY NOTICE OF THAT CHAMBER.

THE Chamber of Deputies, which was created on the 4th of June, 1814, by the 15th Article of the Constitutional Charter, bears some resemblance to the opera, in the various distribution of its characters and performers,—its choruses and figurants. Like the latter, it has first-rate stars, and twinklers of minor magnitude; shining public characters, intermixed with puppets and mutes; and the whole assemblage, viewed together in its grotesque costume of antiquated frippery and modern exaggeration, presents us with a very faithful representation of a melo-drama on a grand scale.

The palace in which these legislators hold their sittings, resembles in its external figure that favourite residence of music and song. It is

erected on the left bank of the Seine, at the extremity of the Fauxbourg Saint Germain, and is connected by the bridge of Louis XVI., with the extensive square that terminates the Tuileries.

The portico of this palace is composed of twelve Corinthian columns, surmounted by a triangular pediment, which is adorned with a bas-relief, emblematic of the power and influence of law. A superb staircase leads to this portico, between two statues, representing Themis and Minerva. On the exterior there is a range of statues, bearing the names of Sully, Colbert, D'Aguesseau, and l'Hopital. On the grand gala days of public debate, the pavement of the porch is marked all over with circles drawn with chalk, having each of them a certain number, and a piece of money in the centre. This is done from four to five o'clock in the morning, when numbers of persons come to secure a place by means of this little operation, and then retire till the opening of the Sitting takes place.

The scene of debate is a semi-circular saloon, which is lighted from the top, and is illuminated at night by a lustre, suspended very majestically by invisible means, and kept up during the continuance of the debates. The members are seated on semi-circular rows of benches, which are separated by two wide passages that insulate the centre from the right and left. Three other smaller avenues which sub-divide these three grand divisions form the first and second sections of the left and right, the right centre, and the left centre. At the extreme left are the veteran friends of liberty—the venerable Lafayette, the eloquent B. Constant, the ardent Corcelles, Labbey de Pompieres, Casimir-Perrier, Lameth, and about fifty others, who have grown grey in the career of patriotism. On the left is the party of Terneaux, Duvergier de Hauranne, Keratry, and Saint-Aulaire, who were *doctrinaires* under Decazes, and liberals under Villele,—men of talents and respectable citizens; but mere novices in political intrigue, whose want of foresight and sagacity has twice compromised the interests of France. Immediately on their right the *centre-gauche* appears composed of a species of figurants, of whom the Comte Beugnot was formerly the coryphæus; they are a race of timid men, whom the drudgery of debate fatigues, and who form a chorus when their neighbours of the *centre-droit* call for the order of the day, the question, or the adjournment, and vote according to the dictates of the moment with these functionaries, the doubles of the ministry, or with the friends of liberty.

On the other side of the Chamber, at the extremity of the right, are seated the partizans of the *ancien regime*, Messrs. de Sallabrery, de Corday, Syries de Mayrinhac, de la Boulaye, and a few more half dozens of veteran nobles, or blind admirers of the *preux chevaliers* of the ancient crusades. M. de la Bourdonnaye is the head of this party. It was he who prophesied, in an austere and gloomy voice, the miseries of another revolution, and spoke of scaffolds and massacres on the question of the budget,—endeavouring to draw the timid into his train, by the recollections of the past, and the fears of the future, and to produce the triumphs of the counter-revolution, of which he is doomed to be the champion and the orator. The former President of the Chamber, M. Ravez, takes his seat on the first row of the second section of the right, (where all the fragments of the former ministry are collected,) and supports him with all the force of his inexhaustible lungs.

The ministers occupy the two benches of the centre, which are nearest to the tribune, and are placed in front of the President. The galleries, which are raised above the whole space allotted for the members, are open to the reporters of the newspapers, and to the public. They are separated by the regular openings of an extensive colonnade, and are supported by pilasters, from which green draperies are suspended, surmounted by purple crowns. Behind the President's seat are the busts of the four last Bourbons: Louis XVI.; Louis XVII. !; Louis XVIII.; and Charles X. The superb chair of the President out-tops the tribune, which is enchased with white marble, and on which two figures are placed, in a sitting posture, representing History and Fame. The pedestrian statues of Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, and Cicero, occupy niches which are wrought out to the right and left of the chair, but in which, with more propriety, might be placed the renowned orators of France,—Mirabaud, Vergniaud, Maury, Cazalès, Foy, and Camille-Jourdan. The walls around are ornamented with stucco work, and intersected with plates of gilt metal. Two lateral doors of mahogany, studded with stars of gold, serve exclusively for the exit and entrance of the Deputies. The floor of the room, which is said to be ornamented with allegorical emblems, is usually covered with a rich carpet, formed into squares.

It is now one o'clock—the drum is heard—and that is the signal for the approach of the President, M. Royer-Collard. He repairs to the Assembly between a double row of veterans, who present arms, and is preceded by a captain, who marches before him, with his sword drawn. The galleries are already crowded with spectators, and the reporters of the journals are at their posts. The Deputies enter, and take their places; among them we recognise the Baron de Puymaurin, the Director of the Medal Mint, by his large and dark visage, his enormous paunch, and his spindle shanks; he bows as he passes the ministerial bench, and takes his place at the centre, as near as possible to their high mightinesses. It is also easy to recognise General Sebastiani, by his easy gait and graceful gestures,—by his full and expressive countenance, and his whole exterior, that revives the contours and conceptions of Raphael. His appearance is finely contrasted with that of the publicist, B. Constant, who advances with stooping shoulders, and long and awkward arms. Mons. Charles Dupin next comes in, who casts a glance, indicative of self-satisfaction, at the ladies that grace the galleries; while General Lafayette advances towards his seat with hobbling steps, being saluted by the whole *côté-gauche*, and admired by the spectators for his noble and venerable appearance,—his generous deeds, and the lofty and liberal sentiments that he has displayed during the whole course of his long and stormy career. Since its first creation, in 1814, the Chamber of Deputies has,ameleon-like, changed its physiognomy, colour, and complexion. Under it the eagle has dislodged the lilies, and the coat-of-arms of the kings of France recovered its position three months afterwards, and put the imperial eagles to flight. In 1815, the benches of the *côté-droit* were no longer able to contain the numerous partisans of aristocracy, but the ordinance of the 5th of September, 1816, reinforced the centre with a new band. The law of Elections of the 5th of February, 1817, doubled the ranks of

the constitutional party, at the expense of the advocates of the ancient regime. This law, which is conformable to the text of the Charter, renewed the Chamber of Deputies by one-fifth every year.

The party threatened by this law, perceiving the approaches of the storm which was gathering to overwhelm them, by securing the triumph of public liberty, turned to profit the last day that remained to them, in order to stifle at its birth the law that seemed destined for their own destruction. The struggle was the most stormy and the most splendid that was ever exhibited in the parliamentary annals of France ; and from it came forth the electoral law, which, at the present moment, regulates the representative system of the nation. This law added 192 new members to the 258 that formerly composed the entire body of the Chamber of Deputies, and it established two orders of election. It created the colleges of the departments, formed solely from the fourth part of the total numbers of the electors of each department, selected from the most heavily-taxed classes, that, after having concurred, each by their individual vote, in the nomination of the 258 deputies assigned to the colleges of the Arrondissements, enjoy the additional privilege of voting a second time for the nomination of two, three, or four deputies, according to the new distribution made between all the departments of the 192 members created by the law of the 20th of June, 1820 ; a law which was modified by the ministry of 1824, by substituting, instead of the partial renovation by the one-fifth, an entire renovation every seventh year.

This combined system of the law of election produced the fruits that were expected by the friends of the *ancien regime*, and from the year 1821 to 1827, the different deputies were more or less devoted to the opinions of the *côté droit*. The old *côté gauche* of the Chamber was almost entirely turned out, with the exception of 15 or 20 members only, who escaped from this species of ostracism. However, they had courage enough left, (as they were supported by public opinion) to maintain, with firmness and constancy, a still surviving party. Their voices, proclaiming the truth, made numerous proselytes out of doors, and they laid bare the mask and the sophistry of Villele, by exposing his counter-revolutionary projects, while they attached to themselves the moderate and anti-jesuitical part of the Chamber ; and thus, becoming powerful, they forced the ministry to have recourse to a dissolution, and brought on the liberal elections of 1827. that dislodged the *côté droit*, and thinned the rows of the centre. By this steady operation, they have now, for the third or fourth time, brought forward M. Laffitte to the now populous benches of the *côté gauche* of the Chamber of Deputies.

Jacques Laffitte was born at Bayonne, of poor and obscure parentage. His father was a master-carpenter, who supported with difficulty a very numerous family by his industry. His second son, Jacques, distinguished himself at an early age, by a quickness of parts very uncommon at those years. At the age of 15, he was placed with a banker at Bayonne, of the name of Formlaques, and there speedily made himself conspicuous by his application, and promptness in comprehending all the niceties of commercial transactions. M. Formlaques conceived a friendship for him, and in a very short time young Laffitte

was a complete adept in the line of business which he embraced. Already, by the fruit of his industry, he supported his entire family, when his youthful ambition suggesting to him to appear on a more extensive theatre than that of a small provincial town, he repaired to Paris at the dawn of the revolution. Being provided with a letter of recommendation, as the only ground of his fortune, from M. Formalaques, to the banker Perregaux, he presented himself before him, and was admitted into the house as clerk. The old banker was struck with his simple but intelligent countenance, and his modest and respectful behaviour, and treated him with every degree of kindness. With the assistance of this new auxiliary, the business of the establishment received a rapid augmentation and improvement, which was to be attributed to his ability, vigilance, and perseverance; and in the course of time the son of the poor carpenter of Bayonne became partner, and afterwards, at the death of M. Perregaux, head of that concern, which he has raised to such a high degree of prosperity, and the capital of which, in specie and effects, amounts to twenty millions of French livres.

The political career of M. Laffitte began in 1814; he then enlarged the sphere of his action, and, not bounding his ideas within the limits of a justly-merited reputation, he obtained the still more valuable estimation of being an intrepid citizen, and a man entirely devoted to the interests of his country. Twice, and at two different periods of time, he has saved the treasures of the bank of France. The Emperor Napoleon, on the first approaches of his reverses, endeavoured to convert the resources of the bank to his own account. But the statutes of that establishment were found to be in opposition to the wishes of the Emperor, according to their strict interpretation. The council was assembled; the order of the Emperor was read, and the whole meeting looked at each other with symptoms of terror and trembling, when M. Laffitte, who was the governor of the bank, arose, and with a voice of firmness and energy, refused his assent to a measure that was contradictory to the regulations of the bank, and must, ultimately, be destructive to its credit. But his colleagues were still hesitating, when he vividly reproached them for a weakness that was likely to cover them with infamy in the eyes of the commercial world, and feeling the power of his remonstrances, and the dictates of their own consciences, they joined him in his vote.

On the second occasion, a still greater danger menaced him from a different quarter. He was governor of the bank in 1814, when the greatest anarchy prevailed at Paris, and the allied armies entered it with all the power in their own hands. A messenger from General Blucher repaired to M. Laffitte's house in the evening, charging him, in the name of his superior, to surrender to him the keys of the treasury of the bank. Prompt obedience was insisted on, or else an immediate conveyance to the fortress of Spandau. The officer threatened to put the order in force at that very instant, but M. Laffitte refused to comply, and only requested to be permitted to remain with his family till the following morning. The request was granted, and M. Laffitte, profiting by the few moments allowed to him, despatched an express to the Emperor Alexander, begging him for a safeguard and

protection. The aid-de-camp of Blücher passed the night in the apartments of the banker, but on the following morning the express returned with a favourable and satisfactory answer. When the landing of Napoleon on the shores of Provence was announced at the Tuileries, the royal government felt reluctant to apply to a banker that had exhibited so many striking proofs of patriotism; nevertheless it was to him that the party addressed themselves, in the hour of distress, to transmit to England the disposable sums that were at hand on the approach of Napoleon. M. Laffitte did not hesitate to comply, and take charge of that very delicate commission, forgetful of the rebuffs that he had previously experienced; and handed to the falling monarch a letter of credit on England, before he received the necessary securities himself.

Napoleon again falls; and it is M. Laffitte that is destined to become the depository of his fortune. But what was his recompense? nothing but slanders and insults on the part of the royal government; and what is more, Napoleon, on his death-bed, bequeathed his property to those who had ruined him by their flatteries, but bestowed not a single mark of kindness or gratitude on the man who had assisted him in his distress.

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Laffitte rarely mounts the tribune, but when there he speaks only of that which he thoroughly understands. Though his physical powers are feeble, and his voice weak, he continues to make himself well understood, because he knows well how to secure a hearing. His first speech on the question of the Budget, delivered in 1815, introduced a new era into France. It was the first time that any member ventured, in the tribune, to contradict the statements of the ministers; but this style of speaking soon came into vogue, and the merit of its original invention is justly to be ascribed to M. Laffitte. In all his speeches on subjects of finance, this member is very parsimonious of two things, of which the other orators are very lavish, that is, figures of arithmetic, and figures of speech: he reasons rather than calculates, and, like M. De Labourdonnaye, and, before him, the eloquent General Foy, he never gives into mere declamation. His diction is not always elegant, but it is neat; and his speeches are occasionally diffuse, but never violent. He uses but little gesture, and his preambles, as well as his action, are simple and natural. He delivers, occasionally, unpremeditated sentiments, and very successfully, on unforeseen subjects—his written and spoken language partake of the same character, which, considered with reference to the three excellent speeches which he lately delivered, no longer allows us to believe, (as is groundlessly asserted) that he borrowed the pen of his friend Manuel. Whether the fabric of his mind, or his physical organization be the cause that long periods and theatrical bursts of eloquence do not belong to him, or whether he be mistrustful of his own facility, he makes frequent pauses between his sentences; so that his style of speaking is not at all of a piece, and the contexture of his arguments is not sufficiently close; and the art of transposition is not possessed by him with so much accuracy as to make his conceptions seem to rise naturally one after the other. The following passage in one of his speeches will enable us to estimate both

the man and the speaker, as it furnishes a criterion for judging of the difficult art of speaking about ones self, or the "*art d'egoïser*," which was the term used by the less modern authors of France. M. Roy, the reporter of the Commission of the Budget, having censured the proceedings of the bank, M. Laffitte, who was then governor of that establishment, replied to him, and thus retorted on the speaker for insinuations that appeared to him to be personal:—"I am not a contractor, and my fortune which is purely commercial, does not owe its origin, or its further progress, to speculations, in which the premium of risk is comprised in the state of the original bargains—I owe it to the honourable industry of forty years, and to a spirit of fair-dealing, which causes every man to believe that he may rely on my good faith and integrity."

As a public man, M. Laffitte is a friend to liberty; and being a foster-child of the revolution, he will always feel for it a sort of filial piety. In his private capacity he is generous, benevolent, and humane; faithful in his friendships, and easy and engaging with his occasional acquaintance. In other respects, his vanity is excessive, and he carries it to the extreme; so that flattery, however gross it may be, is eagerly swallowed by him on every occasion. Behold him, any evening, at one of his grand balls, where the most select society of Paris is collected around him, of those most distinguished for rank, talents, importance, and property, to the number of two or three thousand. He there resembles a king receiving the homage of his subjects, rather than the master of a house that seems eager to give a kind and hospitable reception to his guests. This degree of stiffness is rather inexplicable, because the habits of M. Laffitte are simple, and amidst the gorgeous glare that surrounds him, he frequently betrays symptoms of his originally humble condition, and narrow economy and thrift. Thus, on these evenings of parade, he frequently takes a sponge in his hand to wipe off the water that flows down from the panes of glass, so that it may not spoil his fine mouldings, and the elegant gilding of his windows. But what are these little weaknesses compared with the many valuable qualities with which they are attended? As he possesses an immense fortune, it may be asserted that no man knows better than M. Laffitte to make a good use of it. His purse is always open to the wretched and unfortunate. He has relieved the indigence of the family of Ney, by giving his only daughter in marriage to the eldest son of that Marshal. He has also relieved his proscribed countrymen; and those especially who have taken refuge at London, have received ten thousand livres as gratuities of his bounty. In short, he is the natural protector of all industrious enterprises, of all useful talents, and all sufferers under unmerited misfortune; and there is scarcely a single useful enterprise, or benevolent society in France, to which M. Laffitte has not contributed either by his influence, his counsels, or his purse.

SUPPLY OF WATER IN LONDON.*

NEXT to the atmospheric fluid, without which no organized being can grow or live, water is probably the most essential of natural substances, and more especially to the inhabitants of a crowded city; it is the foremost requisite, as well for cleanliness as for health. Some of the most splendid remains of antiquity are those aqueducts by which this substance was conveyed to the ancient cities; but though these were splendid, the supply which they afforded was not ramified over the whole population, and given to every house, and almost to every room, as it is in London. The number of mains and pipes that are laid down in the metropolis and its suburbs is almost incredible, and, considering the extent and intricacy of this subterraneous machinery, it is really astounding that the whole should be kept in such good order as it is. No doubt the inhabitants pay high, and in some instances probably too high, for it; and probably, also the great capital required for the establishment of a water company, gives to the existing companies a portion of the power and the evil of monopolists; but, after every allowance, it must be admitted that the quantity supplied, and the mode of supplying it, are among the most beneficial triumphs of modern art. Upwards of a million of human beings, a countless number of other animals, and many works and manufactories of great extent, derive their supply entirely from this source. If, indeed, the quality of the water were as good as the supply is abundant, people would hardly grumble at the price.

But any one who considers from whence the far greater portion of this supply is taken, must at once see that it cannot be pure, and the wonder is that no general or public complaint was made on the subject, until that one within these few years which led to the report now before us. No doubt this was partly owing to a general prejudice in favour of Thames water. In the country, that prejudice was so strong, that the superior quality of London porter was attributed to the Thames water, although every drop of water used in the preparation of that beverage be drawn by pumps from a bed of sand many fathoms under the Thames. Something even like a power of choice was given to that water, and it was supposed manfully to resist a permanent union with anything impure. The valley of the Thames, taking the whole of its ramifications, contains a population of more than two millions; the soil in the lower part of it is in a state of very high cultivation; and most of the streams which compose a river have their sources in a chalky soil. Any one must see, therefore, that the Thames must everywhere contain a considerable portion of salts of lime from the remote sources, and of animal and vegetable matters from the places immediately adjacent to the river. It is true that the greater portion of the mud, by which the Thames is rendered turbid during land-floods, is flint, or siliceous matter, in a state of minute division, and, therefore,

* Report of the Commissioners appointed by his Majesty to inquire into the state of the supply of Water in the Metropolis, dated April 21st, 1828; printed by order of the House of Commons.

when the water is allowed to stand, it is soon precipitated ; but, though this siliceous matter separates sooner from the water than if it were mixed with argillaceous or clayey substances, it is doubtful whether it can so completely separate those organic substances which undergo putrefaction and decomposition in the water, and give it far more noxious qualities than it could receive from merely mechanical mixture with the simple earths. It is the chemical action of those substances, aided no doubt by the acids of the calcareous salts, which makes water, recently taken from the Thames, ferment and give out those binary compounds of hydrogen with carbon and sulphur and phosphorus, in the cistern or the stomach, as it may happen, of which the odour is far from pleasing, and the action upon the human system anything but sanative. The great quantity of matter of this description which the water of the Thames contains, more than is contained in water which does not pass through so many animal and vegetable remains, causes the Thames water, or rather the substances in it, to undergo the putrid fermentation sooner. As, when this has once taken place, whatever salts may remain in the water are in a quiet or neutral state, it may be very true that the Thames water may be the soonest to purify itself, and also keep best during long voyages ; and yet, so far from this being an argument in favour of its purity in a recent state, its force and conclusion lie the very opposite way. We shall not farther, however, pursue the general argument, but proceed at once to the Report, which, though it does not touch upon all the points that would have been desirable on such a subject, and, though it has been officially, and we do think not very wisely, narrowed from the original intention, is yet as curious, as able, and as valuable a document as we have met with for some time.

Three men better adapted for collecting the truth upon such a subject, and filtering the prejudices from it, as one would say, could not have been selected. Dr. Roget is a very candid and able physiologist, and was well qualified to keep the theory of the effects of the water on the human body, within proper bounds ; Mr. Brande is a skillful chemist ; and Mr. Telford stands foremost as an engineer : and when we have mentioned the names of these men, we need hardly say, that the evidence has been accurately taken, and the substance of it very fairly embodied in the Report.

When (under the direction of Mr. Sturges Bourne, we believe) the Commissioners were first appointed, they were directed to make their inquiry in three branches, "First, to ascertain the *sources* and *means* by which the metropolis is supplied with water, and their efficiency as to the *quantity* of the water ; secondly, to determine the *quality* of the water ; and, thirdly, to obtain such information as might enable them, if necessary, to suggest *new methods* or *sources* of *supply*, or to point out the means of ameliorating those now in existence. A recent communication prohibited them from offering any suggestion as to new sources or improvements of the existing ones. Thus their Report is limited to the salubrity of the water ; but the evidence and the appendix contain much useful matter on the other branches of the enquiry, so that we shall divide our brief summary into three sections.

I. **THE SUPPLY OF WATER.**—For the whole population, on both sides of the Thames, there are eight water-companies, all of whom, with the exception of two, (the two largest ones indeed), take their supply from the Thames, though under different circumstances—some of them taking it up more and some less pure; some of them purifying it in cisterns, ere they send it out to the public, and others not.

1. *The New River Company* gets its supply chiefly from the spring at Chadwell, between Hertford and Ware. It comes in an open channel of about forty miles in length, to reservoirs at Clerkenwell, which, the town having now stretched completely round it, must receive a considerable quantity of charcoal, coal-tar, and ammonia from the smoke. There are two reservoirs, having between them a surface of about five acres, and an average depth of ten feet. These reservoirs are eighty-four feet and a half above low-water mark in the Thames, and, by means of steam-engines and a stand-pipe, an additional height of sixty feet can be given to the water, so that all the mains belonging to this company are kept full by a considerable pressure of water. The highest service given by the New River, is the cistern on the top of Covent Garden Theatre. The aqueduct by which the water is brought has but little fall; thus it wastes by evaporation during the drought of summer, and is impeded by frost in the winter. At these times, the company pump an additional supply from the Thames at Broken Wharf, between the Blackfriars and Southwark Bridges. To this, however, they seldom have recourse; and their engine, which they have erected only since the works at London Bridge were broken down, has worked only 176 hours in the year. The New River Company supply 66,600 houses with water, at an average of about 1,100 hogshead each in the year, or in all, about seventy-five millions of hogsheads annually.

2. *The East-London Water Works* are situated at Old Ford, on the river Lea, about three miles from the Thames, and a little below the point to which the tide flows up the Lea. By the act of parliament, this company must take its water when the tide runs up, and the mills below have ceased working. The water is pumped into reservoirs and allowed to settle; and a supply of 6,000,000 gallons is daily distributed to about 42,000 houses. This Company supplies no water at a greater elevation than thirty feet, and the usual height at which the delivery is made to the tenants, is six feet above the pavement; they have 200 miles of iron pipes, which in some places cost them seven guineas a yard. This and the New River are the only companies which do not draw their supply of water entirely from the Thames. The portion of Thames water, drawn by the latter company, with their engine at Broken Wharf, is ascertained; but there is no evidence as to the quantity of Thames water that may be in the flood-tide of the Lea, although the probability is, that there is very little, if any at all, as the damming up of the Lea is probably sufficient to produce the rise.

3. *The West Middlesex* derive their supply of water from the Thames at the upper end of Hammersmith, about nine miles and a half above London Bridge, and where the bed of the Thames is gravel. The water is forced by engines to a reservoir at Kensington, 309 feet long,

123' wide, and 20 deep; paved and lined with bricks, and elevated about 120 feet above low water in the Thames. They have another reservoir on Little Primrose Hill, about 70 feet higher, and containing 88,000 hogsheads of water, under the pressure of which the drains are kept charged, in case of fires. They serve about 15,000 tenants, and the average daily supply is about 2,250,000 gallons.

4. *The Chelsea Water-Works* derive their supply from the Thames about a quarter of a mile east of Chelsea Hospital, and they have two reservoirs, one in the Green Park and another in Hyde Park,—the former having an elevation of 44 feet, and the latter of 70. These reservoirs have never been cleaned, nor is any preparation made for that purpose in their construction. About one-third of the water served out by this company is allowed to settle in these reservoirs, and the remaining two-thirds are sent directly from the Thames. Latterly, however, the company have been making preparations for filtering the water, and also for allowing it to settle in reservoirs at Chelsea before it is delivered in the mains. The Chelsea Company serve about 12,400 houses, and the average daily supply is 1,760,000 gallons.

5. *The Grand Junction Company* derive the whole of their supply from the Thames immediately adjoining Chelsea Hospital; thence it is pumped without any filtration or settling into three reservoirs at Paddington. These reservoirs are about 71, 86, and 92 feet above the high-water mark in the Thames; their united contents is 19,355,840 gallons; and, by means of a stand-pipe, the water is forced to the height of 147 feet, or about 61 feet above the average reservoir: the number of houses supplied by the Grand Junction Company is 7,700, and the average daily supply is about 2,800,000 gallons.

These five companies supply the whole of London and its environs north of the Thames; while the buildings and works south of the river are supplied by the three following:—

6. *The Lambeth Company* takes its supply from the Thames, between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges. It is drawn from the bed of the river by a suction-pipe, and delivered to the tenants without being allowed to subside,—there being only a cistern of 400 barrels at the works, as a temporary supply, until the engines can be started. The greatest height to which this company forces water is about 40 feet, the number of houses that they supply is 16,000, and the average service is 1,244,000 gallons daily.

7. *The South London or Vauxhall Company* take their supply from the River Thames by a Tunnel, which is laid 6 feet below low-water mark, and as far into the river as the third arch of Vauxhall Bridge. At that particular place, the bed of the Thames is described as being always clean and without any of those depositions of mud, and more offensive substances that are found in many other places. Besides, the greater purity of the bed of the Thames here, than where any other company on the south side takes its supply, the Company allow the water to settle in reservoirs. The Vauxhall Company supply about 10,000 houses with about 1,000,000 gallons of water daily.

8. *The Southwark Water Works* (the property of an individual) are supplied from the middle of the Thames, below Southwark and London Bridges; and the water thus taken is sent out to the tenants without standing to settle or any filtration, further than that it receives from

passing through wire grates and small holes in metallic plates. The number of houses supplied by these works is about 7000, and the average daily supply about 720,000 gallons.

The elements of this supply will be better understood, by collecting the results into a table as follows:—

Companies.	Services.	Average per Day. Gallons.	Gallons Annually.	Average per House.
1. New River .	67,000	13,000,000	4,056,000,000	182+*
2. East London .	42,000	6,000,000	1,872,000,000	143—
3. West Middlesex	15,000	2,250,000	702,000,000	150
4. Chelsea . .	12,400	1,760,000	549,120,000	142—
5. Grand Junction	7,700	2,800,000	873,600,000	363+
6. Lambeth . .	16,000	1,244,000	388,128,000	77+
7. South London	10,000	1,000,000	312,000,000	100
8. Southwark .	7,000	720,000	224,540,000	102+
Total	183,100	28,774,000	8,977,388,000	157+

Average per house north of the river 196 gallons.

Average ditto south 93 gallons.

From this table, it appears that the average supply, per house, is more than twice as much on the Middlesex side of the Thames as on the Surrey side, and that the district supplied by the Lambeth Works does not receive one-fifth the quantity which is supplied by the Grand Junction. It is true that, in many places of that district, the houses are much smaller than in the other; and it is also true, that not so much is consumed in watering the streets, the supply for that purpose being in some cases taken directly from the Thames, and the watering very imperfectly done in others; but still, as the population is very dense, it is possible that these small houses contain, upon the average, as many human beings each, as the largest houses in other districts. Hence it should seem that either the one district has an over supply, or that the other has not enough. In cases of fire, too, frequent and serious complaints have been made of the damage that has ensued, from the delay and difficulty of obtaining water. For this latter purpose, it does not appear from the evidence, more especially in the case of the Lambeth works, that there is a sufficient pressure from a head of water upon the mains; and we have observed that the plugs are not so often drawn for the purpose of cleaning the pipes on the south side of the river, as they are on the north.

The services on that side are not so regular—at least, not so frequent, as on the north side of the river; and we have known instances in which houses were supplied only once a week.

The total daily consumption of water, supplied by the companies, is, for all purposes, about 4,650,000 cubic feet, and would require a circular pipe of about six feet in diameter, flowing at the rate of two miles an hour, without any interruption. This quantity is so great, and the importance of finding means to obtain it in a proper state of purity is so obvious, that we cannot help regretting that the Committee were not permitted to offer their opinions upon that, the most important, part of the subject.

* + Means, that there is a fraction of a gallon more; — that there is a fraction less.

II.—THE QUALITY OF THE WATER.—On this branch of the subject, the Commissioners proceeded in two ways: they examined evidence as to the appearance and effects of the water; and they caused an analysis to be made of portions taken from the river, under different circumstances, and at different places.

1. *Evidence.*—Dr. James Johnson, of Suffolk-place, stated, that the water of the Chelsea Company is very hurtful; that there is an oily scum on the top; that there are many pernicious substances dissolved in the water; and that he had felt pain after using it. He found the New River water, though turbid when it first came in, free from most of these exceptionable qualities.

The Operator of the Apothecaries' Company described the New River water as being, after boiling and settling, fit for most medical purposes, but not for washing white precipitates.

Mr. I. L. Henner, a surgeon, gave evidence, that the roads about Battle Bridge are watered out of the common sewer, the smell of which is very offensive; and Mr. Curtis, a publican, proved that he was forced to close the doors and windows of his house, during the operation.

John Dill, M. D., gave a favourable account of the New River water; and Mr. Starkey gave the same of the East London; the Secretary of the London Hospital, however, mentioned the appearance of shrimps and other insects in the latter; the Clerk to Marylebone work-house spoke as to the general good qualities of the water supplied by the West Middlesex Works; and Mr. Luckie, a fishmonger, described it as being well adapted for the preservation of live fish; the only fault being that it is sometimes a little thick. The apothecary to the Middlesex Hospital gave a favourable account of the water supplied by this company.

One of the proprietors of Hatchett's Hotel described the water of the Grand Junction Company as wholly unfit for use; the deposited mud having a very offensive smell—the water abounded in insects, and an eel, three-quarters of a pound weight, had been taken out of one of the pipes. In consequence of the offensive state of the water supplied by the company, the proprietors of this large establishment sank a well to the depth of about three hundred feet; the strata through which they passed were 14 feet of gravel, 230 feet of blue clay, 14 feet of red clay, 4 feet of a black soil like peat, containing large shells, and lastly, a mixture of green sand and red clay, from which the water came to within no great distance of the surface. The water from this great depth was found to be as soft as Thames water, and to decompose soap fully as well.

The landlord of the Blue Posts, in Cork Street, described the water supplied by the Grand Junction Company as containing half a table-spoonful of black mud in two quarts, sometimes having an oily scum on the surface, and as being unfit for most domestic purposes. Mr. Goodhugh, a fishmonger, and Mr. Downs, an oyster-merchant, represented the water of the Grand Junction Company as destructive both of the life and the good qualities of fish. Mr. Hall described the water of the same company as having a smell of putrid animal matter, which is not removed by boiling, and as being injurious to the health of the

females employed by him in his business. Mr. Cotterell of the Waterloo Road, Mr. Hadunt, Mr. Carr, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Punchen, represented the water supplied by the Lambeth works as being very foul and offensive.

A number of witnesses spoke of the badness of the Southwark water. It is thick like pease-soup, deposits three or four inches of mud in a fortnight, contains periwinkles, shrimps, and various other insects, and often has a very offensive smell.

The general scope of the evidence adduced on the state of the water, as supplied from the different works, tends to establish the following points:—

That water taken from the Thames, at any point below Chelsea Hospital, is less pure than that taken from the Lea, or the New River.

That the quality of the water taken from the Thames depends a good deal upon the nature of the bottom where it is taken, and also upon the proximity or distance of common sewers. The water taken by the South London Company at Vauxhall, being more free from impurities than that taken farther up by the Chelsea and Grand Junction Companies; and that taken by the latter of these being the least pure, though taken farthest up the river, probably from the proximity of that company's dolphin to the great Ranelagh sewer.

That water taken from near the surface of the Thames is less contaminated than that taken from the bottom—the water raised by the wheels at old London Bridge being better than that now drawn in the vicinity. Besides the evidence as to the state of the water served by the companies, witnesses were examined with regard to the general state of the Thames; all these witnesses concur in representing that water as being more foul and deleterious than it used to be.

It was stated by the yeoman of Billingsgate, that formerly four hundred boats were constantly employed in fishing in the Thames between Deptford and Richmond, that 10,000 salmon were sometimes caught in a season, and 50,000 smelts in a day; but that within the last fifteen years, (chiefly since the great use of gas,) the number of boats has diminished one half, the trade is unprofitable for the remainder, and there are now no salmon caught. The causes to which he attributes the deterioration are, the additional quantity of impurity discharged by the sewers, since the whole soil of the metropolis was washed down by these; the refuse of the gas works which is discharged during the night, and floats on the surface in patches like oil; and the stirring up of the mud in the bed of the river, by the action of steam boats. Several witnesses declared that they had seen the fish attempting to escape the effects of this fluid, by leaping upon any bit of wood that happened to be floating on the river; and the traders in eels from Holland, complain, that from about Woolwich to Billingsgate, they are often overtaken by "bad water," which makes their eels first jump up in great agitation, and then die. After death they become spotted, and the wells in which they are kept smell strongly of gas. The evidence of several fishmongers went to shew, that live fish cannot be kept in water drawn from the Thames below Chelsea Hospital. Of the cargoes of eight Dutch vessels, containing 100,000 pounds of healthy

eels that arrived at Gravesend in the month of July, 1827, 67,500, or more than two-thirds of the whole, died before they could reach the market. Twelve years previously, there never was a loss of more than thirty pounds in one night, but now, a vessel will lose her whole cargo, about 14,000 pounds, in a single tide, and when the weather is calm and fine.

From the evidence, one may infer that no great portion of this oily matter, which is so hurtful to fish, can get into the pipes of those companies that draw their supply from below the surface; but, from the fact that the water sent by these companies also poisons the fish—even eels that can live buried in mud—one must also infer, that, independently of this floating substance, there must be in the water, and most likely chemically dissolved in it, and therefore inseparable by any filtration, some substance fatal, even to the sluggish and retentive life of eels, and therefore injurious to the human system. With a view to discover this, the commissioners proceeded to—

II. THE ANALYSIS OF THE WATER.—Specimens of the water taken at different parts of the river, and under different circumstances, were severally examined by Dr. Bostock, by Dr. Lumlie, and by Dr. Pearson, and Mr. Gardener. The analyses are long and minute, so that we can only state some of the results; and we may remark, *in limine*, that, notwithstanding the ability of the examiners, and the attention which they bestowed upon the examination, we are not sure but the most deleterious part may have escaped in the early stage of the process—that was slow evaporation in open vessels, during which the decomposition of the organic matter probably took place; as, while the process was going on, Dr. Bostock remarks, that a nauseous odour, resembling that which proceeds from foul drains, was given out by the water. We are inclined to think, that much of the injurious qualities of the water consists in the fetid gases, and in the process by which they are eliminated; and to them, we are sure, is owing that *factor* of the water in the cisterns which renders them such unpleasant accompaniments to a dwelling-house in warm weather. With all due deference, therefore, to the skill and talents of the analysts, we wish that they had performed their preliminary operations in close vessels, and collected the gaseous products as well as the residuary matter. We grant that the operations would have been nice, delicate, and liable to error; but where the health and comfort of more than a million of human beings were at stake, we do not think any means of getting at the truth should have been omitted.

Four of the most impure specimens, remitted to Dr. Bostock, were, from the Grand Junction at low water, the New River engine at half ebb, the same at high water, and the Lambeth at high water. "There were," says Dr. Bostock, "two obvious varieties of extraneous matter. What appeared to be in the greatest quantity resembled mosses of flocculent matter, which seemed composed of a fibrous substance, probably of vegetable origin; the next most abundant ingredient was like minute white scales, similar to what are often exfoliated from the cuticle; these were much longer than the fibrous matter in subsiding, and were again mixed with the water by a very slight agitation. Besides these, there were bodies resembling the exuvæ or larvæ of

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insects; and in one specimen there were masses of white fibres radiating from a centre, like the patches of mould that are formed on some paste or jelly."

Each of the specimens above enumerated contained $\frac{8}{10}$ ths of a grain of solid residuum from sixty cubic inches of water. The saline contents of the most pure and the most impure were nearly the same. Those of a specimen (the purest of the whole) taken at the West Middlesex engine, at low water, were—

	Grains.
10,000 grains left on evaporation	1.95
Carbonate of lime	1.53
Sulphate of lime	0.15
Muriate of soda and of magnesia	0.20
Organic matter	0.07

The products of the same quantity of one of the foulest specimens, taken from the Lambeth engine, at high water, were as follows—

Carbonate of lime	1.55
Sulphate of lime	0.12
Muriate of soda and of magnesia	0.23
A trace of alumine and of ammonia	—
Organic matter	2.02

Total in 10,000 grains . 3.90

From the comparison of the best and worst specimen, in the following Table, it appears that the chief difference in the impurity consists in the organic matter,—the quantity in the latter being more than ten times that in the former. It farther appears that the kind of organic matter varies with the cause of impurity near which the water is taken up, being more vegetable at Bankside, where there are many timber-yards and saw-mills, more animal near the great common sewers, and having a sourish taste at the Lambeth engine, in the vicinity of the great lead works.

We shall not pursue the analysis any further, neither shall we in the mean time advert to any of the plans for the amelioration of the supply of water, which are given in the Appendix to the Report, because, as none of them proceeds upon a proper survey,—which the Commissioners are prohibited, by the Secretary of State, from taking—none of them can be relied on. The general conclusion to which we are forced to come, upon a most careful examination of the report, the evidence and many collateral circumstances, is, that the water of the Thames contains many mechanical impurities, which may be separated from it by filtration or settling, as well as several chemical combinations, some of which, as the mineral salts, are perfectly harmless, and others of a deleterious nature; that the quantity augments greatly as the lower part of the city is approached, and that they cannot be separated entirely by any process which the companies, taking their supply from that part of the Thames, can afford to make the water undergo.

The relative Purity of the Water, at the several Works, at different times of the tide, are stated by Dr. Bosrock, in the following Table :—

	LOW WATER.	HALF FLOOD.	HIGH WATER.	HALF EBB.
EAST LONDON.....	45. Transparent; no taste or odour; a few fibrous masses.	47. East London Reservoir:—	Nearly similar to No. 45.	1. Floating masses of fibres, films, &c. slightly opaque and brown; slight woody flavour.
SOUTHWARK.....	3. The same as 45.	17. Many fibrous masses; brown; flavour and odour of decayed wood.	49. Less of the fibres, more of the flocculi; brown; flavour of wood.	43. The same as No. 49.
BROKEN WHARF.....	5. No fibres, but many small particles; opaque; odour of bilge water.	18. Considerable quantity of extraneous matter; flavour of stagnant water.	51. Much loaded with extraneous matter, fibres and white particles; flavour of decayed wood.	41. One of the most impure, in all respects.
LAMBETH.....	7. Nearly resembling No. 1.	21. Nearly resembling No. 49.	53. Perhaps the most loaded with extraneous matter; unpleasant odour.	39. Loaded with extraneous matter; decided woody taste.
SOUTH LONDON.....	9. Nearly similar to No. 45.	23. Nearly similar to No. 21.	55. Considerably loaded with extraneous matter; flavour of stagnant water.	37. Nearly similar to No. 49.
CHELSEA.....	11. Considerably loaded with impurities; opaque; stagnant flavour.	25. Nearly similar to No. 49.	57. Loaded with fibres and films; opaque; flavour and odour of decayed wood.	35. One of the most impure specimens.
GRAND JUNCTION.....	13. One of the most impure specimens; flavour and odour of decayed wood.	27. Rather more than the average of extraneous matter.	59. Very similar to No. 57.	33. More than the average of extraneous matter; opaque; flavour of decayed wood.
WEST MIDDLESEX.....	61. Purest of all the specimens.	63. Nearly as pure as No. 61.	31. Less than the average of extraneous matter, but rather more than Nos. 61 and 63.	65. Nearly in the same state as No. 63.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. III.

So!—our correspondence begins to thicken,—letters of congratulation, letters of praise, letters of gossip, letters of cant—aye, and even letters of abuse—all find their way into the great receptacle, our letter-box. The latter, of course, are from authors with whose opinions of their works we have not agreed; or artists from whom we have had the misfortune to differ, on the subject of their last new picture. The letters of cant, which are (*laus Deo!*) but few, were forthwith turned into covers for our newly-bound copy of the *Roué*, which had just come home; the letters of gossip were ordered to stand over “till after tea;” which, seeing that we never sin so small as to imbibe that beverage, is probably a postponement of a few years; while the letters of compliment—but no—we shall not reveal what we have done with them, for fear we should not receive any more.

But, by far the greatest number of our letters are those which accompany neat manuscripts, expressive of the author's hope of insertion in the next month's Magazine. If it were not really breaking the seal of that secrecy which editorial, like sacerdotal, duty binds us so inviolably to preserve, a selection from these documents would, above all things, afford amusement to our readers. Even when in no degree ridiculous in themselves, the contrast of the tone and appearance of one from the other is, in itself, inexpressibly diverting;—one all form, another all affected familiarity, a third still more affected condescension; one talking of insertion as a blessing almost too great to be hoped—a second taking it for granted, and naming a high price for the article—another providing in the most business-like manner for either alternative, naming due means for the transmission of the money or the manuscript. Alas! editors though we be, we have not hearts of steel!—often, in sad and sober truth, does it give us a pang to wound the feelings and disappoint the hopes of a young writer with talent, and even taste, but without experience, or nerve, or bustle, to work his way in this hard town—we often feel—but, pshaw! this will never do; an editor should, like Fontenelle, bid adieu to feeling and to pastoral poetry at a very early age.

What have we here? We know that hand, and a welcome one it is;—hum—“article on the present state of the House of Commons: source is personal information,”—hum—hum—“have kept in view your principle of ‘utility,’ and avoided ‘fine writing.’” Well done, that's right,—“hope I have not fallen into the opposite fault.

Dum vitant stulti vitia

You know the rest.” Do we?—let us see,—yes, think we do—

. in contraria currunt.

No, no, you have not done that—"I may be severe, but am not unjust,"—hope not—let us see.—Humph! pretty well for severity, indeed!

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash!

Mercy on us!—here's work! What will become of us if we insert this? As we once saw said in the 'Edinburgh Review,' "an action on this" article, "with Scarlett for the plaintiff, would be valuable property." Yet, no—hang it, there is not a word in it *privately* personal throughout. Public men are, certainly, pretty smartly spoken of as such; but there is not one word of them out of the House of Commons. No; the thing is a great deal too spirited, too clever; aye, and, on the general points, at least, too *true* to be lost. We must use the pruning-knife, or, as our correspondent, no doubt, will say with Puff, "the pruning-knife!—zounds, the axe!"—and, having curtailed the luxuriance of the article beyond what *we*, and, doubtless, far beyond what the author, could desire, in it goes. Our readers will recollect our correspondent *loquitur* :—

"HOUSE OF COMMONS—Session of 1828.

In one poor isle why should two factions be?

Small difference in your vices I can see.—DRYDEN.

Cum sitis similes paresque vita,

Miror non bene convenire vobis.—MARTIAL.

"Among the many extraordinary occurrences of the times we live in, not the least is this, that the present is the first Session of the House of Commons, since it assumed the rank of an independent assembly, that has witnessed the total extinction of "opposition," or that division of the members of the House into two hostile parties, each pre-determined to dispute and thwart every measure proceeding from the other. This absence of party hostility is ascribed by some to the absence of any measures involving great constitutional principles, or affecting, on one side, the liberties of the people, or, on the other, the influence of the crown. But this is not an adequate cause; for, in this very Session, the House of Commons has discussed and decided on questions of the first importance, whether as to abstract principle or practical effect. For instance, the Penryn and East Retford disfranchisement Bills, involving the system of representation; the Corn Bill, most important to not merely the *well-being*, but the very being of the population; and the repeal of the Test Acts, comprehending the sacred principles of religious liberty. Others contend, that the extinction of political division is caused by the absence of members gifted with extraordinary abilities, or stimulated by overleaping ambition; but whom have we lost this Session? Canning, to be sure, ambitious and eloquent; and Plunkett, more truly eloquent, but more selfishly ambitious. Plunkett, however, never led, and never could lead, a party; and though Canning's incipient desertion from Toryism to Liberalism raised up enemies to him among the High Church-and-King men, there can be little doubt that, had he survived, he would, in a short time, by a course of wise, yet conciliatory conduct, have

extinguished the party spirit that assailed his accession to the chiefship of the treasury. But is there neither eloquence nor ambition in the House of Commons? Yes; abundance of both. Mr. Peel, the most ambitious man in England, but without genius or eloquence to bear up his ambition; and Sir James Mackintosh, the most constantly eloquent man in Parliament, without any ambition at all; beside Mr. Brougham, both eloquent and ambitious, and the veteran Tierney, with his wit and sarcasm nearly as pungent and delightful as they were twenty years ago; and the scores of other clever, aspiring men, that sit on the left hand side of the Speaker, yet not forming anything like a concerted or a connected opposition; or, if an opposition at all, just such a one as Mr. Hobhouse justly and wittily called "His Majesty's opposition." To what, then, are we to ascribe the absence of party in the House of Commons? To that powerful and irrepressible influence that was opposed by Castlereagh, and that was denounced as revolutionary by Eldon; which yet has survived Castlereagh and his Six Acts, and has baffled and crushed the impotent illiberality of the once powerful Eldon, in that last strong hold of prejudice, the House of Lords, and has left the late master of majorities to sign a protest against liberty of conscience in a miserable minority of half a dozen. The progress of information, and the consequent influence of public opinion,—this it is which has extinguished party; that political combination of public men, for the purpose of keeping or gaining political power; that thick-and-thin going union, or rather, tying-together of various, and sometimes conflicting, opinions, into one body, for one main purpose, namely, the possession of place. The progress of knowledge has crushed it now, and, it is to be hoped, for ever. Nor is the progress of the operation unworthy of notice.

The number of books, on every subject, had, of late years, multiplied exceedingly; principles were discussed, facts published, discoveries recorded; a sound and liberal habit of thinking was diffused among the public. That powerful organ—powerful through the frequency, the constancy of its operations—the daily press, caught the light and reflected it back on the public; useful knowledge and just reasoning not only spread around, but ascended upwards, mounted into Parliament, made men of ordinary minds (such as the majority of the Commons are) masters of general subjects of public policy, and taught them they had another duty than that of giving silent votes at the beck of a party leader—that, though they could never rise to the renown of being 'lights and ornaments of the House,' they could make themselves useful promoters of public improvement. The spell of party was dissolved—the bond of political partnership was loosed—sensible and independent men, on both sides of the House, began to think for themselves, and to support or oppose measures according to their opinion of the useful or injurious effects they expected from them. Mere Whiggism declined—Toryism died outright—the Opposition, as a distinct and disciplined phalanx of political gladiators, disappeared—reasonable improvement became the acting principle of the majority—the ministers felt the influence of the general enlightenment—legislative improvement, on principles of

tried soundness, and to a moderate degree, became the order of the day; Mr. Huskisson adopted them on trade and commerce, Mr. Canning on foreign policy, and Mr. Peel on the criminal code. Thus faction has ceased, and the House of Commons has, at last, and for the first time, become, generally speaking, an assembly of public men acting independently of party leaders, and contributing each his portion, however small it may be, to the common stock of useful legislation.

"The great, the primary, the fundamental, cause of this state of things was, however, (and let the friends of popular improvement never forget it) *the peace—peace*;—the absence of those dazzling and distracting occurrences attendant on national conflicts, leisure to look at home, and that tranquil sobriety of public temper that enables nations to examine their condition with coolness, and improve it with discretion—

Hoc pæc habucire bonæ, ventique secundi.

"As the state of parties, or rather of the fragments into which the parties are now broken up, may afford some interest to the curious in politics, I shall give a brief sketch of the House of Commons as it stands this Session, and of the various divisions and subdivisions of its members on the various public questions, in proportion to the influence which public principle, or personal interest, or local predilections may exercise over their public conduct,—for as to partisanship, it is quite out of the question, with the exception of those few and obscure holders, or expectants, of official emolument, that constitute the population of the hinder treasury benches.

"First, then, the political friends of Mr. Canning, considered as a party, are 'dispersed to the winds of heaven.' Messrs. Huskisson and Grant, and Lord Palmerston, have gone over to his enemies, and have lost, if not all that influence that arose from a respect for their talents, certainly all that depended on confidence in their political integrity. That their influence on the cabinet has also declined, is evident from the prevalence of the prohibitory principle in the provisions of the new corn bill, as compared with the more liberal one of Mr. Canning last Session. Messrs. Huskisson and Grant, the leading commercial members of the Government, supported Mr. Canning's liberal bill of last year against the advocates of prohibition, and they support the prohibitory bill of this year against the advocates of free trade; and, as a consummation of their political tergiversation, they have already divided the house this Session against that identical bill of Mr. Canning's which they so loudly lauded not quite twelve months ago! Such is the degrading influence of a love of official place on minds from which better things might have been expected; but they have the consequences—they have retained their places, and lost their own esteem, and the public confidence.

"Of the other friends of Mr. Canning, Mr. Sturges Bourne has honourably declined taking office with the opponents and deserters of his late friend, though generally he holds the same opinion with them. Lord Goderich also remains out of office, probably because his pride revolts at taking a subordinate rank in councils where he was lately

the chief. Mr. Plunkett, even before Mr. Canning's death, had abandoned party because he was not made Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and, though mortally incensed against Mr. Canning, on the score of not getting the Irish seals, decently refrained from joining his patron's enemies in the House of Lords,—(who, indeed, would have received a double deserter?)—and despairing, reasonably enough, of ever mounting to political power, prudently accepted a judge's place in Ireland; and with his talents and his turncoat habits, stands forth a striking example of the fate of a political lawyer—a Whig in party—a place-hunter in principle—a trimmer in conduct,—with a peerage for his ambition—a salary for his cupidity—and disappointment and obscurity and an aching heart for his prudential selfishness and political faithlessness. May such ever be the reward of every man who will dare to justify the military blood-shedding of his fellow-subjects!

“Of the second party that contributed to form Mr. Canning's cabinet, namely, the old Whigs, little more need be said than that, as a mere party, they are extinct. They had been approaching the end of their political existence, of late years, with the speed of a galloping consumption; but received a short prolongation of vitality in consequence of the change of air that attended their emigration into the government offices about Whitehall, last summer. The improvement was, however, but momentary; Mr. Canning's death was the forerunner of their dissolution; they were turned out of the salubrious neighbourhood of the Treasury, against their will, as against their expectations. Downing Street (they might exclaim, in the words of the eulogium on liberty), Downing Street is like the air we breathe; without it we die. In this we allude to the mere party-feeling that bound together those of the Whigs who took office with Mr. Canning, but by no means to that numerous and respectable and influential body of members who gave their valuable support to the coalition on the ground of liberal principles, and who furthermore resolved, that the degree of support which they should give to the Government should be in proportion to the utility of the measures to be adopted by that Government,—a resolution which, in itself, was sufficient to prove that the associating principle of party had lost its influence over the great majority of those independent members whom the public still called Whigs, only because they knew them not to be Tories. But mere Toryism had died before that; the public conduct of Lord Castlereagh had attached to the word the idea of arbitrary power—hostility to popular liberty—contempt for the public opinion, and a tendency to military coercion;—while Lord Eldon, “the last of the Tories,” had associated the name of his party in the public mind with abject devotion to the interests of the Crown—adherence to every existing law, however hurtful or illiberal,—opposition to popular improvement, and implacable hostility against religious liberty. Mr. Canning seceded from the Pitt club—Mr. Huskisson declared his wish, that “they (the House of Commons) could forget the words Tory and Whig;” and in a short time after, both the party name and the party feeling ceased to be heard in Parliament, except, perhaps,

occasionally from the eloquent lips of the intrepid Sir Thomas Lethbridge.

"Of this party, while it lingered towards its fall, the most prominent leader was Mr. Peel. This inglorious distinction Mr. Peel originally obtained by the vehemence with which he advocated the privileges of the Church, and opposed the rights of the Catholics; he was the idol of the Church-and-King faction, and proudly called by the name of the "young Pitt;" his good sense was mistaken for wisdom, and his youthful warmth of temperament for the ardour of genius, and every sentence of his theatrical elocution was echoed back by the triumphant cheers of his numerous admirers. But the peace came, and Castlereagh went; and Canning, and Huskisson, and sound principles began to predominate in the House and the Cabinet. Mr. Peel's good sense inclined him to take the same direction; he supported liberal measures of trade, undertook the reform of the criminal code, lent his countenance to plans of partial improvement, became more and more moderate every succeeding session, in his opposition to the Catholic claims, until at last he declared, in the last discussion of it (1827)*, that he looked on the question as "one of degree and expediency and not of principle;" his party saw themselves deserted by their leader; and the circumstance must have helped to hasten their dissolution—fatally for the influence of Mr. Peel—for, with that party at his back, he was formidable some years ago, even to Canning; without the party he was nothing, as was proved by the Parliamentary proceedings that followed the appointment of Mr. Canning to the head of the Treasury. The death of Mr. Canning, and the secession of the Whigs from office, have deprived us of the opportunity of seeing whether the Tories would revive as an opposition, and what would be the conduct of Mr. Peel, as leader of that opposition. He is now the ministerial leader in the Commons, vacillating like a straw waved, to and fro, by adverse winds, between Toryism and Liberalism. If the Duke of Wellington thought that Mr. Peel, as leader, could command a majority in the House of Commons, he must now be convinced of the contrary. Mr. Peel himself knows that the influence he derived from party is gone; he cannot manage the House, he cannot successfully oppose any measure coming from the independent party; still he would wish to have the reputation of managing it, and he partially accomplishes his object thus:—a measure of improvement is introduced by the liberal side; it is directly opposite to Mr. Peel's known principles; he starts up to oppose it in the very threshold—argues against it, divides against it, and is left in a minority. Will he allow it to be carried through the House thus, against the influence of the government and his own? No;—how does he prevent it? Judiciously enough: he proposes to the promoters of the measure some modification of its provisions, and offers to withdraw his opposition if his modification is accepted: the modification, not being such as can materially affect the principle of the measure, is, of course, accepted, and introduced into the bill. Mr. Peel then takes

* Our friend's letter is dated before the late debate.—ED.

the bill into his own hands, adopts it as his own, nurses it in its Parliamentary infancy, and sends it up to the other House with letters of introduction and recommendation to his ministerial friends there. The ministry being (of course) predominant in the Lords, the bill is received and passed into a law; and Mr. Peel thus obtains with the Duke of Wellington the credit of managing the Commons, and with the public a reputation for liberality; while, in truth, he is powerless in the Commons, and illiberal in his heart. This is the plan on which he has managed Mr. Brougham's motion for reforming the practice of the courts and the laws of property, the East Retford and Penryn disfranchisement bills, and the Corporation and Test Acts repeal bill, each of which he opposed at first and patronized at last: and this is the plan which he will ultimately adopt in relation to Catholic Emancipation in a year or two; and on the alteration of the tithe system, in some nine or ten years, if he should be in office; and on every great improvement which he would resist, but cannot. Such is the manner in which Mr. Peel manages the House of Commons! His elevation in official rank has proved fatal to his reputation for ability; a man of moderate talent, with judgment and taste, may gain a reputation for much more talent and knowledge in the House of Commons, by speaking but rarely, and on subjects with which he has made himself acquainted by preparatory study. This was Mr. Peel's plan for some time; he has now given it up. His situation, as manager of the House, renders it necessary that he should speak on many subjects of public policy; and his extreme vanity (for it would be false delicacy to suppress the fact) urges him to speak on all. Thus, in his ambition of shining in debate, and of appearing master of every subject, he unwittingly betrays that mediocrity of talent and poverty of intellectual resources, which he might conceal by more infrequent exhibition and matured preparation; and the result is, that he is now listened to with anything more than ordinary attention, for no other reason but that he is a Minister of State, and the mouth-piece of the government in the House of Commons. It is but justice, however, to add, that, in matters, particularly of a practical sort, connected with his business in the Home Office, he is well informed and always prepared; and that, in that branch of legislation which he has appropriated to himself, namely, the reform of the criminal law, his propositions being the result of practical inquiry and deliberate judgment, are, for the most part, and *as far as they go*, sound, judicious, liberal, and humane; and tend to prove that, if Mr. Peel would but confine his exertions within the circle of his capacity, he possesses good sense and industry sufficient to make him one of the most useful men in the House of Commons.

"We now come to a more pleasing subject of observation than statesmen or orators, than Whigs or Tories; to that new party in the House of Commons, created by the modern diffusion of sound principles and just reasoning; a body of men numerous, independent, well-informed, and well-disposed to the public good; moderate in their views, and active in their proceedings; the promoters and advocates of practical improvement, the expositors of practical defects

and abuses ; the really useful and valuable portion of the House, the fruits of whose industrious labours shine not in newspaper reports of fabricated eloquence, on a few grand days through a long session, but are constantly visible in the daily list of "orders of the day," and in constant attendance on hard-working committees, in whose deliberations the substantial part of legislation consists, though, in consequence of their conversational character, they are never or very seldom given to the public by the reporters : this party is composed of the moderate men of all the late parties. Those who were moderate Whigs, moderate Tories, moderate Radicals, voluntarily combined, but without any express convention or any pre-concerted plan, to give, each man, his free and independent support to every project of improvement. These members do the real business of the House ; present petitions, move for returns, bring in bills, attend committees, supply facts, discuss details, and gather and produce all that practical information that forms the basis of useful legislation. On questions of general policy, too, turning on abstract principles, they are generally found combined instinctively in support of the liberal side of the argument ; and though some of "the lights and ornaments" may outshine them on the grand debate, these (the practical and moderate party) are the men who really influence the result by the number of their votes. For instance, these are the members who mainly contributed to carry the repeal of the Test Acts, and the Penryn disfranchisement bill, and several other such measures, obviously sound in principle and wholesome of effect ; and these are the men who are destined to obtain, by their activity and their numbers, a salutary control over the ministry of the day. But it must not be supposed, that the members of this body invariably vote on the liberal side of every public question ; no, each individual has generally some professional or local predilection which it is not easy for ordinary minds to put out of view, in the consideration of questions affecting their personal interests, however justly they may reason, and however impartially they may decide on indifferent topics."

This is not all by a page or two, but it is all we can afford. We need scarcely remark, that we do not go along with the writer in all the opinions of individuals he has here broached ; but every thing that is said is, we think, honestly said, and well said ; and well worthy of a few pages of our sheets.

We single out from among our pile, the following letter for insertion, as we are most glad to add to the publicity of the fact, which our correspondent quotes from the 'Medical Gazette.' We must tell our good friend, Medicus, however, that he has totally mistaken our meaning, in the passage of our Diary of last month, on which he comments. Our observation had reference to the world in general, and in no degree to the medical profession individually. We admit that the passage is a little vaguely worded ; but we cannot understand how Medicus applied it to his brethren, of whom there is scarcely any mention in the article, and none near that place, or with reference to that part of the subject. We can assure Medicus, that we have the

very highest respect for the profession, of which, we hope, he will one day prove an eminent member :—

“ *Saturday Evening.*

“ In your Diary of last month, my dear London, you made a very abominable remark on the profession, to which I hope some day to belong. What I allude to is, your observations on dissection, dated the 17th, where the following ill-natured lines occur :—“ We believe, indeed, that there is a very prevalent sensation of dread of their own worthy carcases being anatomized, which is mere foolish, we might also add, selfish prejudice.” As I really feel greatly for your interest, allow me to tell you, that this ‘sensation of dread,’ does not really exist among the disciples of *Æsculapius* : and if you will take the trouble of looking to the 21st number of the ‘*Medical Gazette*,’ you will find I am correct ; but, however, as your editorial duties must be very great, I will here copy that part, I wish particularly to call your attention to. It was drawn up by the University School of Anatomy, Dublin.

“ We whose names are hereunto affixed, being convinced that the study of anatomy is of the utmost value to mankind, inasmuch as it illustrates various branches of natural and moral science, and constitutes the very basis of the healing art ; and believing that the erroneous opinions and vulgar prejudices which prevail, with regard to dissection, will be most effectually removed by practical example ; do hereby deliberately and solemnly express our desire that, at the usual period after death, our bodies, instead of being interred, should be devoted by our surviving friends, to the *more rational, benevolent, and honourable* purpose of explaining the structure, functions, and diseases of the human body.”

“ Signed by JAMES MACARTNEY, M.D. F.R.S. Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, Trinity College, Dublin, and above fifty others.

“ In a more recent number, (No. 25.) that of to-day, I find the number of signatures to be above one hundred, and those, too, of respectability, including some lawyers and clergymen. Another person, too, of the city of Cork, “being of sound mind and memory,” bequeaths his body to the Surgeons, &c. of the British Infirmary. I have no doubt, these examples will be soon followed in England ; which will, I am sure, go a great way towards the removal of the present stigma cast on dissection.

“ Sincerely your's,

“ *MEDICUS.*”

THE FOREIGN PORTFOLIO.—No. III.

FRANCE.—LITERATURE.

ONE of the most curious works published in Paris within the last month, and distinguished for its learned research, is 'The Critical History of Gnosticism, and of its influence on the Religious and Philosophical Sects of the first Six Centuries of the Christian Era;' by M. Malter. Few of our readers require to be told, that the word 'gnostic,' which signifies learned, enlightened, (literally *knowing*) was adopted by this sect of Christians, as if they alone possessed the true knowledge of Christianity. They looked upon the other Christians as a common and simple race, who interpreted the Sacred Writings in a low and too literal sense. The Gnostics were at first a class of philosophers, who had formed a peculiar theology, founded on the doctrines of Plato and Pythagoras, to which they had accommodated their own interpretations of Scripture. The name of 'gnostic' became, in the sequel, a generic term, which was applied to several Christian sectaries of the earliest ages, who, differing among themselves on certain points, were, nevertheless, agreed on the grand principle. To the history of these sectaries M. Malter has directed his profound researches. His work, which forms two volumes, 8vo., and which has been rewarded by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, is divided into three sections. In the first, after taking a rapid survey of the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated of the Gnostic Philosophers, the author shews the origin of their brilliant speculations, by bringing to view some of the most celebrated doctrines of antiquity. The second section is devoted to the comparative examination of the divers systems established by the three grand schools of Gnosticism—those of Syria, Egypt, and Asia Minor. In the third section he inquires into the influence which the gnostic doctrines, in their conciliatory position between the other schools of Christianity and Paganism, have exercised over both parties. The work is accompanied by plates, and terminates with a general estimate of the labours of Gnosticism.

The history of this sect is connected with the origin of Christianity,—with the period when the Apostles and Martyrs of the new religion, imbued with the principles of Christ, "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," preached to the people, "that their kingdom was not of this world." The pamphlet of the Abbé Cerati, under the title of 'Sacerdotal Usurpations,' is, on the contrary, a rapid notice of the successive attempts of the successors of the first Christians to assume that temporal power to which they should have ever remained strangers. It was, says the Abbé Cerati, in the midst of intestine divisions—of the fall of the Roman empire—of the invasion of the barbarians—of the ruin of the arts and sciences;—it was in times of darkness and superstition, that the priesthood by degrees established its preponderance, and in place of the power, purely spiritual, which was destined for it, founded an earthly dominion. This good Abbé is a priest, it is true,—but he is one of the few among the many. He asks not for the Church either honour, or temporal power, or privileges, or convents, or jesuits.

He shews, by proofs drawn from experience of the past, that the influence of the Catholic clergy ought to be brought back to a strictly spiritual and moral character; that its interests should remain distinct from all temporal concerns; and that the clergy, so far from dreaming of the reacquisition of its ancient power, ought, in order to accommodate itself to the actual state of society, to retrace its steps, without hesitation, to the religion preached by the Apostles, and to abdicate its worldly kingdom. This advice, given to the clergy of France, might be of service to the ministers of our own church.—Most singular ecclesiastic!—He requires, in churchmen, gentleness, simplicity of manners, and of life; morality in their sermons, and—mark this! ye *unco gude*!—tolerance and protection for the Protestant worship!

One of the wishes of the Abbé Cerati is, to see the priesthood deprived of their monopoly of public education. This wish, which is joined in by the majority of the French nation, we find repeated in the 'Manuel Populaire' of M. Alphonse C. This work, which has been honoured with a prize by the Society of Elementary Education, and of which we shall have occasion to speak at a future period, in treating of the state of popular education in France, contains, in about two hundred pages, in 18mo., all the most essential instructions for the labouring classes. Most wise political doctrines;—notions of morality and philosophy, clearly and simply propounded; statistic documents derived from official sources; elementary notions of physics, astronomy, and natural history; and, lastly, reflections and counsels—all founded on reason and morality, and calculated to contribute to the amelioration of the people.

The extraordinary success obtained in France, by the 'Soirées de Neuilly,' has encouraged the growth of a species of comedy, which, by common consent, is called historical. M. N. Lemerrier, a member of the Academy,—as celebrated for the great number of works which he has published, as for the republican principles which he has uniformly maintained under every government, is the originator of this class. His comedy of 'Pinto,' which was performed during the Consulate with great success, presented scenes, then new on the French stage. It was the object of the author to draw the picture, in the way of comedy, and in its inmost workings, of one of those revolutions which change the conditions of states. Portugal, delivered from its oppressors by the enterprise of a single individual; a revolution, destined to be permanent, effected in a few hours; a single victim, the minister of Philip IV.; the multitude in a state of excitement one moment; and the next restored to calm, on feeling that it was a national body; the Duchess of Braganza, so worthy of a throne, for which her husband was in part indebted to her; the secretary, Pinto, conducting the whole plot—succeeding in it almost in spite of his master; conspirators, both rash and timid; courtiers, in love, vain and dastardly—such were the incidents and the characters which M. Lemerrier brought on the scene with universal applause; but of which an order of Napoleon stayed the representation.

The piece we have mentioned is the first of three which M. Lemerrier has just published, together, in a volume, in 8vo., under the title of 'Comédies Historiques;' 'Richelieu, ou La Journée des Dupes,' is

the second; 'L'Ostracisme,' is the third. The comedy of Richelieu is in verse; inferior to *Philo*, in point of dramatic interest, it excels even that piece in its delineations of character. The portraits of Richelieu, of Louis XIII., and of Anne of Austria, are admirable. The verse of M. Lemercier is incorrect and harsh; but his thoughts are true and full of force. 'L'Ostracisme' is the least to be praised of the three comedies.

'Les Scènes Contemporaines,' which, although just published, have already arrived at a second edition, bear some resemblance to the 'Comédies Historiques;' or, more strictly speaking, to the 'Soirées de Neuilly.' The most important piece in the volume before us, is the sketch under the title of 'Le 18 Brumaire,' a true and lively description of the transactions of that day, in which the violation of the national representation opened the road to tyranny. Much talent and courage were required in an author who would venture to present us with this vast sketch, and expose all the intrigues which preceded the Revolution of St. Cloud. In it, however, we trace to the life, reanimated, as it were, a great number of illustrious personages, now either far removed from us, or of whom the memory of their physiognomy is effaced by their metamorphoses. Bonaparte plays the principal character; and, while Murat, Marmont, Barras, Moreau, Sebastiani, and others, second him in his liberticide projects, Bernadotte alone has the hardihood to oppose himself to the Man of the 18th Brumaire. There is much truth and considerable force in this scene, which is, nevertheless, attributed to the pen of a female.

Another lady, the Princess Constance de Salm, has acquired distinguished rank among the poets of the deep feeling class, on whom France prides itself, by the publication of an epistle in verse, replete with philosophy and noble ideas, 'Sur l'esprit et l'aveuglement du siècle.' This is a sketch at once free, energetic, and grave, of the history of the thirty important years which have just elapsed. It abounds in sound reasoning, embellished by the colouring of poetry, and a forcible logic is exalted by the inspirations of genius. This epistle shews symptoms of an elevated mind, which, after contemplating the glory and the crimes, the brightness, and the errors of recent times, perceives a futurity of menacing aspect, prepared for Europe by those who have dominion over it, and by the restlessness of people who find themselves badly governed.

Blindness has stricken us all, and makes us go astray, cries the poet. This blindness is every hour increasing; it hovers over Europe, and appears to be the spirit of the age.

Là, frappant la raison, il isole à la fois
Les rois de leurs sujets, les sujets de leurs rois. . .
Là, pour semer la haine et la désunion,
Il prend les traits sacrés de la religion;
Il entoure le trône où siège la clémence;
Il fait d'un Dieu de paix un moyen de vengeance;
Asservissant le faible, il irrite le fort;
Il fait fremir le sage, et, d'effort en effort,
Chaque jour s'avancant vers un but qu'on ignore,
Même s'il n'agit pas, il épouvante encore.

This may perhaps, in a certain point of view, apply to France; but certainly not to Europe generally, and especially not to England.

All the lines of the epistle are far from being so brilliant as these ; but we may say, on the other hand, that this passage is far from being the best. The parallel which Madame de Salm draws between the Revolution and the Restoration will not please the royalists—it is too manifestly true. The sufferings of Greece are painted with real sympathy. The infatuation which ruined Napoleon is delineated with bold and noble energy. Should not the fall of this Colossus, inquires the poet, have served as a lesson to its vanquishers ?—then collecting herself, she exclaims—

Des leçons !... en est-il pour la faiblesse humaine ?
 Le superbe est tombé : la grandeur souveraine,
 En proscrivant son nom, se partage à la fois
 Ses erreurs, ses états, ses passions, ses droits,
 Il asservissait l'homme : on le vend, on le donne,
 Pour augmenter encor l'éclat de la couronne,
 Partout l'ambition le menait aux combats :
 Nul ne trouve assez grands, ses peuples, ses états.
 Par ses armes, dit-on, il dévastait la terre :
 Tout homme naît soldat, tout est prêt pour la guerre ;
 Et chacun, du repos en secret tourmenté,
 Semble avoir oublié le sang qu'il a coûté.

There may be some little exaggeration in these rhymes, but we all know that hyperbole is the poet's favourite figure.

FRENCH THEATRE.

IN the beginning of May a new tragedy on the old subject of the jealousy of Philip II. of his Son, Don Carlos, was produced at the Théâtre Français, under the title of 'Elisabeth de France, tragédie en cinq actes, et en vers,' par M. Soumet. In the new tragedy the author has had principally in his eye the Don Carlos of Schiller. The order of the plot is as follows:—The Count d'Egmont is arrived at Madrid seeking protectors for his unhappy Flemish countrymen. Don Carlos promises him his countenance, and solicits of his father the government of the Netherlands ; but Philip refuses the request. The king, it appears, has discovered his son's passion for Elizabeth, and knows that the prince has had an interview with the Count d'Egmont. He suspects him of the desire to render himself independent, and of putting himself at the head of the insurgent Belgians. He immediately orders the arrest of a holy hermit, the confidant of Elizabeth, and interrogates him in the presence of that princess, without being able to draw from him the secrets with which he is entrusted. Torture is had recourse to, but with no better success: the sufferer dies under his torments, leaving Philip a prey to his uncertainty. The death of Don Carlos is not the less firmly resolved on ; accused of high treason, the prince is condemned to lose his life. Philip, who, for a short interval, entertains the thought of saving him, finishes, by yielding to the pious exhortations of the *vieillard*, as the grand inquisitor is called—the censor, in deference, it is suggested, to some great unknown, not permitting that the name should be given. Allez, says Philip to him—

Mon devoir est rempli, *vieillard* faites le vôtre,

and Carlos is led away to the scaffold.

In this tragedy M. Soumet has borrowed a good deal from Schiller,

and not less from the 'Andronio' of Campistron, which, when brought out in the seventeenth century, was so successful, that the only means of preventing the confusion occasioned by the crowds who flocked to witness its representation, was to double the price of admission. After twenty consecutive repetitions it was thought that the original prices might be resumed; but it was again found necessary (or adviseable) to have recourse to the doubling them. M. Soumet's tragedy, although not quite so fortunate as that of his predecessor, has been very favourably received. It abounds in interesting situations, and the style of it is brilliant, but somewhat inflated and exaggerated.

Notwithstanding the prognostics of the exclusive admirers of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and of all that race of mortals who are resolved on admiring only what they have already admired, the English Theatre has obtained at Paris the fullest success. Miss Smithson (!) C. Kemble, Macready, Kean, Liston, will leave profound and durable impressions on the memories of the amateurs. These impressions a person well known in the literary circles of Paris, with the assistance of several able draftsmen, have undertaken to perpetuate, by the means of lithographic engravings. It has occurred to them that a series of coloured prints, representing the principal situations of the dramatic pieces which have been represented at Paris, could not fail to become popular with a public which had taken so lively an interest in the plays themselves.

The portrait of Charles Kemble, two scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*, and the same number from *Hamlet*, compose the first cahier of this work. The second contains the portrait of Miss Smithson, and four coloured prints representing scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, and *Jane Shore*. Of these, the parting of *Romeo and Juliet*, and that which represents the madness of *Ophelia*, are the best. The prints are somewhat too black, but in general the scenes are well chosen, and given with spirit and feeling. The plates are accompanied by a text compiled with much care, by the editor of 'La Pandore.' The biographical notices of Charles Kemble and Miss Smithson are elegantly written, and contain some curious details respecting those two performers, and the English drama. The work will consist of ten or twelve numbers.

SPAIN.

PRESENT STATE OF EDUCATION.

With regard to Spain, and the actual state of her literature, we may pronounce in a few words, that, on enumerating all the different branches of intellectual cultivation, there is not one but what is either backward or forgotten, if not persecuted and prohibited. Public education, forced from the hands of the able professors who six years ago had the direction of it, is now confided exclusively to the mendicant friars; in other words, to the lowest, the most unpolished, and the most ignorant, of all the monkish orders. By a distinction, however, which it is affected to consider honourable and greatly advantageous, the capital and some of the principal cities of the kingdom enjoy the extraordinary benefit of having the Jesuits for directors of the elemen-

tary schools, and of those of preparation for the higher branches of study. But the maxims of these fathers are so pernicious at this moment when, like serpents just trodden upon, their whole venom is fermenting, that it is better, perhaps, that the youth of Spain should be left for tuition to the gross, but less malignant, ignorance of the village schoolmasters. In this class may be comprised those retained and paid by the local bailiwicks, a custom very general in Spain, where there is scarcely a hamlet in which the pedagogue is not one of the most respectable functionaries. Among these village masters there are, or were, many, who, on occasion of the impulse given to learning during the recent interval of freedom, had ventured on the adoption of improvements in the instruction of children. On the re-establishment of despotism, however, the first thing done by the monks was to recal the certificates from all who had been approved as masters in the time of the Cortes, to discharge, under the pretext of their being liberals, those who, having received their license before that period, inspired any hatred or distrust on account of their acquirements or just ideas; and to subject to the most humiliating conditions which theocratic tyranny could devise, those who had been submissive or stupid enough to continue in their office of teachers under the monkish and jesuitical ferule. In several cities there had been formed establishments after the plan of English schools, on the speculation of individuals of some learning. These houses of education had, generally speaking, been established in a very satisfactory manner, as to the polite and moral instruction and management of the pupils: the greater part of them were directed by well-informed persons who, during the war of independence, had held important situations on one side or the other, and who, after six years of emigration and adversity, had returned to their country to procure themselves a decent subsistence by the employment of their talents in the education of youth. All these institutions, however, have now disappeared, the directors have been obliged to close their establishments; and many, even, have been, and still are, cruelly persecuted.

Passing from these subordinate and preparatory classes of education to the higher studies followed in the Universities, we shall find the same spirit of violent and retrograde tendency towards obscurity; the same vexations practised against the professors tainted with liberalism; the same pernicious influence of monachism, and, above all, the same absurd eagerness to re-establish the teaching of philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, especially the canonical law, medicine and even the humanities, from the text of those obsolete and Gothic authors whom, in our days, it is a disgrace to name. It has not been deemed sufficient to suppress the professorships established in the time of the Cortes, of political economy, of natural right, and of the law of nations, and even of many of the various natural sciences; but it has, moreover, been ordained, that each of these branches shall be studied from one certain book, and the choice of that book has fallen precisely on such as, even in the times of the greatest ignorance, were ridiculed and despised by men but slightly educated. In proof of this it will be enough to allege that—some seminaries and convents in which what in them is called philosophy is taught, have returned to

the use of the Elements of the Padre Gondir, whose natural philosophy is founded on principles similar to those which maintained that the heavens were of crystal, on which the stars were affixed as studs.

Spain, however, is the country of contrasts. In no other nation in Europe are civilization and barbarism, learning and ignorance, refinement and coarseness, to be seen in nearer approach to one another, more often in contact, even of good accord, and firmly attached. The prolific seeds of useful knowledge in all its branches having remained neglected and abandoned to shame, as in a field fertile although uncultivated, ever since the reign of Charles IV. has paralysed the great impulse which learning received in that of Charles III.; but they have not been altogether lost: they shoot forth without culture, and spread amongst the individuals of the middling class. The protection which the Prince of Peace afforded to the belles-lettres, although out of pure affectation, and in conformity only to the fashion of the time, preserved the good taste which distinguishes many of the professors and amateurs of the arts and literature of whom Spain may still boast. The occupation of the peninsula by the numerous bands of French soldiers during the war of independence, brought the mass of the nation into social communication with the inhabitants of the other side of the Pyrenees; and even the families most noted for their hatred to the invaders, not excepting those whose sons were fighting against the French in the army or in the Guerrilla bands, did not disdain to receive on a friendly footing in their assemblies, in their retirement, and in their diversions, the French officers of the hostile army who were recommended to the fair sex by their natural vivacity, and generally found more favour than those of the rival nation, although the latter were the allies of the Spaniards. At the same time the two governments of Cadiz and Madrid emulated each other in promoting the progress of civilization; and, in both, the most distinguished men of the nation displayed that eagerness, perhaps somewhat excessive and precipitate, for reform, which characterised the last revolution of the peninsula. After the career of freedom had been arrested by the return to despotism in 1814, the very efforts which, until 1820, the Serviles were obliged to make to put down learning, are the clearest proofs that it had become widely spread. The constitutional system once more established, the vigour of the intellectual faculties in Spain again displayed itself in the prodigious number of books, periodicals, pamphlets, and writings of all descriptions, which sprang up throughout the provinces and even in the most insignificant places. True enough it is that, out of this multitude of productions, there were few remarkable for any very great degree of merit; but they, at least, proved that the generality of the Spanish people interested themselves in literary pursuits and in the acquisition of knowledge. Five years have now elapsed since despotism with all its enormities has been reinstated; the Jesuits have succeeded in making way for themselves by destroying the Royal Academies of St. Isidore, and the most splendid establishment of the time of Charles III.; the monks and lay-clericals have regained their full authority, under the countenance which the government and the temporal authorities afford to the very excess of obscurity: the bishops exercise all the functions of the Inqui-

tion with regard to the subjugation of thought, availing themselves more than ever of the influence of a slavish priesthood, now that they can no longer kindle the fire of their *autos da fé*; and the apostolicals are in arms, occupy every post, and keep all in submission to them: yet, notwithstanding all this, progress in study and in learning is still made in Spain, although through difficulties and dangers; and the career of the sciences and solid instruction goes on advancing. The very Jesuits, exulting in their triumph, in the restitution of their ancient rents and palaces, are far from exercising so much influence in Spain as in France. A great proportion of Spaniards, both young and old, heartily abhor this order; and idolize the memory of the great men who, in the time of Charles III., with as much judgment and good sense as energy and dexterity, promoted and effected the expulsion of the society. The Jesuits, moreover, are held in hatred by the other monkish orders in general, but more especially by the Carmelites and the Escuelapios, both of great influence among the people; the first, by virtue of the scapulary of the *Virgen del Carmen*, which is the talisman most venerated by devout Spaniards; the second, because they have it in their power to gratify the fathers of families as instructors of the rudiments of learning, while they are free from the arrogance and air of superiority assumed by the Jesuits.

In the first Number of our present Series we gave an idea of the sort of productions which venture to appear in these times, and of the tone and spirit of the very rare periodicals which are published. Yet, in the midst of this apparent sterility, we know, from good sources, that the great number who devote themselves to reading, lose nothing worthy of note that appears in France, England, or Germany: and all the monkish cohort, and all the watchfulness of officers of customs and of diocesan delegates in the sea-ports, and on the frontiers of the Pyrenees, cannot succeed in defeating the dexterity with which contraband literature is introduced with equal or even greater facility than other prohibited merchandise. It may be affirmed that there is not a port in which the commissary, or person charged with the scrutinizing office, does not find himself obliged to connive at this kind of transgression, since all decent persons of the place, even the most orthodox, are accomplices in it. Thus, fanaticism and theocratic tyranny become moderated by the force of opinion. Nothing of all this appears publicly; for while all read, all are silent: still, however, when the slightest occasion to exercise a polemical spirit on permitted points presents itself, the anxiety which exists to examine and to learn immediately displays itself. Thus, for example, the '*Diario mercantil de Cadiz*,' departing from the object which its title indicates,—since inserting, as we mentioned in our former number above alluded to, the articles of the '*Ocios Emigrados en Londres*' on Castilian poetry,—has been occupied in discussing at large, and in a series of numbers, the question whether the version of any given work can be made in fewer words in Spanish than in any other of the living languages. This question was occasioned by observing that in the '*Georgica Publii Virgilii Maronis Hexagloti*,' published last year in London by Mr. Sotheby, the Spanish translation of Juan Guzman appears the most diffuse. The articles of the '*Diario de Cadiz*' on this subject shew much refined

erudition; and prove that Mr. Sotheby might have selected from the Castillian versions of Virgil one of much greater merit, and much more concise, than that of Guzman.

For the rest, if anything worthy of attention be written in these times in the Castillian tongue, we must look for it in the publications put forth in England and France by some of the numerous refugees; among whom are to be found the Spaniards most distinguished for their talents. Of the works which have been produced in Paris and London, since these two cities have become the asylum of the unfortunate victims of the second persecution of Spanish liberty, we may probably find occasion to give a brief notice in a future number. In the mean time, we confine ourselves to make known the two following, which, written in Castillian, have here their appropriate place.

'Juizio Imparcial de las causas principales de la Revolucion de la America Española. Por D. José Presas. Burdeos. 1828. Folleto in 8vo.'—('An Impartial Opinion of the principal causes of the Revolution of Spanish America. By D. José Presas. Bourdeaux. 1828. Pamphlet in 8vo.')

Under this title the Señor Presas explains, with much good sense, the causes which, in his opinion, had a direct influence on the emancipation of the Americas, until now called Spanish, concluding with his view of the great advantages which the Spanish government may promise itself from the preservation of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Phillippine islands. Among the documents which the author inserts in the body of his pamphlet, the most worthy of attention are, 1st., those relating to the want of fidelity towards Ferdinand VII. in the Señores Lardizabal, secretary of the despatches for the Indies; D. Francisco Abadia, inspector-general of the troops for America; and D. Tadeo Calomarde, chief officer of the secretariat of despatches for the Indies, and now minister of grace and justice; three persons whom the king punished at the moment of discovering their treachery, but who have since been reinstated in all their posts and honours. 2nd, The circular sent in the year 1827 by the secretaries of state and of grace and justice, to *all the rich Spaniards, who having emigrated from America, had established themselves in England and France*, exhorting them, in the most ridiculous and humiliating tone, to take up their residence in the Peninsula. 3rd. The autograph addressed by Ferdinand on the 24th of December, 1820, to Apodaca, the viceroy of Mexico. In this letter, his majesty, assuming that the Mexicans detested the constitution, and that his *royal name had become odious to most Spaniards, who, ungrateful, wretched men, and traitors, desired only the constitutional government*, enjoined the viceroy to take *all possible care*, and the most active and efficacious measures, *that Mexico might remain independent*. 'But as in order to attain that end it was necessary to make use of every means which cunning could suggest,' he added, 'he left it to Apodaca, and charged him to do all with that penetration and sagacity of which his zeal and talents were capable. In the mean time,' says his majesty, 'I will think of the means of escaping in secret, and presenting myself among you;' but if that could not be accomplished, he would give further notice to Apodaca, that he

might take the necessary steps for effecting it with the greatest secrecy, *taking, for the basis on which he was to act, the cause of religion.*' This document is curious, and suggests many reflections, since it proves that the author of Mexican independence is the same Ferdinand who now shocks the world by his obstinacy, and by the abuses of his authority in maintaining the contrary principle. And what shall we say of the manner in which he sports with religion? What wonder is it, that, with a monarch so perfidious and malignant, the constitutional system, sworn to by himself, and which he had obliged the greater part of his subjects to swear to, should have failed? Hence may be perceived the absolute impossibility of maintaining that system in the Peninsula when the sovereign himself is the fomentor of disunion and discord. Let the cabinets who, from Verona, have launched so many accusations against Spanish faith, and who still support the unrelenting persecution of the constitutionalists, read this document which time has revealed, and pronounce on the justice of the holy policy of the Holy Alliance!

* *Historia de la Revolucion de la Republica de Colombia*, por José Manuel Restrepo, Secretario del Interior del poder ejecutivo de la misma Republica, 10 vol. 12mo. Paris, 1827. Rolandi, London.*

(*History of the Revolution of the Republic of Colombia*, by José Manuel Restrepo, Secretary of the Interior, of the Government of the same Republic, &c.)

At no time is it an easy task to write contemporaneous history—especially history of Revolutions. But the task is attended with a still further difficulty, to one, who like the author of the present work, has not only been an eye-witness of the transactions of which he treats, but has borne in them a very conspicuous and important part; no less, in short, than that of Minister of the Interior in the government, an office by virtue of which the records, on which his history is founded, had before passed through his hands, and had received direction, and impulse, and tendency, from his own ideas and passions. Under these circumstances, how will such a writer fail of making a good case of his own history? Making it so, and his subject being revolutionary events, will he be able, however sincere his professions and earnest his endeavours, to avoid viewing many things through the medium of a predisposition, which is inevitable, and which is the more open to the imputation of partiality, the more it is founded on generous sentiments? These obvious reflections naturally occur on opening the book of the Señor Restrepo; on perusing it, however, we were agreeably surprised to find that he has in general avoided the fault of predilection, as much to be apprehended as it would have been excusable. He narrates the most intricate events of the Colombian revolution with an accuracy and minuteness, and a certain air of independence, which very often induce him to view, even with an excess of severity, certain deeds held in veneration by the popular opinion, so open to exaltation in revolutions, and so difficult to oppose. This quality of independence, and the courage to speak of some chiefs of the opposite side, whose conduct merits that he should do so, in terms but too unusual, where the passions of both parties are engaged in exaggerating all acts of in-

justice, will probably raise for the Señor Restrepo, several opponents, more or less reasonable, nor will it be strange that some just grounds of cavil should be found. Yet, on the whole, truth and fidelity appear to be the prevalent characteristics of this history—the accusation of partiality, certainly, will not be the best founded. The author is just, generous, and even at times over-indulgent for persons who will, we doubt not, resent certain negligences affecting their self-consequence. It must be allowed, however, that not being able to write otherwise than with the ardour of one who has been an actor in what he relates, the author now and then betrays a very pardonable excess (and that not in many passages), in a species of pleasure, which he takes in professing a cordial hatred of the Spanish nation and of its government in general. This from the pen of a Colombian minister will excite a smile—but it is just and very excusable. For the rest, the style of the work is clear, without being animated; the narrative well arranged, notwithstanding the confusion of events; the opinions are of proper temper, although not very profound; and the method and disposition of the work are well suited and proportioned to its matter. The first volume contains an interesting introduction on the comparative statistics of the Colombian government, since it has become independent, and when it was under the dominion of Spain. The three last volumes are composed of documents, very curious and rare, in support of the historical fidelity of the work; and the rest of the volumes comprise only the early part of the revolution of Colombia, since the history does not go beyond the events of which New Granada was the theatre, leaving for a continuation of the work, what relates to Venezuela, and Colombia properly so called, since the union of these two regions into one state, now forming the Republic of Colombia.

GERMANY.

UNIVERSITY OF MUNICH.

THE Capital of Bavaria grows daily in importance, since, under the auspices of the present enlightened sovereign, it has become the principal seat of letters and the fine arts, in Germany. Educated in the University of Landshut, at a period in which the professors' chairs were occupied by the most distinguished men of the country, among whom we may mention Feuerbach, Hufeland, Walter, Roeschlaub, Savigny, and Tiedemann; and refined in his taste for the arts, by frequent and long visits to Italy—the king, far from adopting the absurd and execrable system of suppressing the efforts of genius, and of impeding the progress of civilization, which Metternich would fain have universal in Europe, has assumed as the basis of his government, the grand and liberal principles which are more properly the characteristic of the times. In pursuance of these principles, and to render them conducive to the public welfare, he has conferred upon his subjects three principal blessings, the liberty of the press, the publicity of tribunals, and an institution for the diffusion of the sciences.

In the last of these respects, the establishment of the University of Munich, on account of the system on which it is organized, and of the

choice which has been made of professors to fill the chairs, is an event of the utmost importance, not to the kingdom of Bavaria only but to the whole of Germany.

The University of Munich reckons forty ordinary, and as many extraordinary professors—and is already frequented by upwards of four thousand students. The usual term prescribed for the attainment of academical degrees is four years; but the fullest liberty is left to the students as to the order and method of their study, and the choice of professors whose instructions they may desire to receive. This academical liberty, against which so many English travellers have declaimed, is considered as the foundation of that depth and freedom of thought and writing, which distinguishes the German literature; and the king, who, from his personal acquaintance with University education, has a consequent experience of the good and bad effects of the system, has desired to preserve this competition among the professors, and this liberty among the students.

The example, perhaps, is not unworthy of the attention of the new University of London. Two professors might be appointed for each science, and free scope might, moreover, be given for the display of talents not adequately known, by admitting as private lecturers, and extraordinary professors, men who, having taken academical degrees, might desire to give lessons on any particular branches in which they consider themselves to excel. This has the threefold effect of keeping the ordinary professors constantly on the alert, of bringing forward hidden talents, and of promoting improvements in the sciences.

Among the professors in the new University of Munich, those who enjoy most reputation are Schelling, Görres, Ocken, Tiersch, Ast, Roeschlaub, and Döllinger. Schelling is beyond dispute the first man in point of literary abilities in Germany. He has exercised an extensive and powerful influence over the arts and sciences in that country, as the founder of the philosophy of nature, a system which has grown out of the philosophy of Kant, and revived that of Plato and Spinoza.

The philosophy of Schelling, however, does not consist in mere metaphysical speculations, at variance with the course of natural sciences; its author is a consummate natural philosopher, a perfect chemist, and mathematician; and to the study of those sciences he has given fresh impulse: and, although some, carrying his ideas to the extreme, or misapplying them, have lost themselves in subtleties, the systems of chemical dynamics and of German mineralogy, which have been adopted by other nations, owe their origin to him. This illustrious man, invited to Munich, to be president of the New Academy of Sciences, has recommenced, after fifteen years of silence, his lectures on the method of studying this system of philosophy. The concourse of his hearers—who consist of persons of all ages, among whom may be numbered professors themselves, and men already celebrated in the arts and sciences—is enormous; the most spacious hall in the university is incapable of containing his audience: the doors, when they are thrown open, are blocked up by a crowd of listeners, extending into the vestibule. With his knowledge of the sciences, Schelling combines a force of reasoning, and a style, truly Platonic.

Görres, known as the author of the work entitled 'Deutschland und die Revolution,' (Germany and the Revolution) is the professor of history most in repute, and certainly occupies the place next to Schelling. The style of Görres, however, is too oriental, and his doctrines are too strongly tinged with that poetical catholicism, which so much obscures the German intellect, in other respects also, too much addicted to mysticism.

The name of Ocken, the editor of the *Isis*, the principal periodical in matters of natural history in Germany, is too well known to foreign naturalists, to require further notice; the same may be said of Roeschlaub and Döllinger, the professors of medicine.

To the University is attached the Academy of Sciences and Arts; and it is, moreover, endowed with one of the most celebrated libraries in Europe, and with museums of objects connected with physics, chemistry, and the other natural sciences. Of the fine arts, painting is that which is cultivated with the most success; the frescos of Cornelius are admirable productions, both in respect to invention and execution. Music, since the death of Winter, has made no great progress; and the theatres of Munich, are much inferior, not only to those of Vienna and Berlin, but to many of the minor cities of Germany.

LITERATURE.

'Geschichte der Westgothen, von Dr. I. Ashbach;' (History of the Western Goths. Frankfort.)

THIS work is a circumstantial investigation of the history of those interesting people of whom it professes to treat. It commences with their first appearance on the banks of the Danube, and their earliest irruptions into the territories appertaining to the Roman empire; it thence follows them, step by step, in their wars, to the famous battle in which they were discomfited and subjugated by the Moors. The domestic habits and customs of the Goths are described with much learning; and, throughout the work, the author shews himself a diligent historian and a lover of truth.

'Prinz Bernhard von Sachsen-Weimar Reisen nach Nord America.' (Travels in North America, by Prince Bernard, of Saxe Weimar.) 2 vols.

THIS prince, instead of following the example generally set by his order, of losing himself in luxury and sloth, bethought himself of visiting the American continent, and studying the manners of the inhabitants, the capabilities of the soil, the natural productions of the New World. On his return, he handed over the notes made by him during his travels, to a writer of celebrity, to be arranged; and hence, we are favoured with an interesting narrative of travels, replete with new and useful remarks. He landed at Boston on the 26th of July, 1825. The interest he took in his expedition may be inferred from the emotion he felt on disembarking. "It was ten o'clock in the morning," he says, "when I first set foot in America,

on a pier of granite; the sensation I then experienced it is impossible to describe. Two events had previously made indelible impressions on my mind; the first, when, after the battle of Wagram, at the age of seventeen, I received the decoration of the Legion of Honour; the second, when my first child was born: my arrival in North America, which from my infancy I had felt an ardent desire to see, will be throughout my life, a third subject of most delightful retrospection."

'Hoftheater von Barataria, oder Sprichwortspiele von Grafen Ernst Benzel Sternau. vier Bände.'

(Royal Theatre of Barataria, or Proverbs of Count Benzel Sternau.)
4 vols.

THE author of these volumes is one of the most distinguished men Germany has to boast of, whether as a diplomatist or as an author of satirical romance. A profound knowledge of the human heart, and a familiar acquaintance with all the social relations of life, united with a style pregnant and full of original allusions, render the works of this accomplished humourist at once delightful and instructive. The proverbs, which serve as text to the chapters of this romance, are the most singular which the German language offers; we give the following as examples:—'He who is destined to be a nettle stings early'—'God does not send more cold than covering'—'The madman's bark strikes on every rock'—'The groom rides harder than the master'—'Sausage (Anglice roast beef) is my king'—'The Devil hides behind the cross, &c.'

This author is but little known in England, where his works, well translated, could not fail of success; and where they would find a public capable of appreciating their true spirit. In Germany, most of his readers want that knowledge of the world, and that *fineness* of perception, only to be acquired in the great school of life. The Count Benzel Sternau has passed his days in courts; and, in his diplomatic career, has found the original characters from which he has composed his romances. His most celebrated works are, 'The Golden Calf,' 'Old Adam,' and a journal, called 'The Jason.' Retired from public life, he enjoys a delightful repose, either on an estate of his own, half a league from Frankfort-on-the-Meine, or on the shores of the lake of Zurich. Devoted to agriculture and letters, and to the society of an amiable wife, Mary, born Baroness of Seikendorff, well known throughout Germany as one of the most distinguished and charming women of her age and country,—he extends his hospitality to all who have any pretensions to eminence in learning or personal character.

'Wahrheit aus Jean Paul Friedrich Richter's Leben. 3 theile.'

(Truths from the Life of John Paul Frederic Richter. 3rd part.)

THE 'Edinburgh Review' has recently brought to the notice of the English reader this extraordinary genius, in giving an account of two volumes of this work which formerly appeared, and which were formed from autographs of Richter himself. The contents of the third volume, which, by the bye, is not the last, are drawn from other sources, of which the writer, an intimate friend of the deceased, has

had the opportunity of availing himself. The last published volume is the most interesting, as relating to particular incidents in the life of Richter, and more especially to the difficulties which that eminent man experienced to make himself known, and his constancy in surmounting the obstacles which opposed him. Pennyless and friendless, often obliged to keep the house for want of shoes to wear abroad, during twelve continuous years Jean Paul Richter persevered in writing, in sending his manuscripts to booksellers and the literati, notwithstanding that he always found them rejected with disdain.

Instead of being disgusted and wearied, he sent forth his old manuscripts from one extremity of Germany to the other, and, while he remained in expectation, not indeed of a favourable answer, but of a repulse, he filled fresh sheets. At length, after a dozen years of continual privations, insults, and disappointments, he succeeded in finding a person who would run the risk of publishing one of his works. Immediately his fame spread like a torrent; and then a succession of various publications soon furnished him with the means of rising above the miserable lot in life which fate had seemed to assign him. He had the rare fortune to pass from a youth full of difficulties, to a mature age, surrounded with comforts, and to carry with him to the tomb his laurels still flourishing.

The last work of Richter was 'Selina, or the Immortality of the Soul,' a work which he left incomplete, and which was published after his decease, a few months ago. It displays the same depth of feeling and Platonic enthusiasm which characterise all the works of this illustrious writer.

'Versuch die Missverständnisse zu heben welche zwischen dem König von England und dem Herzog von Braunschweig durch den Grafen von Munster herbeigeführt worden. Von einem Privatmanne aus Offiziellen Quellen.—Hamburgh, 1828.'

(An attempt to remove the differences caused by Count Munster, between the King of England and the Duke of Brunswick; written by a private individual, from official sources.)

THE dispute between the King of England, Count Munster, and the Duke of Brunswick, continues to exercise the pens of more than one writer. The little work above-named attracts attention, not so much by reason of the value of its contents, as on account of the character of its author. The Prince of Brunswick seems to have a strange partiality for horse-dealers; he employed one of this worthy fraternity to carry his famous challenge to Count Munster; and the son of another chapman of the same class is the author of this infamous libel, who, while he pretends to the office of pacificator between the litigants, is no other than the Duke of Brunswick's hired libellist. His true name is John Wit. This is no other than the Danish adventurer, who, during several years, under the name of Baron de Döring, feigning the principles of the liberals, visited London, Paris, and Milan, and, deceiving every party, ended by being scouted by all as a pest to society. He, thereupon, published a work, entitled 'Memoirs of my Life and Times,' the second edition of which has just issued from the press in Brunswick. That work is a mass of fables and calumnies relating to the liberals of Germany, France, and

Italy; and, professing to disclose to the Holy Alliance the secrets of the three nations, makes the blackest accusations against all who have had the misfortune to become acquainted with the author. He spares neither dignity nor character, nor the connections of friendship or love. He makes a boast of adultery, of perjury, and of bad faith. And it is this man who, by his life and his works, has become, in a moral sense, *felo-de-se*; and to whom the governments of Prussia and Bavaria, notwithstanding his pretended denouncement of the demagogues, have thought fit, on account of his avowed perjuries, to forbid access to their dominions,—who has had the effrontery to appear as the accuser of the King of England and Count Munster; and to such a man is it that the Duke of Brunswick has had the weakness to commit the defence of his dignity.*

‘Berichtigung einiger Missdäutungen von A. W. v. Schlegel.’ Berlin, 1828.

J. H. Voss, the celebrated translator of the Greek and Latin poets, published in 1824 the first volume of his ‘Antisymbolik,’ a work written to refute the ‘Symbolik’ of Creuzer. With a considerable degree of strength, sound reasoning, and even humour, he exposes and overturns some of the wild hypotheses of this last named mystic, particularly his absurd notion of the worship of Bacchus having been Indian in its origin, and introduced through Egypt and Anterior Asia into Greece. But, not content to stop at that point, the veteran scholar left at his death a second volume ready for the press, in which he fights over again his battles with his *quondam* instructor Heyne, attacks the mystics anew, maintains that they have a covert design of overturning the Protestantism and the independence of the empire; that they form a secret society composed of sound Catholics, such as Görres, and pretended Protestants, such as Creuzer and Daub. In the latter list he includes A. W. Schlegel. A French periodical, called ‘Le Catholique,’ published at Paris, repeats the charge in the following terms:—*M. A. G. de Schlegel est à moitié Catholique.*

Thus accused in different quarters, Mr. Schlegel thinks it no longer prudent to leave the charges unanswered, more especially as the public change of faith of his brother Frederic, the more strongly exposes him to suspicion. Accordingly, in the present little *brochure*, he makes the apology of his life and faith. He goes over several of the events of his life; shews how, by his intimacy with Mad. de Staël, and his spirit of patriotism, he had drawn on himself the indignation of Napoleon; dwells on his activity, mental and personal, in the cause of Germany and liberty in the memorable year of 1813, when he acted as secretary to the Crown Prince of Sweden, and witnessed some of the glorious events of that war which hurled Napoleon from his throne—“While,” says he, “Voss, was quietly sitting *between his four posts*, behind his garden-hedge, over which he never knew how to look out.” He ac-

* We observe a notice of this work in a recent number of ‘the Times,’ extracted from a *Hamburg journal*. The object of that original notice appears to be to throw the censure the work excites upon other shoulders than those which ought to bear it. It may be further mentioned that Mr. Wit is the person who, some years since, published in the ‘Morning Chronicle’ several violent attacks on Prince Hardenberg and other German princes.

knowledges, however, that at that period, or earlier, he had employed, with the hope of rousing his compatriots to exertion, a bold and glowing style of language, in appealing to the piety and knightly deeds of their forefathers, which would be totally unsuitable to the present day.

On the whole, we think Schlegel's exculpation of himself perfectly satisfactory; and we cannot but express our regret, that a man who has deserved so well of literature as J. H. Voss, should have given way to so much personality and abuse, as we are sorry to see is to be found in the 'Antisymbolik.' We sincerely believe with Voss that Creuzer is in error; and every time we cast a look on our copy of the 'Symbolik' we feel a regret, almost amounting to indignation, that so much time and learning should have been consumed in putting together such an unfounded theory; but we most certainly acquit its author of any deeply-meditated design against Protestantism and the rights of the Germanic body.

The entire of the passage of the 'Catholique' alluded to is a curious instance of the bold assertions a man will make in support of his party or religion. It is as follows:—

'De hautes intelligences Protestantes se sont faites dernièrement Catholiques: tels sont les Stolberg, Fr. Schlegel, Werner, Adam Müller, Schelling, Tieck, Schlosser. Tout homme de génie dans les contrées Protestantes penche aujourd'hui, à son insu, ou autrement, vers le Catholicisme: tel est l'ascendant irrésistible de la vérité. Citons W. Burke, Sir W. Jones, Jean de Müller, le poète Claudius, Lavater, et plusieurs autres. Goethe s'est décidé fort tard en faveur du panthéisme. Jamais il ne fut Protestant; et l'on trouve dans quelques-uns de ses ouvrages une tendance Catholique prononcée. Schiller, lorsque son talent se perfectionna, entra de plus en plus dans des conceptions Catholiques. Dans Wallenstein, Marie Stuart, Guillaume Tell, rien ne rappelle l'auteur déréglé de Don Carlos, le violent déclamateur dont la jeunesse composa cette histoire boursoufflée de la Révolution des Pays-Bas. M. A. G. de Schlegel est à moitié Catholique: jamais Herder ne fut hostile.'

What now are we to think of a writer who says Sir W. Jones was a Catholic!!

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

2nd. We went, last night, to see *Love for Love*, at Drury Lane: partly because we could not guess how the play could be made presentable at this time of day, and partly, because we had a curiosity to see how our actors of the nineteenth century would play a finished "coat-and-breeches" comedy of the old school. We desired to know how the same lips which are accustomed to ejaculate "Keep moving!"—"That's your sort!"—"You're a going it!"—and other such tropes of modern wit, would deliver the pointed and polished sentences of Congreve,—and how an audience, used to be dazzled by panoramic scenery, "terrific explosions," and all the glittering grandeur of pantomimes and "Easter pieces," would receive a comedy with nothing

beyond a common pair of flats, representing an ordinary lodging-house or drawing-room.

As to the play, it was *not* rendered presentable: at least, it was full of language which no lady of these days ought to listen to, and which we are surprised that any of them were suffered to do. Indeed, unless the cutting began at "Act I. Scene I.," and went down to "Exeunt Omnes," we do not very readily see how *Love for Love* is to be rendered fit for modern ears. Still, the manager contrived to cut enough to make the play disjointed, without rendering it decent. Certainly, the whole of the dialogue of the three first acts, admirable as it is with regard to wit and knowledge of nature, is totally unsuited to the increased delicacy of these times; a delicacy which, even if it be (which we do not in the least grant) only on the surface, is in itself a compliment to virtue, which shews that it has a stronger and more general hold upon the public mind than when women of quality sat composedly, and listened to that which women of a very different quality would almost shrink from now. The real truth is that these plays ought no longer to be acted—and indeed they are very seldom. Vanburgh, Congreve, and even Farquhar must, we fear, be given up,—Wycherley has been, for some years. Their admirable and unequalled wit—their keen knowledge of English nature—their lively, buoyant, and rapid action—their constant good manners, as good manners were in their days understood—their vivid and varied delineations of character—all these are excellencies which it is pitiable to be obliged to resign; but indecency—in some of them coarse, in others refined, but still, in all indecency—is in its single self a blemish of a moral importance which must at once outweigh all the intellectual merits we have enumerated above. To those who wish to study the progress of society in England, our comic writers from the Restoration to about the middle of George the Second's reign must be ever invaluable as authorities: the very fact of their pervading fault, to which we have now alluded, is in itself most strongly illustrative of the public tastes of the time. But such things will not do for representation before general audiences, in which persons of all varieties of age, and of the two sexes, congregate.

Love for Love was not acted last night so well as, even now, it might and ought to have been. Mathews in Foresight was feeble, and played as though he neither cared for, nor was pleased with, his part. We should be sorry if this, in truth, were so; for Mr. Mathews ought to know with what magnificent powers of comedy the character is conceived, and what admirable opportunities for effect some of the points present. But so much was cut from even this part, as to render the portraiture scarcely to be traced as the *whole* created by Congreve. We should like to see Farren in this part: it seems to us particularly suited to his admirable powers. Liston surprised us; with the most unlimited enjoyment of his Lubin Logs, and Nicholas Twills, we never rated this gentleman very highly as an actor; having, indeed, always seen him fail in every stock-part which he has attempted. But his Ben was really excellent; not Liston, not a cockney, but a very admirable embodying of Congreve's sailor. The only fault was he made him too good-humoured; for Ben is in

fact a very surly, brutal, and most selfish sea-bear. Miss Foote, also, acted by much less ill than usual; and, with the exception of some unnecessary coarseness, really gave great effect to the scene between Miss Prue and Ben. Tattle is exactly in Jones's own line, and it is unnecessary to say he did it admirably; as did also Mr. Wallack, Valentine. This latter gentleman also rose considerably beyond our expectations. Nothing could be better than the firmness and gentlemanly dignity and feeling which he threw into the part. He gave, also, the fullest, yet in no degree pedantic, clearness of enunciation and delivery to the exquisite writing of his author; a merit which made the scenes in which he and Jones, and also Cooper, were engaged, stand prominent in the performance of the night. In every one of these instances did Mr. Downton fail; he was coarse, imperfect, and almost unintelligibly indistinct in his delivery. This gentleman takes liberties with his author and his audience, which his declining popularity will scarcely continue to bear him out in. Of Miss Tree and Mrs. Davison, in Angelica and Mrs. Frail, the less we say the better; and of Mrs. Orger in Mrs. Foresight, we can say nothing; for the part was almost totally cut out. In every respect, the performance wanted what the French so well express by the untranslatable word, *ensemble*.

10th. The royal assent was given yesterday to the bill for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. We notice this, because vague rumours had been set afloat that it was to be withheld. Withheld!—In the year 1828, the royal assent withheld from a bill which has passed both houses of Parliament! No, no. The days of royal vetos are gone by, never to return. We wonder at the rumourers venturing to revive such an idea *now*. Perhaps, however, Lord Eldon set the report in circulation; and then, to be sure, all wonder ceases.

As to the bill itself, it is undoubtedly a great step to have made to be able to get such a measure through the House of Lords; it, certainly, was clogged and mangled there, but still only in a degree quite moderate as compared with what might have been expected from the Hereditary Wisdom. The debates on the bill were highly entertaining and edifying; but they were the topic of last month, rather than of this; and will have become quite obsolete before this Number of our Magazine appears. As for the boasted liberality of the Bishops, we shall say something when we see them do anything liberal in opposition to the will of ministers; till then, we suspend our judgment.

13th. The Catholic Question passed last night in the House of Commons, by a majority of six; a circumstance which delights us, inasmuch as it is a majority, but which pains us as being so small. Still, when we consider the host of interest, to say nothing of the mass of prejudice, arrayed against the question—and, also, that it has nothing but reason and justice in its support,—it is a subject of congratulation that it should have been carried at all. By far the most striking thing in the debate is the almost total lack both of talent and of high name among the opposers of the measure. With the exception

of Mr. Peel, we really can single out no individuals of higher intellectual rank than the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Inglis, and Mr. George Banks. A more pitiable display than the oratory and arguments against the question never occurred in the annals of dulness; and yet the herd gathers in goodly numbers *to vote*. A vociferous no! is the measure of their eloquence; by quantity they make up for their incalculable lack of quality; though they have only "one half-penny-worth of bread," they have an "intolerable quantity of sack."

One gentleman, however, did certainly make an argumentative speech against the motion; which it would be the height of injustice to pass over unnoticed. We allude to Admiral Evans, member for Wexford; whose name we do not recollect having before seen in the Parliamentary Debates; a circumstance most deeply to be regretted, to judge from his effort of last night. He has claim to the rare merit—indeed, we believe it to be unique during the course of these debates—of saying something new on the Catholic Question. For instance, the gallant member says that he does not trust to the professions made by the Catholics of respect and affection for the constitution; because, adds he, "If they wished to prove the sincerity of their attachment to the constitution, he would say let them embrace the religion of the Protestants." The report in which we read this—that of the *Morning Chronicle*—maliciously subjoins the words [a laugh], as though it were possible for the dignity of a British House of Commons to suffer itself to be compromised by any exhibition of levity at an argument so novel and important as this. But the admiral also displays great and zealous skill in proselytism; and proposes a scheme by which every Catholic in Ireland shall be made Protestant in a few weeks: "Let," says this erudite and intelligent gentleman, "let the legislature pass a vote by which they would give all the tithes to the priests, and exempt the Protestants from the payment of any tithes at all. If they did so, he was convinced they would not be troubled any more upon this subject, for they would have all the people of Ireland of one religion almost immediately."!!! The honourable member does not state whether he has consulted the Bishops of Derry and Cloyne, or any other apostolically-paid member of the Church of Ireland, upon this scheme for transferring tithes and abolishing papists. They might, indeed, venerate the means in consideration of the end; but still we cannot but think they would regard the transference of tithes as a queer way of supporting the Established Church!

Seriously—for one must at last be serious in reflecting where and upon what occasion these absurdities took place—it must, we should imagine, be a matter of shame and humiliation, for the senate of this country to have such things as these gravely propounded to it as argument and reasoning by one of its members. Truly has it been said, the march of intellect has stopped short in the lobby of the House.

14th. Our prophecy of last month is fast advancing towards its accomplishment: Mlle. Sontag is already diminishing in her attraction, and certainly has not made a *hit* here, at all. We went last night to see her in what her friends call her best part, the *Donna del Lago*;

and, not only had no ribs staved in, in our entrance into the pit, but

Distant or near, we settled where we pleased.

And this is her best part, is it?—Well—Germany may be right—Paris may have confirmed its judgment wisely—but we confess, we cannot even understand in the most remote manner what it is that has caused any admiration at all! Certainly, there is facility of execution, but what is the use of facility without any organ to be facile with? Mlle. Sontag's voice is a poor, thin, puling, flageolet-like pipe, which has neither force, nor fulness, nor richness,—nay, nor even any remarkable sweetness either. In the duet, in the second Act, between Elena and Malcolm Græme, Madame Schütz completely beat her—thoroughly outsang her at every point. This lady came to this country with no preliminary puffs, unheralded by stories of English peers and foreign potentates contending for the honour of a smile, and, consequently, that nose-led monster, the London public, has troubled its head very little about her: but she is an excellent musician, has a fine voice, approaching to the contr'alto, and forms herself upon the first existing model—Pasta. She will be, no doubt, a very eminent singer, and is, at present, one of very considerable merit. Her triumph over Mlle. Sontag, last night, was marked—the expressions of wonderment around us were numberless. For our own part, we were not surprised—we were amused. We bethought us, also, of the miserable fate of the luckless Sontag, tomorrow!—Pasta herself will be opposed to her! If one of her humble followers could thus outstrip the eighth wonder of the world, what will not *she* do? We confess, we have been most egregiously diverted by the preparations made by Pasta for putting Sontag irrevocably to death. In the first place, she writes a letter to the papers, prostrating herself in gratitude for the unspeakable condescension of Sontag in singing for her benefit at all: and then, she announces in the bills that Mad. Pasta will *attempt* the part of Otello, while that of Desdemona will be *sustained* by Mlle. Sontag! This is exceedingly rich, knowing as every one must know—that it is Mad. Pasta's fixed purpose to extinguish the unhappy German for ever and a day. Mad. Pasta is a singer, an actress, and a woman—and if, having her rival in her power, she do not *crush* her, she is neither one nor the other.

The fuss that has been made about Sontag's beauty is another subject totally beyond our comprehension. We will wager any modicum of odds that a gentleman may fairly be disposed to ask, that we produce five-and-twenty handsomer women in one turn between Hyde-Park Corner and Stanhope-street Gate. She has neither feature nor expression; and, as for figure, if a lady will put herself into an edifice resembling the dome of St. Paul's, it is impossible for any eye, however experienced, to trace what may, or may not, exist beneath.

—Apropos of Madame Schütz, whose name we have had occasion to mention above,—we think this lady has been most scurvily treated; that is, supposing the facts advanced by her to be true, and we have seen no contradiction made to them, which, one would think, the party principally concerned would have hastened to do, had he been able.

JUNE, 1828.

2 G

It is now ten days, or more, since Madame Schütz addressed a most sensibly and modestly written letter to the papers, to explain why a concert, which had been announced for her benefit, would not take place. Our readers may, perhaps, not remember that this concert had been got up for the purpose of, in some degree, reimbursing Madame Schütz for the loss which she had sustained, to the amount, it is said, of several hundred pounds, by a robbery which had been committed at her house while she was attending to her duty at the King's Theatre. The principal singers, including Pasta and Sontag, very kindly offered to sing at this concert, and their names were accordingly announced in the bills. At this moment, according to Madame Schütz's statement, forth steps M. Laporte, the lessee of the Opera House, and says that all these singers are engaged to him, and that not one of them shall sing, unless the concert be held at the concert-room at the Opera House, and that he receive half the profits. Upon this, the singers in question express very natural disgust and indignation, which they proceed to carry to what we cannot but consider a somewhat paradoxical excess, by declaring that, if that resolution be adhered to, they will not sing at all. Both parties stick to their determination, and thus between them poor Madame Schütz falls to the ground, having, besides her original loss, to pay the expenses which had been already incurred for the concert. This is lamentable; and, if the facts be not overstated, we cannot but consider M. Laporte's conduct to be of a description which we will not trust ourselves to characterize in words.

16th. We are, though Magaziners, devoted to the cause of truth; and, therefore, will not soften what we wrote a couple of days ago about the Sontag, or warp what we are going to write, to suit it. We said what we considered just then, and we will say what we consider just now. The truth is then, that Sontag shewed much better fight than we expected; and if, as we jocosely imputed to Pasta, she meant to apply an extinguisher, and to "écraser l'infame," she certainly has not done so. There was, it is true, a measureless gulf between the merits of the two; and Sontag's most successful efforts were at a wide interval from Pasta in the same part; but still she was vastly better than we thought she could have been in any thing, and she had the great advantage of Pasta having put herself into a part the least suited to her probably of any in the whole *repertoire*. If, indeed, we must give vent to a little of the spleen which we had reserved for poor dear Sontag, we should say that Pasta looked but little graceful in her male attire, and that we begrudged exceedingly the fine expression of her countenance being lost by her face being stained brown. We were wishing all the time that she had, according to Quin's *mot*, "played it white*." Still her acting was tragedy of the first order: we question even whether her dramatic genius do not perhaps excel that of Mrs. Siddons; and our reasons for thinking so are these. She produces, we think, an equal impression with what was effected by that great

* There is a tradition of Quin, one night on his way to dress for Othello, looking through the curtain, and seeing a very thin pit, exclaiming, "Hang 'em, they are not worth blackening one's face for; I think I shall play it white."

actress; and, as regards her performances in London especially, the means furnished to her are infinitely less powerful. Mrs. Siddons spoke, and in English, to an English audience. Madame Pasta sings, and in Italian. Now, whatever may be the charms of music—and we individually rather overrate them, if any thing—it must, we think, be admitted by the wildest *fanatico per la musica*, that its proper place is not in the rendering of the stronger and fiercer passions; and that an artist who is compelled to use it as their vehicle, labours under an infinite disadvantage as to their expression. Besides this, the great majority of the audience at the Opera House understand Italian but imperfectly—a considerable portion, not at all. And when we consider the effect, which, in despite of these circumstances, Mad. Pasta produces on her hearers, we must, we think, admit that, at all events, her dramatic powers are, to say the least, not surpassed by even the great Queen of Tragedy, to whom we have been comparing her.

As to the music of *Otello*, Pasta, in the single pieces, was magnificent; but, in the duets with Desdemona, there was no getting over the fact, that the music was composed for a male and a female voice; and that, therefore, it, of course, must suffer by being executed by two sopranos, or rather a soprano and a mezzo-soprano. This difference of quality was by no means sufficient to work out the full effect of the composition. Au reste, we only wish the man of demi-semi-quavers, *qui fait valser tous ses héros*—Rossini—would leave such subjects as that of the Moor of Venice alone; and that the managers would not scandalize English taste by having the finest tragic composition that the world has seen, brought forward as travestied by trumpets and violins.

— We rejoice exceedingly to see that a bill is about to be brought into parliament to allow persons accused of felony to have their full defence made by counsel. It is, we think, nothing short of a disgrace to the British House of Commons, that a similar attempt has been several times made, and always with signal failure. We cannot conceive any thing much more monstrous than the present mode of proceeding. For the prosecution, counsel are allowed to speak. It is true, that it is the practice to abstain from any inflammatory comments, and to go no farther than a plain statement of the facts which it is proposed to prove in evidence. But the statement is made: it is a narrative coming from the lips of a man whose study it has been, all his life, to dove-tail circumstances, and to place them in a lucid and consecutive form before the minds of others. The prisoner's counsel, on the other hand, is allowed to cross-examine witnesses, and to urge any point of law on behalf of the accused which may occur to him; but he may do no more. It is left to the prisoner himself—almost necessarily a man from the lower orders of society, who has never addressed a public assembly in his life, and who stands there with, perhaps, his life, and certainly his liberty, at stake—it is left for this man, under these circumstances, not only to tell his own story—a matter sufficiently difficult for an ignorant, uneducated man so placed—but also to what is technically termed “speak to evidence.” He himself must, if it be done at all, compare, contrast, and sift the testimony brought forward against him, one of the most difficult tasks of an ad-

vocate, and one, very frequently, of the most vital importance to the result of a case. Now, is this fair play?—is it common sense? So little is it either, that we have frequently met with persons, unacquainted with our judicial procedure, whom we had the utmost difficulty to make *believe* that such was really the practice. “Oh! nonsense! Oh! pooh, pooh! That can’t be! You are joking.” Such, and such like, are the expressions of people of sense and justice, but who are unacquainted with the details of our law, with regard to this point.

And what are the arguments used against a change?—First, it is an *innovation*: very well, we will leave that. Next, that the Judge is the prisoner’s counsel. In the first place, he is not; and, in the next, he ought not to be. That he is not, every practitioner in our criminal courts throughout the kingdom will, we are confident, confirm us in asserting. How indeed should he be? He has to sum up impartially to the jury; he is to hold the balance between both sides of the question, and present the result in his charge. Now, the duty of a counsel is to say all that can be said on one side; and it has, very naturally, always been considered as the best mode of eliciting truth, for one advocate to say every thing that can be urged for one party, another for the other, and then for the Judge to sift out, to the best of his ability, and above all, with the most strictly impartial fairness, the real points on both sides which the jury ought to take into consideration, to guide their decision. How can a Judge do this, and at the same time be counsel for the prisoner? The thing is preposterous. A third reason given against making the proposed change is, that if counsel were to be heard on both sides, it would tend greatly to lengthen the proceedings. This may be true; but the question is to do justice—as speedily as possible, certainly—but above all to do justice. Now, is it not necessary, for full justice to be done, that the accused should have the same advantages as the accuser? In civil cases—no one attempts to say “Business will be got through much more quickly, if there be no speech for the defendant; therefore, there shall be no speech for the defendant.” This sounds little short of ludicrous; and yet it is not so much so, if the extremity of injustice can, by dint of bad reasoning, ever become ludicrous, as the case which now exists; for, in civil actions, a few pounds, perhaps, are at stake, and in a criminal prosecution it is very frequently a man’s life. The last reason that we know of is, *the system works well*. In the great majority of cases it certainly is a matter of indifference how the prisoner is defended; for, in the great majority of cases, he is guilty; but it is our bounden duty to take also into consideration those cases where he is innocent, but where circumstances press against him. In what proportion these cases occur, it matters not—they do occur, and that is sufficient. Moreover, where all we ask in their support is a broad principle of justice, their claim is doubly strong.

The point we have been discussing is one of the anomalies of our criminal laws; for there are many principles of practice which we cannot but consider extravagantly lenient towards the prisoner; for they tend, not to protect the innocent, but to shelter the guilty. We allude to the exceeding care which is taken to prevent a man saying any thing which may criminate himself, as if innocent people said

things to criminate themselves; to the extent to which the doctrine about receiving confessions is carried, as if innocent men, upon having said to them, "You had better confess," immediately invented a romance, detailing an imaginary crime; and to a multitude of technical details which we will not now enumerate. But it is strange that, in the midst of these contrivances to enable rogues to escape, there should be so much opposition made to a measure, by which the chances of preservation would be extended to honest men also.

20th. Our readers know that we are general advocates for improvement of every kind; and that we hail joyfully its advance in all branches of human affairs. It has been, therefore, with extreme satisfaction that we have lately witnessed the greatly increased prevalence of an improvement, which has been struggling hard for some years to arrive at the point, which, we think, it has now reached. We allude to the introduction of the black neckcloth in the evening. It is now, we fear, some six, if not seven, years since we saw this first attempted at the Opera, by Hughes Ball. But he had not weight to carry through an alteration of such importance; people could not quote him as an authority even to themselves: we think almost, indeed, that his well-meant, though premature, endeavours, rather retarded than assisted the great cause. For it is great—it is the cause of Art, the cause of comfort, and thence the cause of good taste and of good sense united. The white cravat was in every respect *wrong*. In the first place, it was against every rule of colouring—it presented no contrast, the shirt (and till lately, even the waistcoat!) being also white; but it did present, what is the most offensive fault to the eye of any in the whole theory of colour, a slight discrepancy of tints of the same colour; for it was next to impossible for the linen of the shirt, the cambric of the neckcloth, and the marcella of the waistcoat, to be brought, by any degree of lavatorial skill, to exactly the same hue. In the next place, even granting (which we utterly deny) that the white neckcloth was becoming at any time—even, to speak alchemically, in the very moment of projection, when the laborious amalgamation of parts has produced one glorious whole, and the Dressed Man sallies forth, like the sun at morn, in all the pride and freshness of the toilet,—even granting this (which we never will) who has ever beheld the bloom of beauty of the cervical structure outlast even the second course? A London gust of air, encountered in getting out of the carriage (or the hackney-coach, for we have known men, who wore very good *clothes*, come to dinner in a hackney-coach*) has breathed its black breath upon the "unsunned snow" of the neckcloth, and marred its beauty for the evening; or a rash turn of the head has destroyed in an instant that symmetry, which it has taken (shall I say?) hours to construct; or the melting properties of a crowded room and a June night, have deprived it of that

* One of the most agreeable story-tellers about town narrates the following dialogue as having occurred between him and a lady living in Portland Place:—*Lady*. Do you know Mrs. ———? (naming an opposite neighbour.) *Gentleman*. I do. *L.* Does she not give very agreeable dinners. *G.* Yes; now you mention it, I think her parties are very pleasant. One always meets a great many agreeable people there. *L.* I thought so; I see so many people come in hackney-coaches. There is great knowledge of town in this.

force and firmness on which its sightliness entirely depends, and left the unhappy wearer with a wet white rope round his neck, as the only vestige of the product of art upon which the pains of his washer-woman and himself had been so lavished. Again, the time, difficulty, and danger attending the operation of putting on and tying the starched neckcloth, are so many decided evils from which the black one is free. How seldom can the question

“Have you, my friend,” I’ve heard him say,

“Been lucky in your *turns* to-day?”

be answered in the affirmative, even though “a fortnight’s laundry” should have been expended in the operation?

Now, from all and sundry these objections, the black silk cravat is free. The colour gives beautiful relief to the line of white collar appearing above, and forms a rich combination with the colours, when well chosen, of the waistcoat and coat, be they any gradation of what they in most cases must be, red, blue, or brown. Again, an accidental *smut* conveys no lasting stigma, and a man may move his head to the right, to the left, upwards and downwards, without crucifying his neckcloth, or, what is rather worse, keep him in constant fear of it. The difficulty of putting on is totally obviated—the garment is ready manufactured by the hosier; we do not mean *stocks*, they are gone by, and were too stiff and formal at all times, but the folded and formed neckcloth, buttoning over a delicate stiffener (Ludlam’s are the best) is ready to the hand, and is *disposed* round the neck in a moment. The degree of time and temper saved by this change we leave to be determined by those gentlemen who used to be celebrated for their *ties*, two, four, six years ago.

The adoption of this last improvement of our costume has been, for many years, universal in the morning, but the attempts to introduce it into *dress* have been most vehemently resisted. The ladies who decreed that no gentleman should be admitted to Almack’s without breeches, would naturally be opposed to any innovation conducive to ease and comfort. The Opera was manifestly the ground on which first to introduce the infant change; but here, it was understood that Mr. Ebers, although he did not order his door-keepers to deny admittance to black-necked visitors, discouraged the practice as far as was possible short of the extreme step alluded to; and, certainly, up to the conclusion of his management, black neckcloths were only to be seen *rari nantes* in the *gurgite vasto* of the pit. But, this season, they have progressed most rapidly, and at last have arrived at the point of forming a very respectable proportion of the neckcloths in the house, both as to the numbers and the description of the wearers. The head of the illustrious house of Cavendish has clothed his neck in one of them; and his *induat* will, of course, have its weight with those who know his Grace’s rigid and scrupulous adherence to the *menus étiquettes* of society. It never again can be called into question whether a black neckcloth be *dress* or not. But, indeed, the prevalence of the custom seems to be increasing in a mathematical ratio, and must soon be fully able to answer for itself against the world. There are some other doctrines getting afloat with regard to dress, which, perhaps, we may notice hereafter.

24th. That *Femme-Chatte* of Mlle. Jenny Vertpré is a most charming thing indeed. It is, without doubt, one of the most *fascinating* performances we ever beheld; and we advise every one who is fond of being fascinated, to go and see it forthwith. The piece itself, entitled "*La Chatte métamorphosée en Femme*," is far less skilfully arranged than we should have expected from seeing M. Scribe's name attached to it. The story is of a gentleman (German, we presume) who, partly from loss of fortune and the ingratitude of friends, and partly from recluse and misanthropic habits, becomes, if not mad, a little *odd*, to say the least of it. He lives entirely with his old nurse and a *cat*, and, not being able to fall in love with the old woman, he does with the cat; (as a facetious friend of our's observed, "He courts the *mews*;") and, *therefore*, insists upon not even seeing a *cousine*, in flourishing circumstances, whom the parents on both sides had desired, by their wills, to be his wife. The lady, however, determines to rival the cat by personating her; and, sending a mock Indian to preach the doctrine of the metempsychosis to the recluse, and to give him a *talisman* to operate the transmutation of souls, she appears before his astonished eyes as the ex-cat. Now, this is what we object to: we had much rather have had a *real* fairy-tale; for now all the delicious, feline *minauderies* of Mlle. Jenny Vertpré, are only the feline *minauderies* of Ma'anselle somebody else, the young lady in the farce—which (we do not aspire to be paradoxical) throws a want of *reality* over the whole.

Mlle. Vertpré can be no longer young, and her face is certainly not more than just pretty; and yet, any thing so irresistibly *fascinating* (we must repeat the word) as she appeared in *Minette*, we do not remember to have seen. When she is first discovered, she is lying on the bed, curled up as the cat had been, asleep; and the extraordinary grace of her, notwithstanding, most cat-like waking, was nothing short of beautiful. She comes forward with "a stealthy pace;" surprised at finding herself raised so high from the ground, and occasionally running round in search of her absent tail, with the most delightful bewilderment at its loss. The lover (we do not wish to say any thing harsh of any one; but really a better lover, with better boots and coat, ought to be provided for so delightful an innamorata, whether considered as *femme* or *chatte*,)—the lover then accosts her, and she takes advantage of her long and intimate acquaintance with him as *Minette* the cat, to treat him as an old friend, now she is *Minette* the young lady. He asks her what is the first thing she wishes for? Her answer, after (only) a moment's pause, is "*Un miroir!*" In this she surveys herself some little time, apparently more and more pleased with the result of her contemplation; but, at last, she seems to desire a confirmation of her opinion, for she turns round to Guido, and exclaims "*Je suis jolie, n'est ce pas?*" And if, instead of being a very nice little woman, with the prettiest hands and feet in the whole world, she had been a Lapland witch, the way in which she spoke those words, would have made her seem a *Hebe* for the nonce. And, when Guido declares that this is all his doing; that it is *he* who has changed her from a cat into a charming girl, the manner in which she pouts, as she raises herself upon her toes, and says, "*Pourquoi ne m'a tu pas faite un peu plus*

grande?" was sufficient to make the answer "Because you can't be more delightful than as you are," start to the tip of every tongue in the house.

She then gives a narrative of her transmigrations in a most exquisite little vaudeville: first, she was "la fleur margherite;" then a lark, then a nightingale, &c. She gives her reason for wishing to be changed from each, in succession; and the burden of the song is her prayer to Brama for removal—

Change, change moi, Brama!

which comes in with a turn of the melody, that, given as she gave it, is charming indeed. We have no music or singing such as this *in English*. We have better and higher things; which, we own, we think the French have not. But this style of half-arch, half-tender words and song—the music serving only to give point, cadence, and effect to the sense—the less broadly-comic class of *vaudeville*, in short—this, as indeed *all* classes of the *vaudeville*, the French possess exclusively. We confess we would give a very considerable number of cart-loads of our popular music in exchange.

We were going to add that neither have we any such acting as Mlle. Jenny Vertpré's on our stage: but we should have been wrong. There is *one* person who, to all the force of English genius, adds the matchless *naïveté*, and archness, and delicacy, and finish, of the French school. We need hardly name Miss Kelly. It is curious, indeed, that these two ladies have each had their perhaps most prominent success in the same part—Annette in the Maid and the Magpie. Mlle. Vertpré played the part when the piece originally came out in Paris; and it is our knowledge of the date of this which made us say she can be no longer young; for, certainly, on the stage, she looks young enough for any thing; and a friend who was with us last night positively would not believe the age we assigned to her, till our awkward memory for "facts and dates" came into play. Truly has Goldsmith said—"women and music should never be dated." It is equally unfair and disagreeable, when we see a *svette*, fairy-like creature flitting about upon the stage, that our memory should impudently start up to give the lie to our eye-sight. Certainly, not that eye-sight only, but ears and mind also, have not been so gratified for many a long day as they were with the grace, nature, and genius of Mlle. Vertpré's performance last night.

25th. It appears we were a little wrong in our law, last month, when we stated that Jews were foreigners. We did not send our Diary to counsel to *settle*; and hence this slip. We were misled by our recollection of the history of the celebrated Act of Geo. II.—for permitting persons professing the Jewish religion to be naturalized by Parliament, overlooking that this referred only to foreign-born Jews, and not to those born in this country; they having been already recognised as British subjects by an Act of the 10th Geo. I. and also of the 13th Geo. II. It is by a bye-law of the corporation that Jews are excluded from keeping a shop in the city of London. In consequence of the few words we said on this subject in our Diary of last month, we have had sent to us a very interesting paper, which is

printed for circulation, entitled a "Statement of the Civil Disabilities and privations affecting the Jews in England." We think our readers will be much interested by the following extract from it, which indeed forms a considerable proportion of the whole; for nothing can be more simply a *statement* than this document. The inferences from the facts it is indeed easy to draw:—

"After enduring every species of the most aggravated cruelty and oppression, the Jews were, in the year 1290, banished the kingdom by a royal proclamation, under the standing pretence of grinding the poor by their usurious dealings; and they departed accordingly, to the number, as is computed, of 16,500 persons.

"So general and complete must have been the exile of the Jews, that no mention whatever of them occurs in our annals for the long interval of near 400 years, or until after 1656, when Cromwell, on the petition on their behalf of Manasseh Ben Israel, a physician in Holland, highly distinguished for his scientific knowledge, was induced, as is supposed, to agree to their re-establishment in England; but such consent, if given, does not appear to have been then acted on, as in 1663, the whole number of Jews in London did not exceed twelve. In the years immediately following, however, a great influx of them took place, although sanctioned by no special permission, and in consequence it was held, on an elaborate argument in the case of the East India Company v. Sand, that the Jews reside in England only by an implied license, which, on a proclamation of banishment, would operate like a determination of letters of safe conduct to an alien enemy.—(2 Show. 371.)

"The Jews, on such their re-establishment, were spared the direct hardships and inflictions they had endured during their former settlement here, but notwithstanding had to encounter much illiberality and jealousy on the part of the principal merchants of London, who, in 1685, petitioned James II. to insist on the Alien Duty of Customs being exacted from all Jews, notwithstanding their having obtained letters of denization; similar petitions were presented from the Ham-burgh Company, the Eastland Company, and the merchants of the West and North of England, but the king, as his brother Charles II. had before done, refused to comply with the prayer of such petitions. The merchants renewed their application in 1690 to William III., when, after much discussion before the Privy Council, an order was issued, the effect of which was, to render the Jews liable to the Alien Duty.

"Upon this the merchants drew up a most loyal address of thanks to the king, and no further notice appears to have been taken of the Jews until the 1st year of Queen Anne, when, it being represented to both Houses of Parliament that the severity of Jewish parents towards such of their children as were desirous of embracing the Christian faith was a great hinderance to their conversion, It was enacted, (Stat. 1 Anne, c. 30) that 'If the child of any Jewish parent is converted to the Christian religion, or is desirous of embracing it, upon application to the Lord Chancellor, he may compel any such parent to give his child a sufficient maintenance in proportion to his circumstances.'

"Early in the following reign a petition was presented to the Lord

Mayor and Aldermen of London, praying that no Jew might be admitted a broker; no order or bye-law seems to have been made upon such petition, which comprised only the most futile allegations.

"In the 10th year of Geo. I. when it was expected of the Jews, as well as of all other subjects, that they should take the oath of abjuration, the following clause was introduced in their favour: 'Whenever any of his Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion shall present himself to take the oath of abjuration, the words, "upon the true faith of a Christian," shall be omitted out of the said oath.'—This provision, exclusive of the very proper object of it, is so far additionally valuable, as affording the first legislative recognition of the relation of Sovereign and Subject as regards the Jews born within the British dominions; and they are also, as such, included in the Act of 13th Geo. II. c. 7, which enacts, that every Jew who shall have resided seven years in any of his Majesty's Colonies in America, shall, upon taking the oath of abjuration, be entitled to all the privileges of a natural-born subject of Great Britain.

"Following up the preceding provision, whereby naturalization was thus effected without requiring that, in compliance with the Act of 7th James I., the party applying to be naturalized should first receive the sacrament, the famous Act for permitting persons professing the Jewish religion to be naturalized by Parliament, was passed in 1753, 26th Geo. II. c. 26,—the principal clauses of which were, that Jews, upon application to Parliament, might be naturalized without taking the sacrament; that they must have resided three years in England or Ireland; and for disabling them, notwithstanding, from purchasing or inheriting any advowson or right of patronage in the Church.

"It would now be scarcely credible, were it not matter of authentic history, that this mere permission given to the Legislature to naturalize such foreign Jews as might apply, being qualified as above mentioned, excited such a ferment throughout the country, as to accelerate a Session of Parliament for the purpose of passing, as its first Act, (27 Geo. II. c. 1.) a repeal of the Act in question, stating, by way of reason in the preamble, 'that occasion had been taken from the said Act to raise discontents, and to disquiet the minds of many of his Majesty's subjects.'

"By the 26th Geo. II. c. 33, commonly called the Marriage Act, the Jews and Quakers are the only communities specially excepted out of the operation of it.

"The result of the foregoing review of the public and legislative proceedings with reference to the Jews in England, appears most distinctly to prove that, with the single exception of the Act of Anne, as affecting parental control, and under which not more than two or three applications have ever been made in Chancery, there is no disabling statute whatsoever affecting the claim of his Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion to a full and equal participation with their Christian fellow-subjects in the reciprocal rights and privileges consequent upon the obligation and duty of allegiance as natural-born subjects of the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom, including the power to acquire, inherit, possess, convey, and transmit every species of property, real as well as personal; subject only, in common with all Dis-

senters, to the restrictions imposed by the Test and Corporation Acts, in respect of qualification for certain official and municipal situations.

“ Having thus satisfactorily established the fact, that there is no particular Act of Parliament affecting the free and unfettered power of the English Jews to pursue the fair and free course of industry and talent, in common with their countrymen, it is the more to be regretted, that any impediment should be thrown in their way by any local regulations ; and most of all, that such impediments should have originated, and may still be found to exist, in the City of London.

“ The great and important privation the Jews thus experience, arising apparently from custom, and that a bad one, as capriciously and illegally excluding one half of his Majesty’s subjects from a privilege afforded to all others, is the circumstance of the Corporation of the City of London refusing to grant its freedom to professed Jews, who are thus rendered incapable of keeping open shop in the city for retail of goods. This is not only a serious privation to a numerous and industrious class of individuals, so excluded, merely on account of difference of religious faith ; but operates also to the detriment of the public, who lose the benefit of the more active competition, which might otherwise in several trades be thus advantageously excited.

“ The more enlightened policy which has of late actuated the Corporation of London, will, there is every reason to expect, induce a revision of all such narrow and exclusive restrictions as may remain among their bye-laws, or regulations, and by rescinding them, give full scope to the energy of Trade, unshackled by any undue preference, interference, or controul, and claiming no other patronage than the all-sufficient boon of public confidence as the reward of private honesty.”

We need scarcely say how heartily we concur in this hope. The day, indeed, is fast approaching when the religious toleration of which we boast must arrive at that which one would have supposed to be a very early stage of its progress, *viz.*, the absence of all exclusion on account of points of faith. The present instance of the intolerant spirit is almost the *reductio ad absurdum* of the system. To ask a man of what religion he is before you allow him to open a shop for the retailing of wares would be only ludicrous, if it were not also tyrannical and oppressive. But these things can’t last.

25th. We do not exactly know who the persons are that have the management of the macadamized streets of London ; but whoever they may be, we beg to present our compliments to them, and to tell them that they have not the most remote idea of how the streets should be watered. It used to be said of Cheltenham, that the streets there (it being a chalky soil) were always either powder or pomatum—white dust in summer, and white mud in winter. But in London we have black mud all the year round ; indeed, we question very strongly whether the mud be not more certain and permanent at Midsummer than at Christmas. In fine weather there soon accumulates a great quantity of dust—that of course. Then come the water-carts, and, instead of *laying* it, forthwith convert it into a mass of mud. The water-carts are so constructed as to slush the water out by pailfuls, instead of raining it forth in a pretty

shower sufficient to lay the dust, and no more. The reason of this is plain; it saves a great deal of trouble. If the streets were to be watered properly, it would be necessary to do it two or three times a day; whereas the present process creates a supply of mud for four-and-twenty hours at once. And the crossings are less swept in summer: the worthy professors of that most useful art devote their talents to occupations more ostensibly fitted to the season, and leave the luckless pedestrian to his fate. Tempted by a blue sky and a bright sun, the unhappy subject doffs the sturdy boot and cloth vestment which constitute his winter costume, and arrays his nether man in a shoe and a silk stocking, and light trowsers conform. Lo! he is passing along Piccadilly, and has to cross the Regent's Circus; or he is coming, as an estimable member of society is most likely to do, from buying the new number of the 'London Magazine' at our office in Pall Mall East, and is going to Whitehall—Oh! that crossing opposite Farrance's! Blackly do we bear in mind the fate of an undeniable *chaussure* which was destroyed on that very spot! Yes! the summer walker is sure to be *abimé* before he has gone the length of three streets. Watering dirty roads in summer certainly ranks high among the luxuries of modern invention; and to turn a luxury into a positive annoyance deserves high praise for its ingenuity.

29th. Oh! what times are these for the Quidnuncs! Changes of ministry every three months! Such bustling, such information, such "private and confidential," such nonsense, such lies! The truth we believe to be, that, up to the present moment, nobody knows anything, except that Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Charles Grant, Lord Palmerston, Mr. William Lamb, and Lord Dudley, have resigned, or are on the point of resigning. It is said, also, that Mr. Planta has resigned! but this we can scarcely believe:—we should as soon expect the office inkstand to resign. With regard to appointments, the only one certain is that of Lieutenant-General Sir George Murray, G.C.B., Commander of the Forces in Ireland, to be Secretary for the Colonies: it is not yet determined whether Lord Aberdeen, Lord Stuart de Rotheray, or the trumpet-major of the Royal Horse-Guards, Blue, is to succeed Lord Dudley.

Now, every one of these points, from first to last, leaves us in a state of unspeakable amazement. First, what has driven Mr. Huskisson, &c. to resign? The East Retford business? Phu! It is a pretty time o' day for Mr. Huskisson to choke upon a rotten borough. No, no; that won't do at all. It has been made, doubtless, the immediate handle; but what have been the real causes? Here again, we believe, that however people may pretend to look wise, the real answer is as before—nobody knows. And what has made Mr. Planta leave office? What! has Castlereagh's clerk been bitten with the liberal whimsies of the day? No, that's too much. Why, then, has *he* resigned? Nobody knows. And what has induced the Duke of Wellington to go to his old staff list for a Colonial Secretary? Sir George Murray was Quarter-Master-General to the English army in Spain, and served the office with great credit and distinction; and yet we will venture to say, that, take society through, five people out of ten would tell you they never heard his name. The war has gone by these thirteen or fourteen

years; and the public does not recollect the bead-roll of staff-officers. We ourselves believe Sir George Murray to be a very able man, as well as a person of considerable talents and accomplishments—for we have heard so from quarters which we cannot doubt; but he is utterly unknown to the public, and also to parliament, though he has been a member of the House of Commons for several years. He cannot, by possibility, bring any knowledge of the duties of his situation into office: he is a soldier, and he has been for years an *attaché* of the Duke of Wellington's. All these things must, to say nothing of his fitness or unfitness, render the appointment an outrageously unpopular one. Why, upon earth, then, has it been made?—Nobody knows. If the Duke of Wellington forms a Tory and military cabinet, he must take one of two courses, still. He must, as he has done this session, swim with the stream,—making the best (or the worst) of liberal questions, when he cannot crush them; and coquetting, as far as he can, to keep the agriculturists in good humour. Or, he must join with these last, heart and hand—take an uncompromising Tory tone—say, “We will give you nothing; you shall have nothing; and, if you grunt, we will cut your throats.” He must do one of these two things: in the first case, his ministry may daunder on till there is another *strike* of half-a-dozen, like the present; in the latter, it will be blown about his ears, from without. The old Tory party cannot support a ministry; it is in the last stage of decrepitude. Old Eldon, its champion, is game to the last; but nature forsakes him—he becomes groggy, and there is an universal cry of “Take him away!” Politically, he is as dead as his predecessor, Sir Christopher Hatton.

Some people say, that the Duke will not form a Tory and military cabinet, or any cabinet at all—but that he will be forced to resign himself. But this we do not believe. At all events, Nobody knows.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

No. III.

“Now let us to this gear”—Mr. Clowes is impatient for copy, and it is time we should look into what the month has accumulated upon our table. Not—the reader, we beg, will take no such alarming idea into his head—not that we mean to give *him* the trouble of reading reprinted in our page even the *titles* of the vast majority of the volumes which now, in a rainbow row of blue, green, and brown, are displayed before our eyes. It is our business to fly from flower to flower, and, eschewing the weeds, place the completed honey before him ready for his taste.

What have we first?—“The Chronicles of the Canongate”—No, we will *not* review that. It is not fair to pillage its pages of lumping extracts to fill our own; and, as for what our opinion of it may be, we fear (though we have a very high opinion of our opinion) that, be it high or low, the book would not have a reader the more or the less;—for every body reads all that has the magical inscription of “by the Author of Waverley” on the title page. And so it should be. These

works are not fitting subjects for individual criticism. The character of the *race* is fixed immutably; and, though it may sometimes be an agreeable subject of literary *talk* to compare the relative merits of one with another, yet, as they appear, they have soared far beyond the power of reviewing. The file of criticism cannot bite their polished steel.

What queer looking little book is that?—It is not a novel, or a poem, or belles-lettres of any kind, that's quite clear. 'The Boy's Own Book *'—Let us look at it.—Truly, a very pleasant and useful volume. And what admirable wood-cuts!—and what a number of them!—and how varied and full are the contents altogether!—all manner of athletic sports and exercises; and scientific recreations of almost an endless variety of combination—and a crowd of miscellaneous amusement and (aye, even to full-grown boys) instruction, which it is surprising to see collected in a book of this description. But we have now instruction in every shape, from Parliamentary Reports and learned treatises, down to books for children and for the poor. The present volume would be an excellent present for boys of all ages.

Poetry is beginning to flourish again, in the common acceptation of the term. We do not mean to say that some new Byron has started into fame;—but the bare fact of the publication of three or four goodly volumes of verse, indicates that the trade of rhyming is not so inordinately depressed, as the publishers have long agreed to pronounce it. The single consideration that Mr. Colburn, a man "wise in his generation," has never published a poem since Barrett's 'Woman,' is proof enough that the commodity would not sell. The formula for the dismissal of a rhyming candidate for the honours of New Burlington Street, has been very compendious and satisfactory. "Your poem, Sir!—won't—you—take—a—chair?—Uh!—Very excellent—but—public won't buy—unknown author—great disadvantage. True, Sir—quite true—every reputation must have—beginning—but—awkward *till* established. And then you object to 'person of quality'—or—'dignitary of the church'—nothing to advertise about. Verse quite a drug, Sir—Shall we send the manuscript to your house?—Heavy parcel—sorry you should carry it—great ability—uh!—ay!—oh!—ah!—yes!" But the verse-makers may now hold up their heads. We have had a poem actually running through four editions;—but then, to be sure, with a good deal of talent, there was mediocrity and common-place enough in it, to render it very palatable to the reading public. Mr. Montgomery was fortunate that his 'Omnipresence' was not a prize-poem, however it may be constructed upon the most approved model of such productions. We could name ten as good, that have never been heard of beyond the walls of Christ Church or Trinity; but let this pass. It is encouraging to think that the public have smiles for any thing better than

Light vanities, to please an age as light;
Huge lives of nothing, folios of dream;
Oceans of froth and hogsheads of whipt cream.

* 'The Boy's Own Book;' a complete encyclopedia of all the diversions, athletic, scientific, and recreative, of boyhood and youth. London: Vizetelly, Branston, and Co. 1828.

We extract these lines from a poem of very considerable talent, 'The Reigning Vice*.' This little book is modestly printed, and we engage there will be no puffing about it. We apprehend the author has made the easy vigour of Cowper, in his 'Table Talk,' and 'Conversation,' the model of his style. Like the satirist of Olney, his nature was meant for kindlier employments than lashing vice and hypocrisy; and yet he keeps up the tone of moral indignation with tolerable consistency. His 'Reigning Vice,' is self-love degenerating into selfishness. As regards his plan, however, we must let the author speak for himself:—

'The first part only of the result of my inquiries, consisting of four books, is now offered to the public. In them my object is to prove, first, that Self-love is universal; secondly, that it is (in our world) disordered. I have pointed out, in the first book, many striking appearances of human nature as proving the universality of Self-love. In the second, I have traced her to her lurking places, and through some of her modes of action. In the third, I have attempted to delineate her prominent features in the present day. In the fourth, I have shown her to be the sole cause of human evils, from her identity with Selfishness.

'In the books that are to come, I propose to develop the cause and object of her caprices, and finally to turn her perverted impulse to its right end and original destination.'—pp. xiv. xv.

In the third part, we find the following animated anathema against that charity which is the fruit of ostentation:—

' "Yet sure," expostulates a solemn sage,
 "Much holy ardour animates the age:
 Else wherefore swells the missionary sail,
 Why whirls the treadmill, and why gapes the jail?
 No village sport the Sabbath green profanes,
 No Sunday dinner smokes for wicked swains;
 Societies their fostering wings expand,
 And Institutions teem o'er all the land.
 Millennium comes! Her glorious heralds see,
 Pure Faith, high Hope, unwearied Charity!"
 'Blind Faith, whose tumid bigotry can fight
 For modes of worship, not for wrong or right.
 Rash Hope, who, raising still to Heaven her eyes,
 Sees naught on earth, that right before her lies.
 Proud Charity, that all her worth proclaims
 In the long column of subscribers' names;
 And gives, regardless of her country's needs,
 To suffering Germans or to starving Swedes;
 Repairs the ravage of a flood or fire,
 With alms o'erflowing, while the poor expire;
 Or grasps her gold, 'till Death the dross recall,
 Then founds a college or a hospital!
 In vain, in vain, the drooping labourer, placed
 Lip-deep in blessings, that he may not taste,
 Still feebly toiling for the needs of life,
 Pleads his small children and his sickly wife:
 Pride turns away. No fame attends the store
 That steals in silence to the sorrowing poor.
 "Is it not written, Faith demands, that thou
 Shalt eat in bitterness and sweat of brow?"

* 'The Reigning Vice,' a satirical essay, in four books. Longman.

While Hope exclaims, "For the Millennium wait,
Then streams shall gush, and all the world shall eat."
He waits, and starves in honestly devout,
Or dies for snatching what he'd die without.
Beware, vain mortal, lest too late thou see
That self-denial is true charity.
Yet give ; for thus thy miserable pelf
May profit others, though it damn thyself.—pp. 109—111.

The author of the 'Reigning Vice', does not shrink from bestowing the same reprobation upon our political as upon our personal crimes :—

' Britain, behold and quake ! Thine hour must come,
If equal guilt call down an equal doom.
O haste, and seize atonement for the times,
And court repentance heavy as thy crimes !
Strip off thy plunder, shed a sea of tears,
Bow to the dust, proclaim a fast of years !
When mercy sleeps, and justice flies abroad,
And God puts on the terrors of a God,
When Guilt's deep groans resound Creation's knell,
Then Ireland's name shall crush thee down to Hell !
See, pale she withers on her blasted strand,
And curses thee, the Vampire of her land.
Beauty and wealth for her in vain combine,
The frowning mountain, and the Parian mine,
A race of manly frame and noble soul—
The gem of ocean melts in Britain's bowl.
One selfish system we alone can know,
All to receive, and nothing to bestow.
A useless priesthood, sent her faith to mock,
Shear, with close hand, but never tend their flock ;
The gale sighs anthems, where the thistle waves
Midst roofless fanes and desecrated graves.
Her nobles fly the land, whose gifts they share,
Like asps, and toads, afraid to breathe her air ;
Some spendthrift courtier her last remnant begs,
And needy viceroys squeeze her to the dregs.
What marvel then her sons their drivers spurn,
And, used like beasts, at length to beasts should turn ?
Hope is the proud distinction of mankind,
Take that, and nothing human lurks behind.
Spaniels may crouch, rous'd lions never spare,
Rebellion is the virtue of despair.
When Ireland tells her tales of wasted life,
The merciless musket, and the desperate knife ;
Then, Britain, tremble with a murderer's fears ;
Kneel, kneel for grace ! These crimes are thine, not hers !
Ere vengeance seal thy guilt, O yet be wise,
Pay Ireland back the debt of centuries !
Smooth her with oil, with quiet rust her swords,
And only raise the gibbet for her lords.
Force hardens hearts, 'tis kindness bids them flow,
As storms congeal, while sunbeams melt the snow.
Her broken altars raise, set conscience free,
O'erpower her zealot rage with liberty.
No casual charities her wants relieve,
An ocean were but wasted in a sieve.
First stop her drains, then pour the bounteous flood,
And bind her thine by mighty gratitude.—pp. 145—147.

This is, at any rate, spirited; it remains for a wise and temperate reform to prove that we are not insensible to the shame.

We have two poems before us from Ladye-pens. We find the "rights of women" are coming into fashion; and as the Test and Corporation Acts are repealed, and as Catholic Emancipation cannot be denied longer than a session or two, we may expect a much fiercer struggle for political privileges to take the place of these stirring questions. We unquestionably shall have enough business on our hands, if the ladies seriously take it into their heads to quarrel with us for our usurpation. In the mean time, we are quite ready to repeal the penal laws against blue stockings, and admit them to equal rights as free denizens of the republic of letters. Our peculiar notions upon these matters are somewhat akin to those of their redoubted champion, Mary Wolstoncraft. We are inclined to think a mere compliment to the sex of a writer, a perfect insult to her intellectual equality; and have no disposition to call a jury of matrons to pronounce upon the claims of Edgeworth or De Staël. In legislation they are not so badly off as they pretend to be, except, that the young and the beautiful have some reason to complain; but under any system of sexual equality the old women could never be more perfectly represented than they are by the Ellenboroughs and the Peels—cold, solemn, garrulous, empty as are those personages. Yet the women might as well sit in Parliament and select vestries, if they want the trouble, (we once knew a capital female overseer of the poor; heaven rest her bustling soul!) and we, therefore, hold an article in the 'North American Review,' for April, on the legal condition of women, to be eminently orthodox and praiseworthy, in contending that, with regard to all matters of property, we have done the sex injustice. But we are straying from our subject: we were talking of ladye-poems, and of the manner in which ladies should be criticised; and we think, that an honest equality of praise or censure is what they have a right to demand, and nothing more. We think the poetry of a woman claims *no indulgence*. To be eminent in any branch of literature, women must aspire to a complete equality with us in what they undertake. If their vocation be to poetry, let them fairly attempt to ascend "the highest heaven of invention;" but no paper-kites of criticism to bear them upwards. Indulgences! If they cannot do as well as men in any walk, they should not attempt that walk. Why should any highly-gifted being have a lower aim than excellence? There are branches of literature in which women have excelled, and will excel, us. Their quick perceptions, their strong common sense, their patient and quiet perseverance in what is useful, eminently fit them for the business of education. The 'North American Review,' which we just mentioned, has put this forcibly—though in an article other than that more directly devoted to women, which we alluded to above:—

'The power which well adapted books may exert on the minds of children, can hardly be stated in extravagant terms, and will be allowed by every one to be great. And when we consider further, that early impressions, though often weakened, are seldom entirely erased; that good seed on good ground affords an abundant return at the harvest time; that "the child is father

of the man;" that a strong direction once given is long, and, in a majority of cases, always retained; and, to put the subject in one other point of view, when we consider that the mother's influence, which, next to the influence of Heaven itself, is the best and dearest and most heavenly, and has been the most frequently and gratefully acknowledged by its objects, may be so effectually aided in its operations by the hints which the parent receives, and the stores of auxiliary instruction and entertainment which are placed at her disposal, in judicious books for children, we shall regard such books not with pleasure alone, but with respect; we shall esteem it no act of condescension in ourselves, in any one, to turn over their pages; we shall perceive more solid instruction, more beauty, truth, power, in many a little work stitched up in coloured paper, bearing a simple wood-cut on each side, and thrown about the nursery with as much freedom of dissemination as the most ardent republican could desire, than in many a proud octavo, redolent of Russia, and tenacious of its standing on shelves of mahogany.

'Such being the importance of juvenile books, who are the best qualified to make them? and who do make them? To the first question we answer, Women. They are the best qualified to make books for children, who are most in the company of children; who have almost the sole care of children; whose natural sympathies unite them most closely with children, even such of them as have never been mothers themselves; who best know the minds, the wants, the hearts of children; and whose tenderness and gentleness gracefully bend to the ignorance of children, and assimilate most easily and happily with their soft and confiding natures. The child, in its earlier years especially, has no guardian like woman, no friend like woman, and can therefore have no instructor like woman.

'And, when we come to answer the next question, Who have really devoted their best talents and most anxious care to the education of children; who have written the best books for and about children? we are thankful that we again can answer, Women. Thirty years ago (if we had been in existence then), we could not have answered thus. We should have been compelled to say, There are no books for children; these important members of the human family are destitute; this immensely valuable, and infinitely fertile field lies neglected and runs to waste; no seed has been sown there for the propitious skies to mature; the grain has yet to be deposited; the weeds are yet to be eradicated; both man and woman pass it by, and take their labour to other places, and think not of redeeming it, nor know that by care and culture it may be made to blossom like the rose, and fill the earth with its fruits. This we should at that time have been obliged to say. But now we can say, that those whose part and province it was to do this work, have done it, and done it well. We can point to the names of Barbault and Edgeworth, Taylor and Hoffland, and confidently ask, where there are worthier. Men talk of eras in literature. The era of the two first named of those ladies, the era of the "Hymns for Children," and the "Parent's Assistant," was a golden era, pure and bright, and full of riches, and deserving a rank among the most glorious dates of improvement. Since that time labourers have been fast coming into the same field, and have worked well; though we must still say, that those who came first worked best. Our own countrywomen have been neither tardy in advancing to this delightful task, nor inefficient in their services. We believe that the best children's books which we have, and we have many which are excellent, are the composition of females; and if we felt ourselves at liberty to do so, we could repeat an honourable, and by no means a scanty list of the names of those who have earned something better than mere reputation, by contributing to form the minds and hearts of our children. Those who are conscious that they belong to the catalogue, have little to ask of fame, and certainly nothing to receive from it half so valuable as that which they already possess, the gratulations of their own hearts.

'The department of juvenile literature, then, is almost entirely in female hands. Long may it remain there! Long, for the interests of virtue, and the improvement of our kind, may it be in the heart of woman to nurture the growth, and watch over and direct the early puttings forth of youthful intellect and feeling. While she retains the office, so delightful in itself, and so grave and momentous in its ends, and even adds to its beautiful dignity by the graceful and effectual manner in which she has hitherto performed its duties, she inspires us with an admiration of a deeper, and more lasting, and, we must also believe, more flattering character, than was the most glowing and romantic love of the days of chivalry. Talk not to us of chivalry, unless it be in poetry, and with the usual latitude and license of poetry. In truth, and in prose, the most refined devotion of knighthood and chivalry is no more to be compared, in purity and elevation, to the sentiments which female excellence now commands, than are those fair ones who then presided at the great duels which we read of under the poetical name of tournaments, and who, by their presence and plaudits, animated the legalized and courtly slaughter which was raging and struggling beneath them, to be compared to the females of our own time, who, as beautiful, no doubt, and accomplished as they, find it their more appropriate privilege and pleasure to stimulate the fresh powers of childhood to the competitions of knowledge and virtue, and to hold out the meed of approbation to the exertions of innocent and ingenuous minds.'—pp. 406—409.

But we have digressed with a vengeance; and are forgetting, among these more serious matters, the two little volumes of poems which first set our minds off in this direction. Now, though we think that women ought, as regards criticism, to receive no quarter on that score, yet we have no sort of objection to her sex appearing in her writings—especially if they be poetry—in the shape of analysis of womanly feeling, or pictures of womanly passion. We are all fond of the metaphysics of the heart; though, perhaps, some of our readers will scarcely recognize their love of knowing how such and such people would feel in such and such situations, under so grand a name; and undoubtedly feminine sentiments will be best expressed by women, if (God bless 'em!) they will tell the whole truth. In many cases, they will *not*—that's flat; and then we must seek it in the representations of men who have loved the sex well, and known it thoroughly. But the expression of fondness and sadness such as the following, if always true and touching, is doubly so, when the poet is a woman in reality, as well as the supposed person in whose mouth the verses are placed:

THE DYING MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.*

' They tell me, love, that I must die—
That soon this faint and quivering breath
Must fail e'en thy dear name to sigh,
And pause in death.

' Oh! joy, to think a spirit, crush'd
And bruise'd like mine, shall pass to peace;
Then let thy sorrows all be hush'd,
Thy murmurs cease. .

* Poems; by Eliza Rennie. Lloyd and Son. London. 1828

- ' The shot which strikes the wounded bird,
The storm which fells the blighted tree,
Are blows dealt forth by Mercy's word,
So ! Death to me.
- ' Heed not the idle tongues, which tell
'Twas thou who form'd my early tomb ;
'Twas I,—I lov'd, for life, too well,
And wrought my doom !
- ' Be gay—forget—task pleasure's pow'r
To furnish days of sunny glee ;
I would not shade one passing hour,
With thoughts of me.
- ' And yet to be forgotten quite !—
No, no—thy poor, fond girl would fain
Be sometimes summon'd to thy sight
And love again.
- ' Let Memory's glass give back my form,
Such as when first I pledg'd my truth,
With health and joy and feeling warm,
And fresh with youth.
- ' I would not that thou now should'st see
My hollow eye, and faded cheek :—
Nay, chide not woman's vanity,
Nor call me weak.
- ' Your picture, and the ring you gave,
Close 'gainst my heart are firmly clasp'd ;—
The miser yields but to the grave
The gold he grasp'd.
- ' Because I wildly o'er them wept,
They hid my treasures from my eyes ;
But I had mark'd the spot, and crept,
And found my prize.
I bore my idols quick away—
They since have slept upon my breast,
And never from that home shall stray,
Till all's at rest.
- ' Remember that my dying kiss
Upon thy pictur'd semblance fell ;
My sight grows dim, my all of bliss,
Farewell—farewell !'—pp. 86—90.

These are very sweet verses, and betray much poetical and pathetic feeling. The following piece also speaks strongly and naturally. We like it the better for being almost totally devoid of what is known by the name of ' poetic diction !'—

THE LOVERS' LAST MEETING.

- ' We met—yet did not speak,
Our words were one deep-lengthen'd sigh,
Like hearts which inly break
Give, ere they burst their chords, and die ! *

* This sentence is quite incorrect. It evidently should stand—' Like *that* which hearts which inly break'—but then that would mar the metre. But the young lady

- ‘ Music was breathing round,
And splendour shed its dazzling light ;
We did not hear a sound,
Nor see what gleam’d upon our sight.
- ‘ The sculptur’d marble form
Had more of life than we possess’d,
Save that there was a storm
Of passions, warring in each breast !
- ‘ He grasp’d my hand, ’twas chill,
And his was pale, and deadly cold ;
I felt its pressure thrill
Like thoughts whose pow’r can ne’er be told.
- ‘ Thoughts passionate, intense,
Yet full of woe, despair, and doom,
Which cheat the poet’s sense,
And carve for him an early tomb.
- ‘ We lov’d as few have lov’d ;
All feelings in our breasts that grew,
All hopes and fears that mov’d
Each other’s soul—each other knew.
- ‘ And yet we madly deem’d
It was but friendship’s tranquil ray,
Which in our bosoms beam’d,
And flung its radiance o’er our way.
- ‘ But we were told to part ;—
The hour which brought the dark decree
Tore from each trusting heart
The veil of calm security.
- ‘ To part ! that fatal word
Hath echoes mournful as the knell,
When first its peal is heard,
For one we worshipp’d long—and well.
- ‘ To part ! the word is drear,
As sounds the gasping cry of life,
Upon the startled ear,
From out the waters ’whelming strife.
- ‘ We parted—and we bore
Abroad a brow of smiles and glee,
Though our hearts’ inmost core
Was cankering with misery.
- ‘ We met again ere long,
Oh ! not beneath the moon’s soft ray,
But in a heartless throng,
’Neath Fashion’s rule—and Folly’s sway.
- ‘ Vows were upon each tongue,
Which seal’d our lips in silence deep ;
Tears on my eyelids hung,
Yet no voice pray’d me not to weep !

should recollect that if, as old Mr. Osbaldistone says, ‘ orthography should not give way to rhyme,’ neither should the sense to the metre. *Ed.*

- ' But in his earnest gaze,
His soul's keen anguish well I read,
It spoke—" My bosom pays
With quivering groans each tear you shed."
- ' That look hath never pass'd
From off the mirror of my brain,
I felt 'twould be his last—
It was—we never met again !"—pp. 105—110,

This young lady has poetical talents which we think capable of producing something stronger than she has here done—and yet as sweet.

The other volume to which we alluded, is by Miss Browne, who we perceive is under sixteen years of age. * As might be expected, this young lady has necessarily formed her style upon the writers whom she most admires; but, throughout the volume, there is an equality and sweetness, and affectionate and devotional feeling, which are very charming. We almost fear that a second publication at so early an age, may injure her talents, and, what is more, her happiness; but genius is a very redeeming quality. The following poem is to us much more pleasing, than the more ambitious parts of the collection. It is the natural sentiment of one gifted girl, thinking of the untimely fate of another :—

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZABETH SMITH:

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HER GRAVE.

- ' I cannot gaze upon thy tomb,
Thou sweet departed one !
And think upon thy blessed doom,—
Thy task so quickly done ;
Thy swift release from pain and woe ;
Without the thought,—how happy thou !
- ' It is with a strange sympathy
I look upon thy name,
And not without a wish that I
Might be the very same :
So loved, so blessed in thy life,—
So soon set free from earthly strife !
- ' Thou wert most innocent ! thy heart
Had never bent to sin ;
No guilty passion had a part
Thy peaceful breast within :
Not one impure imagining
Around thy spotless soul could cling.
- ' Thy gifted mind, where'er it turned,
In crowds or solitude ;
Still some new wonder there discerned,
Still found its heavenly food ;
But loved its lessons most to trace,
Written on nature's lovely face.

* Ada, and other Poems, by Mary Ann Browne, Authoress of ' Mont Blanc, &c.' Longman,

- 'But thou art passed away!—the earth
 Was not thy fitting shrine;
 Too dark its tears,—too rude its mirth,
 For spirits such as thine.
 Thou left'st thy wreath of fame's bright flowers,
 For one more bright in Eden's bowers.
- 'Many there were who loved thee;—they
 Sate by thy bed, and thought
 Their cherished one would not decay;
 And lingering hope still caught
 A colour from the rose that smiled
 Upon thy cheek, and so beguiled!
- 'But one there was, who thought not so,—
 Thy mother's watchful eye
 Marked on thy cheek the hectic glow,
 And knew thy hour was nigh:
 As the flush o'er the western sky
 Tells us how soon the day will die.
- 'The flower is wafted from its stem,
 To rise a star to heaven;
 I cannot mourn thee, then, bright gem!
 Back to thine own sphere given—
 But wish, whilst gazing on thy shrine,
 My life, my death, might be like thine!'—pp. 228-232.
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We have a very satisfactory ignorance of music as a science; and yet we love Pasta, and think Mozart and the nightingale, something finer than Rossini and the raven. It is not, perhaps, our love of music, which makes us delight in the volume before us;* but our love of real enthusiasm, under whatever form it presents itself. The subject which this writer has chosen, is in his heart, and therefore, his story never flags. Travellers who have no object, beyond the very common one, of writing a book, think it incumbent upon their sagacity and powers of observation, to record every thing, from a Roman inscription to a broken axle-tree; and they generally give equal importance to both.

The 'Musical Professor' who rambles from Munich to Dresden, to listen to operas and Gregorian chaunts, and trusts himself to a raft upon the Danube, that he may hear the song of the peasantry, has music ever the principal thought in his mind; and he carries us along with him by the irresistible energy of his pursuit. We do not mean to say that he has eyes and ears for nothing but music, for he is evidently a man of great general talent and information, (though somewhat given to puns;) but that "the ruling passion" gives a strength and consistency to all his representations, whether they relate to his great travelling object, or are merely episodical. The following extract is a pleasing specimen:—

'This morning I visited the Abbé Stadler, who was so kind as to show me the manuscript of Mozart's last and greatest work, the Requiem, which is

* A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany. Hunt and Clark. 1828.

in his possession. There is a three-fold interest about this gentleman—that he is a learned church composer, that he is extremely amiable, and that he was the young and dear friend of Mozart. If the reader choose to accompany me in this interview, he must picture to his fancy the Abbé as a slight and venerable figure, rather short than otherwise, enveloped in a morning gown, and wearing a little brown wig; his hands are somewhat tremulous with age, but his face, smooth almost as an infant's, tells of a life passed in serenity; and one may soon perceive that suavity and gentleness are constitutional with him. Talk with the kind Abbé of Mozart, and he warms into rapture, tells of an inspired being, who within a short space put forth more exquisite works than have been ever devised in the longest life, of a being full of affection, sensibility, and sociality, who was once his intimate and associate; and as he lingers fondly over old scenes, he may say, as he did to me, "All these things have long passed away, but I am here still." In the Abbé Stadler I saw the *real* tomb of Mozart; and few of those who have lived in marble for two hundred years may boast such honour as to have their remembrance last fresh and ardent in the warm bosom of a human being for forty. The acquaintance of the Abbé Stadler with Mozart commenced when the latter was nine years old. The score of the original MSS. was produced, or rather part of it, from the *Dies Iræ* to the *Sanctus* (the rest being in the custody of Eybler, the Hof capellmeister): its appearance, and the melancholy history connected with its composition, which I believe every one knows took place while the author was hurrying to the grave, filled me with a crowd of emotions. One of them was like that which a devotee would experience on seeing an undoubted relic of his favourite saint—the thin, sickly fingers that had pressed that paper, the pale anxious face that had been bending over it—how must Mozart have looked, and how felt, when penning the *Lachrymosa* and the *Rex tremendæ*—his being sublimating to an essence—to his fingers' ends and in his feet must he have felt the intense pleasure of creating, his mortality all the time wrestling with the deity within. No one of sensibility could have written the Requiem without a great shock to his physical strength; he must have lived in a fever of thought, have trodden the air unclogged by "this vile body;" nay, I think that even if a ruddy Devonshire farmer could have produced it, *knowing* what he was doing, it would have made a ghost of him. The notes are small and clear, but there is a hurry and dash in the strokes by which they are joined together, which show the ardour and completeness of the author's design. There are no alterations, and it is the first transcript of Mozart's mind. In some of the passages I thought I could discern a tremulousness in the marks, which seemed as if he apprehended life would be gone before he could make his thoughts eternal: or did he tremble from contact with their extreme beauty, as the bee seems to do when he grapples with a flower? The *Recordare* appears most carefully written—the score is not full; wherever there is a duplicate part, it is filled up by an assistant, but the figures are carefully marked in Mozart's own hand. Two observations are suggested by the sight of this work: first, how by a few strokes a great genius goes further in the result than the most painful elaboration of thought will arrive at, and also how certain habits of thinking allow a man in the hastiest composition to defy with safety the sternest and most unrelenting criticism to find a fault, and to which indeed, were it the subject of a lecture, the professor's exordium might be, "This is perfection of its kind." The Abbé Stadler also possesses the desk at which Mozart stood when engaged in composition: it is a deal one, painted, but its coat is the worse for wear.

In less than forty years so completely has every bodily trace of Mozart vanished from the minds of the people of Vienna, that there is not a soul there who can even tell the place in which he was buried: by some strange accident the Abbé does not even know it. The answer to every inquiry is,

"Nobody knows—the register of St. Stephen's must be consulted for the information." There is no rude memento, no sculptured stone, to indicate that the divine Mozart once sojourned in Vienna; and as for the spot of his interment, it may not be thought too fanciful to suppose, that Earth, the general mother, jealous of her production, has hidden him again in her womb, lest celestial beings should claim him as their own. This is perhaps a poetical apology for what is in fact a piece of neglect everlastingly disgraceful to the Viennese, who, I am afraid, have more joy in the pageant of a funeral, than they have sorrow for the loss of great men.

'The Abbé Stadler showed me some lessons in composition which Mozart had given to his niece; and we observed the method he adopted to try her abilities in music by first giving her a melody without a bass, then a bass without a melody, then by degrees requesting her to add the inner parts. I also saw Mozart's own early exercises, some of which consisted of canon in all the intervals (most adroit in the seventh, that apparent contradiction), with fugues, &c. a ground-work in harmony, which, coupled with his fine invention, made him the great master he was. Mozart's *extempore* playing was so exquisitely regular and symmetrical in design, that it was impossible for judges who heard him not to imagine that the whole had been written before—which is the ultimatum of praise. The Abbé Stadler observed, that it was impossible to make a minuet out of a quartett or quintett of Mozart, and not to discover that he was a great master of fugue; but his admirable fancy was ever found "taming its wildness to the loving hand" of Nature. As a player, his left hand, the weakest and most uncertain part of "human mortals," never missed fire when he levelled it at a passage.—Mozart's widow, who has been married to a gentleman in Copenhagen, has lately lost her second husband: one of his sons is a musical teacher and composer of no great eminence, the other is a merchant at Milan."—pp. 130—135.

Everything that relates to such a man as Mozart must indeed be interesting. He was one of that foremost rank of men, in which one could scarcely class six in the annals of the world, who have been *gifted* by nature to a degree, which seems as though it were exerted, in these instances, to shew to what an extent human genius *can* be carried. We think the passage we have quoted written with great power, both of the picturesque and the metaphysical, with the warmest love of art and of genius, and with a spirit of diction which it is quite animating to read. The expression, 'As a player, his left hand, the weakest and most uncertain part of "human mortals," *never missed fire when he levelled it at a passage*,' seems to us, though, perhaps, a little odd, to be singularly happy and descriptive.

We are very happy to find a musical person of such authority agree with us in our estimate of Sontag. The following is what he says of her during her high vogue at Berlin:—

'At the König Städtisches Theater (there are three here in constant play) Mademoiselle Sontag is the presiding deity—the goddess of the students and the Vestris of Berlin: and few there are whose hearts are fenced with such impenetrable buff as to rebel against her sovereignty, or refuse to adore. When the lady plays, the doors and lobby of the theatre are beset by all the wild youths of the city, each of whom would consider himself a traitor to the cause of beauty if he did not contribute all that in him lay to make the entrance as much like a bear-garden as possible: there is no such thing as attaining to a song here but at the expense of *mobbing*, rib-squeezing, and considerable condensation of the person. Those who expect to find in Mademoiselle Sontag a musical genius, will be disappointed: nor do I think her fame would have reached England, had it not been for certain circumstances

of gossip unconnected with her profession. The lady is of middling height, well formed, with fair hair, and a set of little features which have a kind expression in them. To venture upon elaborate praise of the complexion and shape of an actress, as it may involve an eulogium on the perfumer or staymaker, which is not intended for those worthies, would be imprudent as well as presumptuous. Mademoiselle Sontag has a pleasant quality of voice, with a small quantity of tone in it, but with plenty of flexibility; an endowment which she displays so frequently, that if one could but check the fluttering, unstable, whimsical little creature, a long breathing clear note would be invaluable. Her highest praise is said to be, that she sings Rossini's music perfectly, and joins to this great *naïveté* in her acting, and that such qualifications for a performer are seldom found in company."—pp. 225—227.

But it is not in musical matters alone that our author is thus lively and entertaining. His 'Voyage down the Danube (from Passau) to Vienna,' is really one of the most graphic, lively, and amusing bits of sketchy travelling we ever remember to have read. It has all the ease of the "Invalid," with far more piquancy and power. We will extract some bits of it, and wish heartily we could give it all:—

'This rapid river, which so well displays the justice of the poetical name bestowed upon it (Donau signifying thundering in the meadow), sends down on rafts weekly to Vienna, or into Hungary, hundreds of artificers in search of employment; and this mode of conveyance is admirably adapted for all lovers of the picturesque who are troubled with consumption of the purse, as those who choose to sacrifice personal convenience, and to brave the elements, may move forwards on their journey hundreds of miles for a few shillings' expense.

'The proper way of enjoying this delightful excursion is to order a hut of planks to be put together on the raft for your own exclusive convenience; for it is impossible for one of gentle blood, though otherwise not squeamish as a traveller, to take refuge during the heat or rain in the common one, which is so crammed with old great-coats, hats, cheese, beer, and other things, that the compound of smells is villanous. The foundation of the float is of the trunks of enormous trees, so firmly attached that there cannot be the remotest fear of their separation; and when the whole cargo of planks is received on board, the surface is covered with them, and there becomes a smooth and level walk of about 150 feet in length—an extremely acceptable change for those who have been long pent in coaches. When this mass of timber is once loosened from its moorings, and in the middle of the river, it glides along swiftly and silently; and then, with heaven's breath upon one's face, may be enjoyed morning and evening views, sunsets with castles and mountains that Claude might have painted. . . .

'The floss-meister (raft-master) and his crew, together with his passengers, must not be overlooked in gazing at views. Our noble commander was a short, thick-set, Dirk Hatteraik-looking fellow, the noble arch of whose nose, corresponding with a symmetrical protuberance of his abdomen, gave him a dignity beyond that of the office with which he was invested: there was something gallant in the arrangement of his dress; whether owing to its unstudied negligence, or to the nice adjustment of a picturesque hat, I have not determined; but certain it is, that the female part of the crew thought him captivating. From habitually associating in the elegant society of the raft, he had acquired an urbanity and suavity of manners seldom met with in a person of his rank; he joked, laughed, told stories, and answered questions—though few, unfortunately, except the pilot, understood his peculiar and recondite phraseology. He might have possessed all the cardinal virtues, had he not displayed on one point a touch of human weakness, and

the occasion of it was this: in a corner he nourished a pet barrel of beer, in the administering of which he had constituted himself sole high-priest—no one but himself might enter that hallowed fane, no profaner hand than his wield the spigot. Some reckless wights, prompted by the heat of the weather to invigorate their alimentary canals, while his back was turned, abstracted sundry pots; and, on tendering payment, produced an explosion of wrath that might, from its violence, have ended in a *bier* of a more watery kind to some of the parties.

Our pilot was tall, lean, and picturesque; a fellow of infinite jest, but whose sly waggeries and brisk sallies among the *ladies* of the company were sometimes reproved by the captain, though upon the whole he kept a good look-out ahead, and never failed to stop his laughter in full career when the sight of a crucifix reminded him he should fall to prayers.

We had on board about fifty people, mostly mechanic youths; but including a spruce Berlin clerk, and a young jesuitical French priest, one who had none of the gloomy austerity of his profession about him, and whose dignified ecclesiastical pleasantry showed itself on one occasion in endeavouring to thrust the foot of a young girl into one of the puddles of water on the raft, to the destruction of her shoe's and stocking's neatness.

The raft halts for the first night at a little village, and the only inn where you may sleep is also in the lower part a slaughter-house; so that if the fumes of stale meat and butcher's garbage do not obstruct your enjoyment of eating or sleeping, you may be comfortable. At this place one becomes first subject to the tiresome vigilance of the Austrian police: the sound of "aufmachen" (to make open) assaults the ear morning and evening. Keys must be surrendered, and goods and chattels overhauled, lest tobacco should be hidden in the trunks. I thought these Austrian supervisors blindly obstinate in the execution of their task, and moreover stupid, for they made no distinction between the physiognomy of an *indifferent* traveller, and the cunning look of a regular contraband trader. They have no remorse in demolishing all the order and economy of your portmanteau; and if among your books they find a favourite author, or passage, to their taste, it is not that you are waiting to lock up, or that you did not request their opinion of your literature, which will make them desist from this droll stretch of power.*

The first half of the second day carries you through as many beautiful scenes as any part of the journey. In many parts the turnings of the river are so abrupt, that the mountains and trees on the banks form complete amphitheatres; in others, the dark rocky cliffs on the sides give one the idea of riding into a cavern. Until a few miles before the entrance to Lintz, there is no flatness to be seen in any of the views on the river; and except castles and monasteries, there is not a single habitation other than the rudest fishing huts, though here and there are placed little chapels and altars, just in size and shape fit for the occupation of a Newfoundland dog.

Our ragged and jovial company, though every ten minutes sailing through a new and beautiful panorama, did not give them much attention. Some twopenny editions of Walter Scott's romances engaged a score of them; others, in spite of the hot sun, fished inveterately for the whole day, indeed the whole three days and a half, without catching anything.

We were a little annoyed by the smoke of the floss-meister's cookery, which was hardly to be called intermittent. With this personage and his crew appetite did grow with that it fed on, which was lumps of seethed flesh; ever and anon a fire was lighted on a piece of baked clay, a pipkin placed thereon, and mutton inserted; and as the priests of old were allowed to keep for themselves whatever they could fish up by harpooning into the pot, so

* We had no idea that any branch of the Austrian Government was driven into a stretch of authority by its *literary* tastes!—Ed.

did these people regulate their diet, striking in by turns with the most perfect resignation to the decrees of Fate in its awards.

‘ We arrived at Lintz, a fine city on the Danube, by sunset, and anchored there for the night. The bridge over the Danube is the evening walk of a whole college of priests, who strut by twos and threes backwards and forwards, as if conscious of the power they have gained over the grovelling intellects of the common people in Austria. The night's lodging in Lintz, though attended with a better supper and bed than any other of the journey, has an ill-assorted convenience with the vagrant accommodation one experiences on the rest of the journey; at this place a man may at his inn ring lustily about him, and take his ease. At supper they placed before us the famed Danube carp, a species of fish I cannot think destined by nature to pass into the human stomach, at least by the mouth: through the most artful gravies and profound seasonings it betrays its fundamental hideousness of flavour. Nor can I praise the red Hungarian wine, which is at once sweet and strong, and puts fire to the blood of the drinker. Now, although a fever is of slight consequence, provided one can eat, sleep, and walk well, as the Hungarian wine does not make this little reservation in its effects on a patient, it is perhaps wise to avoid it. . . .

‘ We parted from Lintz at about eleven o'clock in the morning. The flossmeister did not generally incommode us by requiring our early attendance; he could calculate his distances and times of arrival to a great nicety. In clearing the arch of the bridge at Lintz with our apparently unwieldy machine, it was manifest that a critical exactitude would be necessary; but this nice point in the navigation of the river was achieved with almost incredible skill, especially when the force of the current is considered. Four or five oars tied to short posts at the opposite ends of the raft, are the simple means of guiding it, and the watermen who work them are in their natural inclinations so exquisitely lazy, that they engage in card-playing until the raft threatens to run aground; they then rush to their posts, and pull as though they were possessed, and having once more gained the middle of the river, they are then idle again. Every time we passed a monastery the monks pushed off a boat for contributions, levied in the name of the Virgin Mary, whose effigies, accompanied by her infant's, were always carried in the boat in a sort of doll baby-house, and this exaction (it amounts to such where to refuse would be thought a crime) was the more galling to me on account of the poor workmen, who never refused their mite, though, by the look of their coats, it might have been better employed in fencing out the winds of heaven from their carcasses. The night before we reached Vienna our voyage continued long after sunset, and at length we reached a kind of pot-house close on the left bank of the Danube, which we entered with the cheering anticipation that at two o'clock in the morning the raft was to be under weigh, that unseasonable hour for sailing being selected by our devout commander and his pious pilot, wholly and solely for the sake of attending mass at a certain village. The whole of our company supped this evening at separate tables placed round one room, and I suppose that there was never out of Germany, so poor, so merry and noisy a society, and so utterly without *blackguardism* at the same time, as this was. There was no instinctive subordination; we herded in different parties out of mutual convenience and delicacy; to some it was pleasant to enjoy a dish of meat, a bottle of wine, and a bed; to others, bread and cheese, beer, and a moonlight ramble were the agreeable thing, and we were all equally pleased and equally independent; and I would rather enjoy another rouse with these honest lads on the Danube, to see their friendliness and frankness, the bright sides of human nature (not brought out only by the good-fellowship of meat and drink, but the same either full or fasting), than I would be at an evening party, where the silk stockings are of the most exemplary, the pantaloons of the most

orthodox, and where the intellectual vigour of the conversation displayed, is but a slight compensation for the want of that moral transparency I have been mentioning.

'Our host having miscalculated the time of his guests' arrival, and being disturbed in his own refectory, would have made a good portrait for Mathews, of the fat, choleric German cook; with a nightcap stuck on the back of his head, he appeared every now and then moiling and fuming from the kitchen, and exasperated to the highest degree at the inefficiency of his domestics. His daughter followed close in the footsteps of her sire, ready to assist at his slightest beck, and I know not whether it be by the force of contrast, but I have seldom seen a more lovely face and graceful form than this girl possessed, and must conclude that she was reared in this desolate region by a providential interposition, lest too many hearts should suffer.

'While my noisy comrades, every one of whom seemed in motion, were chirping over their cups, I escaped from their clamour to enjoy the silence and calmness of the night without. The moon was shining full on the broad Danube; its trembling silvery surface looked placid, though it was then running swiftly as ever; the mountains on the other side the river, with their shapes ill defined in that dubious light, helped to complete the night landscape. On this spot might be enjoyed all the poetry of loneliness; the tread of one's own footsteps on the gravel, and the deep thronging of voices which sounded in that isolated dwelling, were circumstances which made the quiet and serenity of the scene more intensely felt. I have often thought that situations of this sort, which live in the memory, are best described when contemplated at a distance, as it is not easy to dissect emotions and feelings, and to paint them under the actual impression of pleasure, for the same reason that an artist who would take a view does not place himself in the centre of it. It is during night-travelling in this romantic country that one may become fully sensible of the effects which inspired Goethe with the grand idea of animating those parts of nature which are sublime even in their repose.

'*Seh' die Bäume hinter Bäumen,
Wie sie schnell vorüber rücken,
Und die Klippen, die sich bücken,
Und die langen Felsennasen,
Wie sie schnarchen, wie sie blasen*'—pp. 98—111.

These are formidable quotations; but we are convinced, that the novelty of the subject, and the agreeable manner of handling it, will make them most acceptable to our readers. On the whole, we must say, that we have not read a book that has given us so much pleasure for a very long time.

"Hajji Baba in England!" † We knew this would not do so well as Hajji Baba in Persia, and it has not. It is essentially and totally a different description of book. The first series was intended to depict Persian characters and habits—the latter affects to give the ideas of a Persian upon our own. It is certain that there are few persons so well calculated as Mr. Morier to form a conception of how a Persian would

* 'But see how swift advance, and shift
Trees behind trees, row by row;
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their fawning foreheads as we go.
The giant-shouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!'

TRANSLATION BY SHELLEY FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.

† 'Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan in England.' London. Murray. 1828.

think of English modes of life ; but still the feeling of want of reality accompanies you throughout the book ; which, moreover, brings itself across the recollection of 'Les Lettres Persannes,' Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' and other works in which the same *cadre* has been adopted. 'Hajji Baba in England' is light, easy, and agreeable ; but it is neither so profound nor so piquant as the opportunities might have made it. The following description of Almack's is lively and pleasant, to say the least :—

'We had not long returned to the ladies, when the vizier's wife, who, by her agreeable manners, had fairly taken possession of the ambassador's beard, invited him to follow her to a place of general entertainment, of which she herself, as we understood her, was a sort of queen ; and which we discovered from the mehmandar's interpretation was a meeting of all the principal mirzas, khans, and begs of the English nation, together with their wives and daughters. It was called Almack's ; and here the ambassador and I were confirmed in an opinion which we had previously formed, that much of the English language was derived from the Persian and Arabic. What could Almack's be but *al mags* ? the marrow, the pith, that is, the cream of the English nobility. But we inquired, as we yawned with approaching drowsiness, "What can induce the princes, mirzas, khans, their wives and daughters, to select this hour of the night for meeting ? Is there no other opportunity in the twenty-four hours for the performance of this august ceremony ?" "Oh," said the vizier's wife, "there is no time for explanation now. You will soon see ; and then your question will answer itself."

'The ambassador, with great good humour, did as he was desired ; and although we were both of us dying with sleep, yet we proceeded in the train of the vizier's wife ; the vizier himself and most of his guests following also.

'Who would believe in Persia were I to describe faithfully all that I witnessed on this fortunate night ? Would they believe me when I told them that I saw more diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and jewels of every kind, collected in this room, than the shah of Iran, or even the father of the great Mogul, had ever possessed ? that I saw more women at one view than existed in the harem of the Asylum of the Universe, and more beauty in one little corner than had ever been seen throughout the vast regions of Asia ; skins more resplendent than that of the angel Gabriel ; necks that would put a peacock's to shame ; eyes to inflame, and forms to enrapture the veriest dervish, who lived in the mountains of *Cheheldir* ! "Bah ! bah ! bah !" said I to myself, "whatever of life, whatever of joy, whatever of enjoyment exists, here is the *Almags*, here is the very essence of them. Where is Persia, her beards and sheepskins, her long veils and hidden females ; and where England, her riches, her adorable women, and the powers of enjoyment and sociability which she dispenses to her children !"

'This was my first impression, and I believe it was written on my face, because soon after I was accosted by a man of agreeable conversation, in my own language, who asked me what I thought of the scene before me.

'I did not like to make him suppose that we were such Turks* as not to have seen the world : and, suppressing all my real astonishment, I answered him very quietly, "*Bad neest*, it is not so bad."

'My new friend, who, it seems, had been in India, and in the southern parts of Fars, smiled at my answer, and remarked, "you will allow that this is a more agreeable sight than if the women's faces were veiled, as they are in Persia ?"

"Yes, yes," said I ; "I see but one defect ; why is there such a large proportion of old women ? They, at least, might be veiled."

* *Turk*, in Persian, implies loud, boor, peasant.

"Perhaps," said he, "that would be an improvement; but in this free country every body has a right to do what they like with their own face."

"But have you no means," said I, "of getting rid of superfluous old women? It is said of our shah Abbas, that he was reduced to the necessity of killing some of his old eunuchs, who did not die off fast enough to please him."

"Ah," answered my friend, laughing, "the death of one old woman here under such circumstances would produce a rebellion. We have no shah Abbas in this country." He then very kindly volunteered to explain to me many things which, from his knowledge of our customs, he was aware must be new to me.

"We proceeded to where a circle of the most beautiful young maidens that the imagination can conceive were seriously occupied in varying the postures and attitudes of their persons into every combination of hand and foot, whilst young men, each in their place, were also going through a great many contortions, and taking much exercise. There was a profound decorum observed. If hands were touched, it was only by the tips of fingers—glances there were none—no smiles—they danced as dervishes might dance; and evidently it was a serious business.

"My companion was aware that in our countries no one danced save those who are hired for that purpose; and therefore he assured me that all those who exhibited themselves here were doing so for their own pleasure.

"Not that man surely," said I, "whose face bespoke pain, whose feet bespoke tight shoes, and who discovered to us the exertions he made by the streams that poured from his fat person?"

"At all events he is not paid for his exertions, whatever may be his motive," said my friend. "Our hired performers you will see when you visit a place prepared on purpose for such exhibitions."

"Can I believe my eyes?" said I, very abruptly; "as I love the blessed Mahomed, there is your grand vizier dancing!"

"Yes," said my friend, coolly; "we all dance; the king and all his court dance; the grand vizier, the chancellor of the exchequer and the treasury, the viziers for things without and things within, the commander-in-chief and the horse guards, the lords of the admiralty and the navy—we all dance. There is no law against our heads of the church and our grand mufis dancing; our young clergymen dance, and so do our young lawyers."

"By your own soul, and by the beard of my ancestors, I swear," said I, "that if our own shah was to catch one of his viziers dancing he would spoil his sport for the future; he would give him such a bastinado on the soles of his feet that every toe would in its turn remind him of his folly."

"I perceived a strange looking *birish*, or no beard*; his clothes pasted tighter to his body than those of any other man present, as if he were in the deepest wo†; his head flattened at the top, and curled out behind; his neck stiff, and in his deportment full of nothing but himself. Withal, he appeared to be a deceiver and a *cherb goo*, or an oily speaker, a sayer of fat things. "Who can that personage be?" said I to my companion; "in our country we should teach his mincing feet better manners, and he should limp for something."

"That sort of a person now-a-days we call a dandy—formerly he would have been called a 'd—d buck,' so much does fashion even change our forms of speech."

"*Dambuk, Dambuk!*" said I, doubtingly, "this must then be a descendant of one of the old unknowns—of one before the flood—a *nimser*, or flat-head. How odd it is that our languages should be so nearly allied."

* Youths, particularly effeminate-looking youths, are so called.

† Among the Easterns, to say of a man that his vest became tight to his body, is a figurative mode of saying he put on mourning.

"How?" said my companion, not understanding me, "he is the modern of moderns; there is not a jot of antiquity about him."

"Ha, then," said I, "you have not read our history. *Dambuk*, according to our *tarikhs*, or histories, was a flat-headed man, a descendant of the king of the ante-Adamites. Now, have you understood?"

'My friend laughed, and said, "A capital joke, by Heavens!" and soon left me to repeat it to his friends.

'During all this conversation I had lost sight of my ambassador, whom I discovered shortly after, surrounded by many *khanums*, who seemed to be making a strict scrutiny of his dress; but he was entirely absorbed in the charms of one young person, whom he had successfully seated next to him, and upon whose splendid attractions he gazed with all the intenseness of a *majnoun*. I kept at a humble distance, for after all I was only like Saadi's bit of clay, which derived its scent from its connexion with the rose; and although I should have enjoyed a nearer acquaintance with some of the bewitching eyes which surrounded me, yet dreading the jealous disposition of my chief, I determined for the present to hide myself behind the veil of insignificance.

'When the hour of departure was come, which was about the time of our morning prayer, I took leave of my friend, and wishing that his friendship for me might never be less, I accompanied the ambassador to the carriage.—pp. 26—39.

The work is almost wholly composed of sketches in this fashion; and the reader will certainly find it a very pleasant lounging book.

The literary "flowers of May"—which is generally the most blossoming season of the year, have not been, we think, quite so thickly clustered this month as usual.

One important and very curious book we have not noticed—'Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War'—as we have waited to see the answer which Lord Strangford has advertised to the Colonel's singular comments on his conduct at Lisbon. The work is remarkable in more than one point of view; and we shall give it considerable attention. Captain Franklin's Journey is also announced as to be published on the 5th:—and we shall not approach any narrative from that pen without a thrill of recollection of the mingled horror, pity, and respect, which his former volume excited. Meanwhile, we say to our readers, with Pangloss—

'Plaudite et valete:—Terence, hem!

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A LECTURE ON THE LAW OF DESCENTS.

The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light.

SOLOMON.

Lex semper intendit quod convenit rationi.

COKE.

[We had begun to prepare the Second Number of our Series on Reforms in the Law, which we intended to be on the Law of Real Property, when the following very lively and pungent *jeu d'esprit* was brought to us. The keenness and immediate applicability of its well-preserved irony, at once determined us to print it,—as a sort of introduction to the more general article that we shall give next month. It will, in fact, clear the way for us a great deal—by laying down the whole system of the Law of Descents, as now existing in this country. The author has done no more than state what the law *is*; and if our readers find any thing laughable in that statement, it is not his fault. We hope that our *lay* readers will not be deterred by the apparent technicality which they will encounter. We can assure them that if they give some little attention to the explication of the “terms of art,” which occur in the early part of the Paper, they will follow the rest of it with perfect ease.]

OF worldly blessings I account it not the least, that I come to the discussion of this subject at a period when this kingdom is furnished with men of excellent grace, wisdom, and understanding. As in the Lords, Ellenborough, Londonderry, and his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam. In the Commons, Lethbridge, Member for Somersetshire, Bankes for Dorset, Evans for Wexford, and Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, renowned for his keen knowledge of arithmetic. So fully, indeed, am I convinced of the rage for research, and of the vast extent of discriminating power of the human mind now abounding in the parliament-house, that I shall venture to approach this head of discourse with a composure of the nervous system, which, at other times and under different circumstances, it had been vain to expect.

To many it is well known that there are in the laws of this our realm, rules some of them so ordinary and vulgar, that they now serve but for grounds of “merriment and plain songs” to the more shallow

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and impertinent sort of people ; while others of them are gathered and extracted out of the harmony and congruity of cases, and are such as the wisest and deepest sort of lawyers are best able to comprehend. To that branch of our law on which, God willing, I propose to found the following discourse, the latter kind of rule doth especially appertain. And, I have selected this subject, inasmuch as I do not find that by mine own travail, without the help of authority, I can in any kind confer so profitable an addition unto what hath in time afore appeared toward the explaining and rendering clear the laws of this realm to those who be unlearned therein, as by directing mine own means, humble and inferior as they are, to the exposition of that ever famous and excellent science, the Law of Real Property ; and in expounding, as far as in me lies, the end, intent, and bearing of that system ; a system which hath endured for many ages, under many and various, happy and illustrious, *forms of government* ; a system which hath brought this country to that height of private credit and wealth, of public honour and security, in the which we see it at this day. For, whether we look to our foreign relations, beholding that political supremacy to which all the nations of this habitable globe do bow,—or whether we cast our eyes on things at home, observing the enviable prosperity encircling these kingdoms ; in the midst of plenty, unincumbered by debt,—basking in all the happiness of peace,—the nation to a man agreed on every political point,—none seeking that which is not, and none withholding that which is, for the happiness of any,—and none striving save as to who shall do the most good ;—at a time when this country would resemble a republic of the days of gold, were it not a military monarchy in the nineteenth century ;—in fine, whether we look to Virginia Water, or at the camp in Downing-street, under all these various circumstances—*this glorious system of law is still seen to exist*, a beautiful and glorious monument of that which surpasses even the wisdom of the wise men of the east—the wisdom of our ancestors.

A law like unto this, which kings and prophets might have desired to see and have not seen, by those whose minds are illumined with the grace of common sense, or into the conduct of whom common decency enters,—might have been considered, and most justly, to be beyond the reach of schism ; but *if* this system does contain any imperfection, it is such only as appears to remind us that the law to govern and regulate the Gentile race, emanated from the mind of man. It is only, and can be taken only, as giving us a broad hint, that the human mind is not of that decided perfection which some have vainly imagined.

The branch of our law now under consideration, which we shall presently see to be so exquisitely and deeply formed, above the understandings of the world at large, we may call law of the *head*, as contradistinguished from what is termed the law of the *heart*, or conscience ; which latter some once thought was a concernⁱⁿ the Chancery Court ; but it hath been long disused there, and can be said now properly to pertain only unto that of which the fathers of old, and the schoolmen, and some virgins do treat. Of examples of this kind of law you may read abundantly in Thomas Moore, and also in a

discourse attributed to St. Jerome, entitled 'Two Dialogues in English between a Doctor of Divinity and a Student in the Laws of England of the Grounds of the said Laws and of Conscience;' which work I myself have, a copy thereof having come to my hands, printed by Tonson at his shop in Fleet-Street, without Temple-Bar, A. D. 1687, by some said to be in 12mo., but which is clearly a mistake, as appeareth from the signature on the seventeenth page; which copy, as well as I have been able to learn, is of the fourteenth edition, being a translation from the original Latin, in which tongue the work did first appear, but at what precise time the translation was first made I am doubtful. I have, however, seen a MS. note on this point by that great lawyer Lord Coke, wherein his lordship doth imagine that the first translation into our tongue was made and printed at the Hague in the year 1599. This edition I myself have never yet seen; and I should have been inclined to doubt whether 99 were not mistaken for 98, and that no edition was printed in the former year, had I not seen the date expressed in my lord's own writing, (for the which he was very famous) inasmuch as an edition of the work was certainly published in the year 98, but at what place I am not correctly informed, though I have reason to think it was somewhere beyond sea; notwithstanding Dr. Middleton, in his account of printing in England, conjectures the contrary, as I doubt much if the doctor's reasons in support of that opinion be tenable.

Having now explained these preliminary matters, it becometh me, as I take it, to follow our great master Littleton in the mode of discussing this subject. For Littleton is, as the saying goes, "not the name of the author only, but of the Law itself;" so great is he! And we know that "*neminem oportet esse sapientiores legibus*," as my Lord Coke says, evidently signifying thereby, that he himself was never to be contradicted; which maxim I myself will truly follow, well knowing mine own unworthiness and the vast excellence of that mind which, if it did not conceive, brought forth that remarkable aphorism.

To begin then with the first section of Littleton as the foundation of this kind of knowledge. "Tenant in fee simple is he which hath lands or tenements to hold to him and his heirs for ever. And it is called in Latin, *feodum simplex*, for *feodum* is the same that inheritance is, and *simplex* is as much as to say, lawful or pure." Lord Coke, in the 128th line of his Commentary on these words, with great force observes, "Here Littleton himself teacheth the signification of *feodum*, according to that which hath been said, which only is to be applied to fee simple, pure and absolute. And Littleton saith well, that *simplex idem est quod purum*. *Simplex enim dicitur quia sine plicis; et purum dicitur, quod est merum et solum sine additione*. *Simplex donatio et pura est, ubi nulla addita est conditio sive modus; simplex enim datur, quod nullo additamento datur.*"

It is to be observed, that "if a man would purchase lands or tenements,* it behoveth him to have these words in his purchase, 'to have

* Here note that *purchase* is taken in its proper legal acception, and signifieth the possession of lands or tenements that a man hath by his own act or agreement, unto which possession he cometh *not* by title of descent from any of his ancestors or of his

and to hold to him and his heirs;' for these words, his heirs, make the estate of inheritance. For if a man purchase by these words, to have and to hold to him *for ever*; or by these words, to have and to hold to him and his assigns *for ever*: in these two cases he hath but an estate for term of *life*, for that there lack these words (his heirs), which words *only* make an estate of inheritance in all feoffments and grants." And note that there are some acquisitions by *mere act of law*, which nevertheless are not descents: as *forfeiture, escheat, reverter*, the two former applying *per delictum tenentis*; reverter being the proper term for the returning of the land to the lord *per defectum sanguinis*, and this on the authority of Bracton, fol. 23. And they who hold the contrary are wrong.

And, once for all, observe, that a fee simple is the greatest estate a *subject* can have in lands or tenements in these kingdoms, being land *holden* as contradistinguished from land *allodial*.

I might continue very long to the examination of this subject, if I would; but, as it is not my intention so much to do this, (which I could not do but in a compass of some space) I have barely given what may be considered an outline of this part of the subject; it being more my intention at this time to point out some of the peculiar beauties in the law of real property, as well for the purpose of convincing such persons as may be disposed to attend hereto, of the intrinsic value thereof, as, at the same time, to put to shame and confusion those who, perverting and abusing the law, have endeavoured to reduce it to the standard of common understandings, to the great scandal of the same and the professors of that science, than to make men absolutely skilled in law, a matter at this day of no small difficulty.

With this view I have done that which I considered necessary to the understanding the force of this important word, *heirs*, so frequently and necessarily employed in considering this subject; remembering that the terms of art must be first duly understood, before any knowledge in the art itself can be expected.

I now proceed to make a few observations on the perfection of our laws of descents. And first as to the word *descents*. It applies only to that estate in *lands*, tenements, or real hereditaments, which, on the death of one dying seised of the descendable estate, vests in his next and worthiest of blood, *as his heir-at-law*. And it is material to observe what my Lord Coke says on the import of this word *heir*: "*Hæres*, in the legal understanding of the common law, implyeth, that he is born in lawful wedlock; for *hæres legitimus est quem nuptiæ demonstrant*, and is he to whom lands, tenements, or hereditaments, by the act of God and right of blood, do descend of some estate of inheritance." For saith he with great truth, "*Solus Deus hæredem facere potest, non homo*; Only God can make an heir, not man;" alluding with his usual feeling to the *death* of the person last seised; for

cousins, but by his own deed: and this word *deed* is to be read conveyance or legal title; for, as I take it, disseisins, abatements, intrusions, usurpations, and such like estates gained by wrong, are not said in law to be purchases, but oppressions and wrongs; this word purchase not being in law confined to the idea of *payment*, which it vulgarly intends.

“*nemo est hæres viventis*; no one is the heir of a living person.” The meaning of the word heir having been now clearly given, I pass to the rules or canons of descent; reserving for future consideration those persons who are excluded from the inheritance by reason of personal incapacity.

I. The first rule is, That inheritances shall lineally descend to the issue of the person last seised, *in infinitum*; but shall never lineally ascend. The first part of this rule, or such as relates to lineal descendants, appears to have been the prevailing law in most nations; but the negative branch, or the exclusion of the ascending line, has been, I grieve to say, reviled by those from whom the law had a right to expect support. A rule which has been quoted with approbation by such men as Glanvil, Bracton, and the authors of ‘Fleta’ and the ‘Mirror,’ which has been so ably explained and supported by Littleton, Coke, and divers others whom it were tedious to name, did hardly merit the reviling it hath met with at this day. But so long as the pinion of the goose shall impart to imperial Bath the dye of lamp-black, so long will I continue to exert my humble abilities in upholding this venerable, and I may say holy, maxim of descent. It hath been vilified by many who never understood it: for, indeed, those who *can* understand it are but few.

The first reason for excluding lineal ascent which I shall give, is of itself conclusive,—being founded upon the laws of *gravitation*; yet, I will, nevertheless, give every one which has ever been thought of. “A right, therefore, descends like a weight, which falls in a right line, or transversely, but never re-ascends by the way it came.” *Bracton* l. ii. c. 29. 2dly. Because the father and mother and other lineal ascendants, are not of the blood of their children: 3dly. It tends to avoid confusion and diversity of opinions in the case of descents, of which the allowance in the civil law is (said to be) the occasion: and, lastly, The father is excluded from any possibility of succeeding to the son’s inheritance, because it is against the feudal rules and course of succession, which are founded on excellent reason; for if the feud were really what the feudists called *antiquum aut paternum*, the father could not succeed to it, because it must have passed him before it could possibly have come to the son. If the feud were newly and originally given to, or conferred upon, the son *ut feudum antiquum*, such feud did in all respects descend, as if it had been an *ancient* or *paternal feud* (for though *ut* is here similitudinary, yet the maxim, *nullum simile est idem*, doth not apply to *this ut*); and the feud must, as is said before, have passed the father, before it could have come to the son; and upon this principle the father was, in this case, excluded. On the other hand, if the feud were what the feudists call *novum*, that is to say, newly conferred or conquered, as the Norman jurists as well as the feudists have it, (or, as we say, purchased by the son), and not granted to him *ut feudum antiquum*, (as all land is holden at this day; the holding *ut feudum novum* being now unknown in this country), it could only descend to his children; and if he had no children, it could not *mount* to the father or incline to any collateral, but should return to the lord. Thus stood the feudal law, excluding the father, because whosoever would succeed to a feud, must have entitled himself to the succession

in a regular course of descent from the first feudatory or purchaser; and this was the ground of the good old maxim in our law, that none shall inherit any lands as heir, but only the blood of the first purchaser. Here I shall notice an objection to this maxim: for inasmuch, say some, because it is now, at least, (which I do not deny) sufficient by our law, that the person who claims a *fee* by *descent*, makes it appear that he is heir to him *who was last actually seised*; therefore it doth seem strange, that the father, who is next in blood, (which is a begging of the question, for I have before *said* he is not of his blood at all) should not be heir to his son, and next in succession: but that the uncle, or father's brother, (*patruus*) should be preferred to him; and yet that in case the uncle died without issue, the *father* should be admitted, as *brother* to the *uncle*, to succeed to this inheritance of the son.

The only absurdity of the thing, I answer, is the misapprehension of the rule, considered as a substantive rule of descent; whereas it is properly *not a rule of descent,—but of evidence*, and is not, therefore, substantive, but relative to the old feudal course of succession, and calculated to make that good as far as possible; for it becoming in many cases impossible, by length of time and a long course of descent, actually to deduce a title from the first feudatory or purchaser, proof of being heir to the *last*, was necessarily allowed as best proof that could be expected, or with certainty obtained, of title from the *first*. Hence, therefore, it is, that the father, standing excluded from the *immediate* inheritance of the son, may nevertheless obtain the same inheritance by proving himself heir to the uncle, being the person last actually seised, and thus come mediately into the inheritance which *was* the son's: our law, for the reasons before mentioned, looking (in *this* case) no further than to the last actual seisin. And it is observable, that the caution which accompanied the admission of this rule, shews, evidently, that it was not innovating or meant to vary the old course or rules of descent, but that it was devised merely to substitute (as Sir Martin Wright observed) a reasonable, in the stead of an impossible, proof. For the person who would, within the sense and intent of this rule, entitle himself to a *fee* by *descent*, must be heir of the *whole* blood to him who was last seised; the half blood having always a much less chance of being descended *from the first purchaser* than the whole blood in the same degree. I purpose, hereafter, to give a more full explanation of the propriety of excluding the half blood upon its own merits, in addition to its furnishing the rule of evidence in the exclusion of lineal ascepts, which we have now considered; and which, alone, were a sufficient and manifest good reason for its enactment.

II. The second canon of descent is, That the worthiest of blood shall be preferred.

This rule requires little comment. Its justice must be apparent to all *male* commentators. It is agreeable to the laws of the Jews; of the Athenians,* of the Welsh,† of the Saxons, which laws are said by Lord Coke, the Judges of Ireland in the great case of Tenures, as printed at London, 1720,—by Selden, Nathaniel Bacon, Saltern, Sir Wil-

* Petit's *leges Atticæ*, l. vi. c. 6. Sir Wm. Jones's translation of the Speeches of *Isæus*, on Causes concerning the Law of Succession to Property at Athens.

† Stat. Wall.

liam Temple, and the author of the 'Mirror,' (although this point is opposed by many great men) to have been existing in this country before the time of the Conqueror. The preference of males to females is also of feudal principles; for by the genuine and original policy of that constitution, or as Mr. Pigott expresses it, by that law in its purity, no female could ever succeed to a proper feud; females being incapable of performing those military services, the strongest feature in that system, and of too feeble mind to advise in council, which was the next. And although by such of the laws of Rome as are at present extant, and by the laws of the Danes, who for a period infested this country, it appears that they admitted all the children to the inheritance at once; yet it is always to be remembered that that brilliant orb of feudalism, which at a later period with so much splendour illuminated this northern, and, subsequently, the whole western, world, had not, were it indeed then risen, gained that height in the political heaven, necessary to the enlightening of these people.

Thus we see, that by the laws of those countries wherein the feudal law was more strictly retained, females were wholly excluded; and by the laws of some other people, were placed on an equal footing with males; yet our law, most beneficently, and, indeed, at this time, wisely, hath ordained a middle course,—not absolutely rejecting females, but only *preferring* the males,—not excluding but only *postponing* the females. For though it has been doubted by some philosophers whether women have souls, the existence of their bodies is a fact, I believe, generally assented to; and their admission, no doubt, is grounded more on the latter than the former existence.

III. The third canon of descent is this; That when there are two or more males in equal degree, the eldest only shall inherit; but the females of the same degree shall inherit all together.

The first branch of this rule is certainly very obvious and natural; and has the appearance, at least in the opinion of younger brothers, of the greatest impartiality and justice. They who are curious may read in Glanvil and Bracton, of the distinction which, even in feudal times, prevailed in point of descent between *Socage* lands, (or lands held for other than knightly service) and lands in *Chivalry*, and of the reason thereof; and how lands descended here *before* feuds were. They will do well also to consider a certain statute made in the twelfth year of the reign of King Charles II., of moral memory, *for the abolition of military tenures*; reading, at the same time, Somner and Robinson on the nature of the descent in gavelkind at this day, *being to all the sons equally*.

Why, on the other hand, all the daughters should at this day take together, I leave to the consideration of eldest daughters and other persons of research.

IV. A fourth canon is, That the *lineal* descendants *in infinitum*, of any person deceased shall represent their ancestor; that is, shall inherit the same estate as the person himself would have done, had he been living.

This mode of taking is called succession *in stirpes*, according to the roots; all the branches inheriting the same share that their root, whom they represent, would have done. As if A hath two sons, B and C; and B hath issue two sons and six daughters; and C the youngest

hath issue five sons and ten daughters; and B die in the lifetime of A; here B's eldest son will, on the death of his grandfather, take his whole real estate, as representing his father, the eldest son of A, to the total exclusion of his own brother and sisters, and his uncle, and his issue; for as the branch B would, if living at the death of his father, have taken the whole, so his eldest son being his heir-at-law, does so instead, leaving all the other branches without succour or support. This is the law of representation; partly so called, perhaps, for that in it are represented or reflected the three first canons of descents; as, the lineal descendants shall *first* take; the male issue shall be *preferred* to the female; and amongst *males* the eldest *only* shall inherit. Thus by the case I have put, you may discern that beautiful harmony and proportion for the which our laws of descents are so truly distinguished.

V. A fifth canon of descent enacts, That on failure of lineal descendants, or issue of the person last seised, the inheritance shall descend to his *collateral* kinsmen being of the blood of the first purchaser.

In considering this rule we must remember that originally feuds were not hereditary; but for life at most. They then became descendible to the offspring of the feudatory; but to such as were *not* of the blood of, that is, lineally descended from, the first feudatory or purchaser, they passed not. So that if one became himself the first purchaser of the feud, even his brother could never inherit thereto: though if he had not been the first feudatory, but on the contrary took a *feudum antiquum*, then the brother might take as heir, lineal heir, to him who first acquired the estate. And herein consisteth the difference in point of descent which formerly existed between the *feudum antiquum*, and the *feudum novum*; which is illustrated by the following feudal rule: "The brother of a brother deceased without legitimate heir, succeeds to the estate which was that of their father, but if one of the brothers have taken a feud from the land, he dying without heirs, his brother does not succeed to the feud." The reason of this is, that what was given to a man for his personal service and merit, ought not to depart from *his own blood*; for others cannot be supposed to inherit his bravery or virtues, which were the consideration or cause of the gift: and which, as we behold in our existing House of Lords, do always remain in the blood to the remotest posterity.

"However," says Blackstone, "in process of time, when the feudal rigour was in part abated, a *method* was invented to let in the collateral relations of the grantee to the inheritance, by granting him a *feudum novum* to hold *ut feudum antiquum*; that is, with all the qualities annexed to a feud derived from his ancestors; and then the collateral relations were admitted to succeed even in *infinitum*, because they *might* have been of the blood of, that is, descended from, the first imaginary purchaser. For since it is not ascertained in such general grants, whether this feud shall be held *ut feudum paternum*, or *feudum avitum*—that is, long in the possession of our ancestors—but *ut feudum antiquum* merely, as a feud of indefinite antiquity; that is, since it is not ascertained from which of the ancestors of the grantee this feud shall be supposed to have descended; *the law will not ascertain it*, but will suppose any of his ancestors, to have been the first purchaser: and, *therefore*, it admits *any* of his collateral

kindred (who have the other necessary requisites) to the inheritance; because every collateral kinsman must be descended from some one of his lineal ancestors." This rule, so ably explained by Blackstone, and which is so strong an illustration of the reason and benefit of warping the existing law, instead of making new ones when to innovators they appear to be wanted, prevails in every *new* purchase at this day; there being no such thing as a *feudum novum* to be held *ut novum*: all grants of fee simple estates in this kingdom being now descendible *ut feudum antiquum*.

"Yet," as Blackstone further most ably mentions, "where an estate has *really* descended in a course of inheritance to the person last seised, the strict rule of the feudal law is still observed; and none are admitted, but the heirs of those through whom the inheritance hath passed: for all others have *demonstrably* none of the blood of the first purchaser in them, and therefore shall never succeed." This rule may be thus illustrated:—If a man be the first of his family to acquire a real estate, and die without children or descendants of children, *there* the estate is *presumed* to have descended from some ancestor *so very remote*, that at that distance of time, (which might have been two days before) it is quite impossible to ascertain who the person was who first acquired it; and, for that reason, it shall go *to all his collateral kindred* (who have the other necessary requisites) not only of his paternal, but also of the maternal, line. But if, on the contrary, the estate *actually* descended to him either in the paternal or maternal line, in which line it had been for 2000 years; yet, if the estate become at last vested in the son *as* heir to his mother, it can never, under any possibility, pass to any of the son's paternal ancestors—as if he have a father and paternal uncles, they can never take; the father being properly excluded by the first canon of descent, and his brothers by this; and the estate will pass to the lord, a person of whom most probably they never before heard. For all others than the maternal line have *demonstrably* none of the blood of the first purchaser in them,—the law being perfectly able in *this* case to hunt back for 2000 years, and bring to light the first purchaser;—and therefore none others shall ever succeed: although the very ancestor who introduced the estate into the maternal line may have obtained it from a *paternal* ancestor, the first purchaser, on this principle, that *there* it was impossible to ascertain who the first purchaser really was, (he having died only a few days before) the law accordingly supposing *any* of the ancestors *pro re natâ* to have been the first purchaser. "Hence," says Professor Christian with great truth, "the expression *heir-at-law* must always be used with a reference to a specific estate; for if an only child has taken by descent an estate from his father, and another from his mother, upon his death without issue these estates will descend to different persons."

VI. The sixth canon of descent may be said to be, That the *half* blood shall never inherit; but the land shall rather revert to the lord.

"No man," says my Lord Coke, "can be heir to a fee simple by the common law, but he that hath *sanguinem duplicatum*, the whole blood, that is, both of the father and of the mother, so as the half blood is no blood inheritable by descent; *because* he that is of the

half cannot be a complete heir, *for* that he hath not the whole, and the law in descents in fee simple doth respect that which is complete and perfect."

Others there are, who insist, that the true reason why the brothers of different venters cannot inherit to each other at this day is, the aversion which our *Saxon ancestors* entertained to second marriages, which *they* deemed at best but a permitted fornication.

In addition to this, we must remember, that the great and most universal principle of collateral inheritances is this, that the heir to a *feudum antiquum* must be of the blood of the first feudatory or purchaser.

Now, it must be obvious, even to the unlearned, that a kinsman of the *half* blood has (as we have said before) but one half of his ancestors above the common stock the same with his kinsman of the whole blood; therefore there is not the same standing requisite in the law, that he be derived from the blood of the first purchaser.

"And," as Blackstone with his usual elegance observes, "As this is the case in *feudis antiquis*, where *they* really did once exist a purchasing ancestor, who is *forgotten*; it is also the case in *feudis novis* held *ut antiquis*, where the purchasing ancestor is merely *ideal* and only existed in fiction of law. Of this nature are all grants of lands in fee simple at this day, which are inheritable as if they descended from some uncertain ancestor, and therefore any of the collateral kindred of the real modern purchaser (and not his own offspring only) may inherit them, provided they be of the whole blood; for all such are, in judgment of law, *likely enough* to be derived from this *indefinite ancestor*: but those of the *half* blood are excluded for the *SAME* probability. Nor should this be thought hard, that a brother of the purchaser, though only of the half blood, must thus be disinherited, and a more remote relation of the whole blood admitted, merely upon a supposition and fiction of law: since it is only upon a like supposition and fiction that brethren of purchasers (whether of the whole or half blood) are entitled to inherit at all: for we have seen that in *feudis stricte novis* neither brethren nor any other collaterals were admitted. As therefore in *feudis antiquis* we have seen the reasonableness of excluding the half blood, if by a fiction of law a *feudum novum* be made descendible to collaterals as if it were *feudum antiquum*, it is *just* and *equitable* that it should be subject to the same restrictions as well as the same latitude of descent."

This doctrine has been so ably illustrated by the quotation from the learned and accomplished judge, that it can require little more to convince those who have opposed the exclusion of the half-blood, of their error and want of judgment. I shall content myself with giving one example. If a father become the first purchaser of estates, and afterwards die intestate, leaving two daughters by his first wife, and his second wife pregnant, who is afterwards delivered of a son, the mother having resided upon one of the father's estates, and received rent for others after the father's death as guardian in socage to the infant, will create a seisin in him; and, though the infant live only a few weeks, yet can the daughters never inherit these estates. For the law most wisely does presume that it is impossible in *this* case (the acqui-

sition being *newly* made) to ascertain the first purchaser. And though our law, with a benignity and care for her children peculiar to herself, is willing to admit to the inheritance *those who have a probability* of being of his blood, inasmuch that they are of the *whole* blood to the person last actually seised; yet here *that* probability is wanting: and upon these evidently just and equitable grounds, the inheritance will, sooner than vest in the daughters (the children of the first purchaser), revert to the lord of the fee. This very case was determined in the Court of Common Pleas.

The same rule, as to the exclusion of the half blood in descents in fee simple, obtains in every degree, and under every circumstance. For if a man have issue a son by one venter, and then have issue another son by another venter, and one son purchase lands, they can never go to the half brother; for, as is said before, the first purchaser (who was the brother) is presumed to be so remote as not to be ascertainable; and the only evidence of probability of the brother being of the purchaser's blood is wanting, he not being of the *whole blood* to the person last actually seised.

The reason and justness of the exclusion of the half blood, must by this time be too evident to require further illustration. I shall abstain, therefore, from going further into this subject, than barely to mention, that in order to entitle any person to take as heir to another, that person must have had actual seisin (*possessio*) of the inheritance. This will be best understood by the following maxim: *possessio fratris de feodo simplici facit sororem esse hæredem*; which signifieth, that the brother of the whole blood having *had* possession or seisin, (*possessio est quasi pedis positio*) of land in fee simple, it shall, on his death, by force of such possession, pass to the sister of the whole blood, as heir to her brother: whereas, if the elder brother had done no act whereby he could derive seisin, the *brother* of the half blood would have taken as heir to the common *father*; for *seisina facit stipitem*. So note the necessity of seisin, and get hold of all you can. Of this maxim, which is extremely important, you may read at large in 1 Inst. 14. b. 15. a. b.

VII. The seventh and last rule of collateral descents is this: That the male stocks shall be preferred to the female; that is, kindred derived from the male ancestors however remote, shall be preferred to the blood of the female however near.

Thus, all the relations and connexions on the father's side are admitted before those on the side of the mother are admitted at all; those of the father's father before those of the father's mother; those of the mother's father before those of the mother's mother; and thus upwards *in infinitum*, subject to the preceding canons. So that the remotest ancestor of the father's side, related by blood, or even connected only by affinity, shall take to the exclusion of the nearest relation of the mother, of the person last seised; the mother herself being excluded by the first canon of descent, being a *lineal* ancestor.

It is, however, always to be remembered, that if the person last seised were not himself the first purchaser of the inheritance, but that on the contrary the estate had *descended* to him, then that line of ancestors from whom the estate came only can inherit. For if the

estate descended from a paternal ancestor, no relation of the mother, *as such*, can by any possibility take, but the inheritance, as we have seen before, shall rather pass to the Lord of the Fee; and so *vice versâ*.

For, as the ability for *personal service* is the reason for preferring the males in the *lineal* succession, so the preference of the agnatic succession through all the stages of *collateral* inheritance prevails; it being more likely that the lands should have descended to the last tenant from his male than from his female ancestors.

With this I close the consideration of THE LAWS OF DESCENTS. They need no further remark of mine: all who acquire a perfect knowledge of their *merits*, if indeed such a knowledge is to be acquired, must, of necessity, admire them.

If, however, there *should* appear to be any defects or (as some with spleen have termed it) abuses in the law, their existence may be defended on constitutional grounds; when we consider, as well the *antiquity* of those very abuses as, that "Law abuses are necessary to keep men from contriving mischief against the commonwealth."

THE TWO COLLEGES.

Ah, ciel! en voilà deux!—FRENCH GHOST-STORY.

The schoolmaster is abroad.—BROUGHAM.

Although I have not myself had the benefit of a university education, owing to the peculiar pursuits in which I have been engaged during my life, there is no one more sensible of all the advantages arising from education.—WELLINGTON.

THE triumph over the remnants of that foolish bigotry which, instead of leaving free scope to all the powers of the human mind, and stimulating the rulers and the ruled to emulate each other in adding to the wisdom and worth of nations, was incessant in its operations to bind down the faculties and square the intellect of the whole race to that scanty portion of understanding by which they were in ancient times proverbially said to be governed,—is now, we think, complete. We may now use the words, "the march of intellect," without producing a sneer from the face of the veriest bigot within the four seas, and hail it as the march of all men of every denomination who are in any way capable of advancing. When Brougham drew his splendid parallel between power as expressed by Lord Bacon, and power as it has but too frequently been found existing officially among men, when he bade intolerance muster her tests and exclusions, chicanery weave her subtilties and tie and ravel her doubts again and again—and, after every element of darkness, everything hating the light, and every person and performance unable to bear it, had been bundled together, and wrapped round by all the ligatures and fastenings of craft,—then bade Wellington sound the bugle, beat the drum, draw the sword, and lead on; and yet that at the appearance of the schoolmaster, without any combination of pomp and force, but armed simply with his primer, leader and led would fling down their arms, surrender

at discretion, and bless God that they had seen the error of their way, and had turned from it; when but a few brief months ago, the leader of the people of England—and he is their leader, and leading them to something better than ever they were led to by hero or politician—took his position upon this ground—the firm and indestructible rock of truth,—we scarcely could have hoped, that ere one session of parliament had passed away, the very man whose appointment to office seemed to render the declaration necessary, would have been following in the train of the schoolmaster, and cheering him on to the extended and accelerated performance of his great and good work. True it is, however, and of verity; and without wishing to look anywhere for motives, but to the good which must be produced, we think the association of the leading members of the state and the church, for the purpose of establishing a university in which (if we be rightly informed) men may be taught science and literature, without any one of the trammelling with tests, or tampering with consciences, the most splendid events in the nineteenth century; and that the fame of the Duke of Wellington will be brighter and more durable from having led the bishops into the field of liberal education, than for having led the combined armies to victory at Waterloo. But in what is called the triumph of one army over another, there is always a losing party, as well as something lost; but when the triumph is over ignorance, by whom or what means soever the operations are carried on, the result is gain to the full extent, without any counterbalance. Mankind may be beaten or oppressed into a state of slavery and degradation; but since the invention of printing, while the liberty of the press exists, they cannot be taught into such a state. Be the additional information ever so little, it still is information, and goes to swell the general amount: another light brought into a room does not, however small, increase the darkness. But, truly, we see no reason why the quantity of information which is about to issue from the “King’s College of London” should either be smaller or less pure than that which issues from any other college, whether King’s or not. No doubt there is a little misnomer in the title; because, according to the Duke of Wellington himself, the idea originated with the bishops, or, at least, came to him from the bishops; and thus the “Episcopal College” would be the more appropriate appellation. There is no use, however, in disputing about names, or the details of what is not yet finally arranged; but we hope that there will be no exclusive enactments, nothing by which the utility of the establishment will be impaired; and that, though in matters connected with divinity, the doctrines and formulæ of the church must necessarily be adhered to, it will not be deemed necessary that a man should subscribe the thirty-nine articles before he shall be suffered to prove that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles; or that soda and muriatic acid are the component parts of culinary salt. In no case where a man’s religious faith is sworn to as a preliminary to the performance of anything not religious, have we ever been able to divest ourselves of a belief in its wonderful similarity to the well-known cry of the pious peripatetic fruitman of Constantinople—“In the name of the prophet, figs!” And, therefore, we hope that the lords spiritual, and their tem-

poral coadjutors in this work, will save both the present and future generations from being forced to smile at so ludicrous a combination. When religion is coupled with that which is not only not religious but cannot be made so, the ethereal essence is always weighed down by the grosser substance, while *that* is never even perceptibly elevated by it.

It is not so much in the details, however, or even in the practical utility of the college, as a college, that we are disposed to exult. Lord Wellington himself is a proof of the elevation to which a man may rise without any college craft at all. It is the acknowledgment of the right path, and the coming to it by the very nucleus of the tory party, —the men who aforetime—and that not at a time very long before—were said, and believed to be, hostile to education, and who, not many months ago—no, nor many days, some of them—were using the terms “Diffusion of Knowledge,” and “Advancement of Intellect,” as names of mockery and derision. It is true that we have not yet heard of the conversion of the venerable Eldon, or of his thousand pounds (he cannot give less than the Bishop of London surely—having been so long a bishop manufacturer); but, if he gets sufficient *days of grace*, he must come; and we do not know a more edifying sight than it would be to behold the ex-chancellor working the offspring of the nobility upon Euclid and Apollonius, or sagging like a Samson at the quadrature of the circle, or the solution of the irreducible case. In one department of the mathematics, his lordship would not only be very much at home, but might do special service,—we mean in the matter of imaginary and impossible quantities; and we see no reason why he may not take a philosophical turn in his old days as well as others. Should he do this, hope would revive upon two subjects, upon both of which it has, for some time, been looking blanched and wan. These are the grand desiderata of physics and chemistry—the discovery of the longitude, and of the philosopher’s stone. Nor is our hope on these grounded upon hypothesis or belief; but upon a very legitimate induction of experience. The length of the learned lord’s time in office, as well as that of his cases and deliberations, very naturally point to the conclusion, that if he did not discover the absolute *longitude*, he would come to something as *lengthy* as any man living. In the matter of the stone, again, everybody that knows anything of its history knows that nobody cared for it on its own account, but on account of the power that it had of turning baser matters into gold. Now, Lord Eldon must know, by experience, that of all approximations that ever were made, the Court of Chancery more especially, in the office of the Lord Chancellor himself, is the nearest,—more matter which is worse than waste paper to everybody else, being by him, and by his means, turned into gold, than by any other functionary that ever existed.

Having these hopes, it is gratifying to witness the number who have come to the standard; as well as how the official men who were to form the fabric arrange themselves, like the nine Muses, under the Apollo who rules the day:—

1. The Archbishop of Canterbury.
2. The Lord Chancellor.

3. The Archbishop of York.
4. Lord Chief Justice.
5. The Dean of Westminster.
6. The Home Secretary.
7. The Speaker of the Commons.
8. The Dean of St. Paul's.
9. The Lord Mayor of London.

These are all fixtures too—men who never die ; and thus the establishment of which they are to be the pillars, will partake of their immortality. The connecting of the Lord Mayor with the establishment will have a very happy effect upon the intellect of the Common Council generally ; and mainly conduce not only to the conservation of the King's English, and the knowledge of the liberal arts within the sound of Bow bells, but to the classic fame of the Lord Mayor himself upon all occasions when, in emulation of him of a former year, he shall extend the boundaries of his knowledge from the stone at Staines, to where Christ Church casts the shadow of her dome over the Isis. If Lord Mayor Venables had been himself the "head of a house," they would not have ventured to approximate quizzing him, but would have treated him with something more elevated than lectures on the gastric juice, and the peristaltic motion. Nor do we think that the official wig of one of the other illustrious functionaries will sit a jot the worse on him, on account of his directorship ; and though we cannot hope for very much improvement from those lesser luminaries, among whom the sneering at education has been the most frequent, yet they will be quiet, and when they go to their placé, we shall get better ours.

Only think of his Grace of Rutland, and Lord Bexley and Mr. Powles, the contractor for the Columbian loan, conspiring together to raise a fund for the establishing of a college ! One year before, you would as soon have believed that they would have conspired for the conflagration of a mile of the Thames, until the tunnel had been fairly completed.

But the cause is as delightful as the fact is marvellous and unexpected. What can have so wonderfully converted such a body of men, ere while so confirmed in the opposite opinion, but a conviction of the superiority of the faith to which they have become converts. They, or at least the more intelligent part of them, can hardly have failed in seeing the power of the diffusion of knowledge in the generally-improved habits of the labouring classes, and their better capacity in discerning right and wrong in the conduct of their superiors ; and they must have felt that if they did not in some way or other fling themselves upon the current of society, that current would roll on and leave them behind and neglected.

It may be true that the first impulse to some has been given by a feeling bordering on dislike, if not hostility to the London University,—an institution which emanated wholly with the people, and which, standing independent and apart, is neither for nor against the constituted authorities any further than that, like them, though in a different manner, it will conduce to the grand object of all good government, instructive or regulative. But though this may have been an impulse,

and though there may be a rivalry and a jealousy between the two institutions, and the parties with whom they have respectively originated, and by whom they will respectively be supported; yet the rivalry is a rivalry of good and not of evil, and it is impossible to imagine a more powerful stimulus to the exertions of each, than that they have started to run the same race. On each side they must bestir themselves; and we are quite sure that the concurrence and co-operation of the whole of the projectors of King's College would not have done as much good to the London University, as will be done by the rival seminary.

Granted that the religious instruction at the one establishment is to be in strict conformity with the tenets and practice of the Established Church, while the other will be open to Christians of all denominations; yet that has really nothing to with the foundation upon which even the knowledge of religion must be built, the cultivation of the mental powers. In literature, in the sciences, in the history of nature and of the human race, in the whole material volume which the Creator has bountifully opened for man's information and guidance, there are no points of faith the foundations of which lie beyond the bounds of human scrutiny, and give scope for that diversity and clashing of even honest and conscientious opinions that necessarily take place, on those sublime mysteries of religion which the utmost grasp of the human mind cannot altogether reach. In all that vast volume there can be, therefore, no heresies; no man will deny three angles to be a triangle, and as little will any man insist upon the necessity of four; because we have only to construct the triangle, hold it up to the eyes of mankind, and obtain an universal verdict in favour of the truth. No doubt, as there have been always hitherto, there will still continue to be, debates upon the *lacunæ* of history and upon the *terræ incognitæ* of science; and those disputes may yet run into violence as they did with the two grammarians of the middle ages, who reciprocally excommunicated and gave over to the devil each other, for "damnable heresy" in the doctrine of impersonal verbs. But as, more especially since the days of Lord Bacon, and again since the formation of chemistry into a science, the scientific pursuits of men run much more in the way of observation and experience, and much less in that of conjecture and hypothesis than they used to do, the controversial part has been as much diminished as the useful has been increased. So that there is now little scope for wasting the ingenuity of the learned in mere subtleties and quibbles; and there is just as little temptation, for the glory and the gain of such pursuits have equally faded.

Thus in as far as merely human knowledge is concerned, the means of diffusion will be doubled by the two establishments; and the actual diffusion may be doubled again by the emulation with which each will inspire the other. So far, therefore, are we from taking any objection to King's College, that we hail it as a great and unmingled good, inasmuch as it has enlisted, in the grand cause of instruction, a party, and that a very permanent and powerful party, who otherwise would have continued to stand neuter if not hostile. Nor is there any fear, if they are properly professed and managed, of an abundant

supply of students for each and for several more. The population in a circle of twenty miles radius round St. Paul's is equal to that of a comparatively powerful kingdom in numbers; it far exceeds that of any kingdom in the necessity of education and the capability of paying for it; the education at present obtained by those who not only can afford, but do pay well for it, is in but too many instances, of a very inferior and superficial character, containing little more than the mere mechanism of literature, and nothing that at all deserves the name of science; and therefore all the elements of external support are concentrated.

But why should the benefit be confined to the metropolis? and wherefore should not the plough of mental culture be driven over the whole kingdom, and a substantial and permanent system of education be everywhere established? It was proper that the impulse should be given—that the work should begin—in the metropolis; and, for the purpose of eclat, it was perhaps as well that the first establishments should be universities, because the name sounds well, and they make a corresponding impression on the public mind. But when one looks at the numbers in England who are still without even the rudiments of education, as well as at that of those who are constrained to bear the badge of slavery and degradation in their infant years, in return for the little education they get in a charity-school, the teacher of which is as frequently needy as redundant in knowledge himself, one cannot help coming to the conclusion that every village and parish should have its school, where the teacher should be subject to the proper examination as to qualifications and character, be paid part in salary by the public, and the other part in fees from the pupils adapted to the average ability of the inhabitants. The first of these would give permanence and respectability to the establishments, without the necessity of fees too great for the scanty purses of the poor; and the latter, by making the education of the said poor their own by right of purchase, would make them, in a corresponding degree, esteem it and profit by it. Nor does the good, that such a system would produce, rest wholly upon its reasonableness,—the experiment has been made in several countries, and always with a wonderful addition to the virtue and good conduct of the people. Go no farther than Scotland,—a country whose natural resources, and many of whose institutions, are certainly inferior to those of England; look at the effect which her parochial schools have had upon her peasantry, notwithstanding the degradation into which they had been allowed to fall, and the cold and parsimonious hand by which a partial resuscitation was imparted. No doubt there was, among the influential persons of Scotland—the majority of whom have not, for these many days, been over remarkable for wisdom or for liberality—not a little of the prejudice to which some will be disposed to ascribe the first idea of King's College; and in consequence of this, as well as of political bickerings and scramblings after power, the system of parochial schools has not been changed with the changes in society. In consequence of this, as well as of the early employment of the children in the manufacturing districts, the population there is comparatively deficient in education, because the parochial schools are not now sufficient for the purpose, and the supplementary ones, being conducted by

adventurers in a profession not naturally the most profitable, are persons of an inferior description. It may, perhaps, be said, by those who believe the doctrine of "things finding their level," that education falls within the category, and that it should be allowed to depend upon the contingencies of society, without any establishment or public provision at all. But before we can apply the doctrine of "finding the level," we must make sure that there is a level to be found—that the parties between whom the contract or compact is to be made, stand upon equal terms at the time of making it. It is the want of a level—a perfect equality among the parties, that renders all law and government necessary: for if the strong would not oppress the weak, the cunning impose upon the simple, or thieves steal from the honest, the whole labours of the costly machine of government would be time mispent, and the whole expense would be wealth squandered. Now, from the very nature of the case, there is more disparity between the teacher and the pupil, in the matter of contract between them, than between any other two persons in a free country,—because the very necessity of the contract involves incapacity of judging on the part of the latter. Nor could it well be entirely left to the parents, inasmuch as the majority have not time, and very many not capacity, for the requisite inquiry.

It may be also said that there are national schools, as they are termed, at which thousands of children may be taught by one person. 'To read—that is, to pronounce words,—to write, and to perform some of the mechanical operations in arithmetic, they may, at these schools, be made, but that can no more be considered as knowledge, or the means of imparting it as education, than the types, from which a book is printed, can be considered as the original matter of the book, or the setting up of those types by the compositor as authorship. Something that shall make the pupils think on the matters that are brought before them in the school, and which shall thence capacitate them for thinking on other matters, is the spirit of education; and if that be wanting, all the rest is a dead letter. It is not our intention, however, to pursue this branch of the subject: in the meantime, we merely glance at it as a result very desirable, and as one to which the subject that excited these remarks, would very naturally, and we think without much difficulty, tend.

The present part of the question is, the new form that has been given to the operations of party,—a form in which they are likely to do more good than they have hitherto done; and Mr. Brougham, in having changed his opponents, first into pupils and then into co-operators in the same cause, has won a laurel more green and glorious, than if he had beaten them in argument a thousand times, or even confuted them to final silence.

ON THE FREEMASONS, JESUITS, AND JEWS OF PORTUGAL.

IN reading the furious declamations of contending factions in the Peninsula, and particularly in Portugal, we should be led to believe, that the whole of society was composed of only two elements, Freemasons and Jesuits, or Apostolicals—that the one was determined to devour or extirpate the other—and that the only duty of government consisted in suppressing lodges or convents, in checking or destroying the brothers of the craft, or the brothers of the cloister. This Manichæan system, with its unmixed principle of good and evil, is stoutly maintained by each side against its antagonist, whenever, in the multifarious changes which have of late occurred, each has gained the ascendancy. If you listen to the party which lately welcomed Don Miguel as their “tutelar angel,” and which has landed him, like another Phaëton, in the mud, when pretending to drag him through the sky, the Freemasons have been the cause of all the “seditions, privy conspiracies, and rebellions,” which, for the last thirty years, have afflicted Europe. According to them, this horrible sect were the authors of the French revolution, and have occasioned every subsequent political convulsion. It was the Freemasons who manufactured the Spanish Constitution during the Peninsular war—it was the Freemasons who organised the various plots which disturbed the government of that worthy prince, Ferdinand, since his restoration—it was the Freemasons who raised the standard of revolt in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont in 1820 and 1821—it was the Freemasons who domineered in the Cortes of both countries, who abolished the holy office of the Inquisition, who dismembered the dominions of his Faithful Majesty by separating Brazil from Portugal, who poisoned the late King John, who banished his son and imprisoned his queen, who framed and promulgated the charter of Don Pedro, who seduced the army to the cause of liberty, who led to a civil war, and who were only prevented from overturning the throne and the altar by the opportune arrival of the “tutelar angel.” The Freemasons are, therefore, radically and essentially, demagogues, jacobins, conspirators, assassins, infidels, traitors, and atheists. Their bond of union is formed of the broken cement of existing order—their secret is the watch-word of sedition and rebellion—their object is anarchy and plunder—and their lodges are subterranean caverns where, in darkness and mystery, they forge chains for kings, and lay trains for blowing into air every social arrangement. During the short period of their power they have corrupted society, they have corrupted literature, they have corrupted morals, they have corrupted religion; and, unless they are suppressed, there will soon be neither religion, morals, literature, nor civilized society left!

Such of our readers as are masons must, by this time, have begun to shudder at the horrible gulph of crimes into which their mystic initiation has plunged them. Their *Orient* must overcast with infernal gloom—

their Temple and sacred symbols must shake amid gleams of hellish fire—the mystery of iniquity must seem realised—the lodge must be visited with the shades of supernatural horror, amid which their fellow-craft must seem a troop of demons celebrating forbidden orgies.

No institution was ever more perverted, and no sect ever more calumniated, than that of Freemasons. Originally established for the purpose of conviviality and charity—limited to a simple ceremonial, and confined to a small district of country, it has latterly at different times, and in different places, lent the shield of its secrecy and symbols to every variety of doctrine, and every absurdity of project, civil, political, or religious—has become distinguished for splendid forms and pompous ceremonies, and has extended its arms so as to embrace states and nations. From a small town in the northern part of this island, celebrated only for making Freemasons and worsted nightcaps, it has spread over nearly all Europe—has branched out into Asia—has overrun the New World—has brought within its ranks, emperors, and princes, and nobles, and philosophers, and statesmen, and ecclesiastics,—has been denounced by sovereigns, and excommunicated by popes—has been charged with great revolutions and formidable conspiracies in despotic states—and still exists in most free countries, as innocently and harmlessly as at its commencement. On its forms has been sometimes planted the standard of Jacobinism—and the sects of the *Illuminati* and *Carbonari* are its offspring. The late Emperor Alexander, after establishing the Holy Alliance, used to shudder at the very name of a mason. His successor has abolished, under severe penalties, every masonic institution. The King of Spain has denounced death to every member of the sect, and three successive pontiffs have issued bulls for its suppression.

Let us enter into a further short statement of facts, connected with the recent history of the institution, by which we shall ascertain the grounds of the alarm which it has inspired, the origin of the calumnies with which it has been assailed, and the cause of the affected fury with which it is denounced in the Peninsula, while, in reality, it is known to have nothing more to do with modern politics or state conspiracies, than the Eleusinian Mysteries, or St. Patrick's Purgatory. Professor Robison, of Edinburgh, in 1797, published a book (dedicated to Mr. Wyndham,) entitled, "PROOFS OF A CONSPIRACY AGAINST ALL THE RELIGIONS AND GOVERNMENTS OF EUROPE, carried on in the secret meetings of Freemasons, *Illuminati*, and Reading Societies." The title was alarming enough, and the political convulsions of the period, when every sovereign trembled for his throne, and every bishop for his benefice, combined to give it interest and credibility. The work, however, failed in producing any effect in this country, though written with considerable vigour, and sent into the world under the name of a respectable alarmist, who vouched for many of the facts by his own personal experience. People could not exactly see why a man, well satisfied with government in the daily intercourse of society, should become all at once a rebel and a plotter, when he put on the apron; nor could they conceive how king, lords, and commons, supported by army and navy, and fifty millions a year, could be destroyed by the secret machinery of a lodge. A conspiracy against their religious

creed—a plot, to make them infidels and atheists, against their will or conviction,—an organised attempt to blow up, some fine morning, the thirty-nine articles and the bench of bishops, seemed still more improbable and preposterous. The Professor, therefore, made few converts to his opinions in this country, and his work was not much read abroad. The Freemasons, whom the governments and the ecclesiastical establishments of the Continent had at that time most to dread, were the reformers of the camp, and not of the *square and compass*—the *grand masters* in the art of war, and not the grand masters in the craft of masonry. The French revolution, after producing its dreadful series of internal crimes and atrocities, was then in its full career of foreign conquest; and the phantasmagoria of the mystical alarmist could command little attention amid the more formidable dangers of war, or the appalling spectacles of invading armies, and bloody conflicts. Though, therefore, the Professor made it out that masonry, in France and Germany, had been for thirty or forty years before perverted to political purposes;—that, under the protecting secrecy of the lodge, quacks, and projectors in government, religion, and morals, had preached doctrines to the initiated, which they could not proclaim to the world, without incurring censure, or suffering punishment; that revolutionary and impious innovators had employed the opportunities afforded them at the meetings of their society for propagating the subversive principles which they could not publish through the press, or broach in open day; that a bond had been formed between profligate men, in different provinces and countries, by their connection with one common ceremonial of frivolous solemnity; and that many of the furious demagogues and agitators who covered themselves with blood and crimes during the anarchy of the Legislative Assembly and the Directory, had distinguished themselves as zealous supporters of the mysteries of the craft—though all this, we say, had been made out, every sensible man saw that the danger lay, not in the forms or privileges, or mummeries of the obnoxious society, but in the oppressions and abuses which rendered the feeling of reform irresistible, and prevented the expression of political opinion till it became the explosion of the mine, instead of the salutary warning of approaching danger.

There may have been in France between two and three hundred lodges; there may have been fifty different degrees of the same order, with forms, and ceremonies, and pomp, unknown in England. Infidel bishops, forgetting priest-craft, may have taken to mason-craft, to overturn their church, and may have presided over masonic assemblies; there may have been missions from one province, or even one state, to another, to establish communications of revolutionary principles. The Duke of Orleans may have thought that he could ascend the throne of France from the chair of a lodge; and may have considered the brethren as the tools of his ambition. Mirabeau may have fraternized with Anacharsis Clotz, and brother Condorcet with the monster Marat; but what could they all have done without the follies of the court, the revolting oppressions of the government, or the general demoralization of society? Must the publications of the philosopher—the derangement of the finances—the goading tortures of famine—the

example of the American revolution—and the general revolt of the middle orders against acknowledged insults and wrongs,—to which, conjointly or separately, theorists have ascribed the origin and excesses of the French revolution, pass for nothing, in comparison of enigmatical speeches made by brother orators about mystic doctrines in secret clubs? Could society be turned upside down by an allegory, a fable, a mystery, or a set of symbols, which could not be revealed or explained but to the conspirators themselves after a dozen degrees of initiation? Did Freemasons induce the government to contract debts for which it could not find the means of payment—did they derange the public finances—did they call the assembly of the *Notables*—did they demolish the Bastille—did they create a scarcity of bread, and rouse the savage fury of Parisian mobs? No! When society is agitated with intolerable evils, or thrown into convulsions by projects of reform, it is absurd to ascribe the movement or the calamity to the unintelligible jargon, mystic symbols, or the ridiculous mummery of a lodge. When the earthquake has levelled your house, it would be ridiculous to think of a few ounces of gunpowder concealed in your cellar. Indeed, it may be doubted, whether secret societies for the propagation of political and religious doctrines, or the establishment of social or religious systems, which by their very nature depend, for their efficiency and success, on the consent and adoption of whole classes, or of the general body of the people, can ever of a sudden become dangerous, or produce unexpectedly extensive mischief. Either these doctrines and systems must be obnoxious to the ruling powers, and repugnant to the feelings of the multitude, in which case the numbers and influence of the association must be very limited; or, on the contrary, they must meet general concurrence and expose to little danger; and then the mask of mystery becomes useless, and the veil of secrecy may be removed with impunity. It is different with associations, like that of the Assassins in the east, or the *Black Tribunal* in Germany, whose object is not the direction of opinion, or the change of existing systems, but individual violence, crimes, or murders, for the benefit or advantage of the parties. Such societies are organized bodies of conspirators, and must always be objects of unmixed abhorrence.

So confident were the alarmist Professor of natural philosophy at Edinburgh and the authorities on whom he relied, that all the stratagems and horrors of the French revolution were an affair of Freemasonry, that they even trace the actions of the secret society on the least prominent parts of the political system—the resemblance of the parent in the most minute features of the child. “The distribution,” says M. Le Franc, “of France, into departments, arrondissemens, circles, and cantons, is perfectly similar to the distribution and denominations in the correspondence of the GRAND ORIENT; the President’s hat, in the National Assembly, is copied from that of the most VENERABLE GRAND MASTER; the scarf of a municipal officer is the same as that of a brother apprentice; and when the Assembly celebrated the revolution in the Cathedral of *Notre Dame*, they accepted the highest honours of masonry, by passing under the ARCH OF STEEL, formed by the drawn swords of two ranks of brethren.” We wonder that the

Scotch professor did not carry the resemblance a little farther, and insist, that as the French imported their masonry from Scotland, the *bonnet rouge* was copied from the Kilmarnock red night-cap; and the *sans culottes* imitated the kilted brethren without their aprons!

From the time of the French Revolution till the general peace in 1814, we heard nothing of political Freemasons. The world was too much engrossed with serious affairs to think of frivolities. Napoleon's *arch of steel* would have closed on, and crushed to atoms, any set of brethren, who might have looked any where else, but to his person, for their real and undoubted GRAND MASTER. Secret societies were established in Germany by patriotism, and encouraged by princes against their French despots; but masonry, where it existed, was purified from politics. The associations of the students at the universities were of the latter character. Masonry had not yet passed the Pyrenees, or at least was cultivated with no zeal. Having been prohibited by the Pope, and denounced by governments, it could not flourish where it was to encounter the Inquisition. During the Peninsular war, and under the Constitutional Cortes, it made some progress in Spain, though opposed by the monks and the priests, as an invention of Gallic impiety. The ecclesiastics felt a peculiar horror against its dark and mysterious rites, from the impossibility of compelling the disclosure of its secrets, even by the tortures or terrors of confession. An ordinary sinner disencumbered his conscience of his venial or mortal offences, without difficulty, on the steps of the tribunal of penitence. The greatest criminal was often unable to conceal the hidden enormities of his life from the searching questions of a ghostly father—sometimes even the assassin would breathe into the ear of his confessor an acknowledgment of those deeds of blood which would, if known to the world, have exposed him to the extreme vengeance of the laws; but the obdurate mason resisted all adjurations—all interrogatories—all menaces of future punishment—without disclosing the perpetration of his guilt!

On the restoration of the old despotisms, at the peace of 1814, the people of the different nations of the Continent, who had been promised constitutional liberty, as a reward for their exertions and sufferings, in overthrowing the colossal tyranny of Napoleon, broke into secret societies as the means of cherishing those sentiments and hopes which it was dangerous to disclose, or maturing those projects of reform which it was impossible immediately to execute. Then came the time of the *Bursenschaften* and *Tugenbunds* of Germany—of the Carbonari of Italy—and of the revolutionary clubs in the Peninsula. Then we heard of congresses, held by itinerant sovereigns, to secure the stability of arbitrary thrones—of holy alliance manifestoes against popular claims—of great standing armies converted into an amphyctionic police, and of papal bulls against political sects and heresies. Then, we heard again, as in Professor Robison's book, of a conspiracy against all the governments and religions of Europe—of a society, extending its ramifications from Sicily to Siberia—and of an organised revolt from Greece to Calais. It is no doubt true that there was an universal feeling of dissatisfaction with existing despotisms—that the

instinct of liberty and independence had created a general, though unavowed sympathy—and that the desire of change was no longer confined to secret societies, though its expression might be dangerous beyond them. The conspiracy, of which the Carbonari and Freemasons were then accused, was the unconcerted union of the friends of freedom and toleration against fanaticism and arbitrary power—of the partisans of institutions against personal caprices—of cheap and honest governments against extortion and corruption—and of equal rights against privilege and monopoly. It was this union, and not a handful of plotters, which brought about the revolution of Spain, Naples, and Portugal, in 1820.

In Italy, the sect of Carbonari had made a number of converts, before the occurrence of the Neapolitan revolution; and, as their meetings or symbols had been prohibited by an arbitrary government, it was naturally supposed that they might become useful auxiliaries to a constitutional throne. The society, therefore, set no bounds to their initiations. The lodges were opened to all classes indiscriminately—*compella intrare* seemed to be proclaimed at the door by the guardians of their mysteries;—their meetings, in fact, ceased to have any character of secrecy or selection; and the spirit of sect evaporated by general diffusion. It is calculated that, before the Austrians entered Naples, to execute the warrant of the Holy Alliance Police, there had been initiated into Carbonarism two or three hundred thousand persons, who all surrendered their lodges and their liberties, without striking a blow; and many of whom, (as we ourselves have witnessed,) even down to the Lazaroni, laughed at the farce, in which they had been led to play a part.

The same career was run by masonry in Spain and Portugal; and the same fate befell it. Being prohibited under the old regime, it was naturally cultivated with zeal under the new. Notwithstanding, therefore, the remonstrances and anathemas of the church, the chief towns were honoured with the establishment of lodges, and the brethren multiplied, as liberal opinions extended. Multitudes were initiated, without much regard to the obligation of secrecy or the honours of the craft. As the chief officers and great body of the fraternity belonged to the constitutional party, the freemason became easily identified with the constitutionalist, and was consequently proscribed when the constitution was abolished. Hence the furious declamations (to which we have formerly alluded) of the monks and mobs of Don Miguel against freemasonry—hence the attempt to defame the charter in conjunction with the abandoned symbols of the craft; and to make the innocent mason an object of abhorrence, that the meritorious supporters of public rights may be overwhelmed with the odium of ignorant bigotry.

The most effectual mode of accomplishing this object, in blackening the character of masonry, is to invent or propagate the most horrible tales respecting the origin of its institution, its rites of initiation, the designs and principles of its founders, or the mysteries and operations of its lodges. One author assures us, that masonry was the contrivance of the arch-heretic Faustus Socinus to overthrow Christianity. Another

tells us that the suppressed order of the Knights Templars invented it with the same object ;—but it belonged to the fanatics, of a country where the Jews are held in popular abhorrence, from having been burnt, to a late period, as sorcerers and heretics—to find out and prove that the venerable fraternity belong to the race that crucified Christ, and celebrated their infernal orgies with the blood of Christian infants. The following account of an initiation by a French enemy of the order, could not have inspired greater horror than the announcement of this discovery.

“ A candidate for reception,” says M. Latocnaye, “ into one of the highest orders, after having heard many threatenings denounced against all who should betray the secrets of the order, was conducted to a place where he saw the dead bodies of several who were said to have suffered for their treachery. He saw his own brother bound hand and foot, begging his mercy and intercession. He was informed that this person was about to suffer the punishment due to his offence, and that it was reserved for him (the candidate) to be the instrument of this just vengeance, and that this gave him an opportunity of manifesting that he was completely devoted to the order. It being observed that his countenance gave signs of inward horror, (the person in bonds imploring his mercy all the while,) he was told that, in order to spare his feelings, a bandage should be put over his eyes. A dagger was then put into his right hand, and, being hood-winked, his left hand was placed on the palpitating heart of the criminal, and he was then ordered to strike. He instantly obeyed, and when the bandage was taken from his eyes, he saw—that it was a lamb he had stabbed.”

Soon after the overthrow of the Cortes, an article appeared in the Lisbon Gazette, or the official paper of the government, (August 21st, 1823,) to establish the above-mentioned identity between the Jews and Freemasons, which, as the journal is not likely to be accessible to many, and as the parallel, however absurd, may appear curious to some of our readers, we shall here subjoin.

MASONRY UNMASKED.

OF the many and great writers who have hitherto endeavoured to expose freemasonry, there is not one who has succeeded in detecting its origin, or developing its political and religious objects. I shall endeavour to cut or untie this Gordian knot, and shall leave to reflecting readers to decide whether I have not fulfilled my engagement.

What is masonry, and what is its object? Masonry is Judaism masked under that name. All the Jews are consequently masons or liberals by nature. Many individuals there are, however, who, without being Jews, are masons, for reasons which shall be explained. If, then, masonry is identical with Judaism, the *political* object of Masons and Jews can be no other than to re-establish themselves as a nation, in spite of the anathema which condemns them to live to the end of time as wanderers and vagabonds on the earth, without country, without king, and without law. The political object of the Freemasons or Jews being the re-establishment of their nation, their religious one can be no other than the re-establishment of the law of Moses, or the Jewish law, and consequently of the temple of Solomon, which symbolically represents it. This fact may be proved from the following circumstances :—

1. All the signs, dresses, rites, and ceremonies of the Freemasons are Jewish. Even the Masonic words are in Hebrew, which is the language of the Jews.

2. The allegorical history which they give of Grand Master Hiram or Adoniram, who was the builder of the Temple, is entirely extracted from the history of the Jews.

3. The pillars which they exhibit in their lodges represent those of the Temple of this King. The lodges themselves represent the temple, and the temple the Jewish law. On this account the manifesto of the *Grand Orient* of Portugal against the lodge of *Regeneration*, as likewise that of the latter against the former, are dated from Jerusalem.

4. And they are dated from Jerusalem in the year 5821, the masonic date, that is, 4000 years before the coming of Christ, and 1821 since (to our era); the two together making the computation of Moses since the creation.

5. The title of *sons of light*, and the *sons of darkness*, by which they are called, allude to a passage in the evangelist John, which refers to the Jews.

6. The grand patron of the Freemasons is St. John the Baptist, because, being the last of the Jewish prophets, he immediately preceded Christ, who abolished the Jewish law. All the saints of this law consider Christ as an impostor. They call us, the followers of Christ, Gentiles, reprobates, and idolaters: in this they shew that they are Jews, by selecting that Jewish saint for their patron.

7. The epithet of *profane*, which the Masons confer upon us, means *Gentiles*, a term of reproach which the Jews applied to all nations but themselves.

8. All Masons have two names—one, which they call *profane*, or that of baptism; and the other *venerable*, which they adopt when initiated. So have the Jews who live among us under the cloak of Nazarenes.

9. The mitres, gloves, and beards with which the Masons decorate themselves in their lodges, are copied from those of the ancient Levites, or priests of the Jewish religion.

10. In proof of this, see a description of the masonic instruments found in the cistern of a lodge at Coimbra, where were likewise found some dresses worn by Jews.

11. The *grand orient* are words used in masonry, because the object of the Masons is to establish the nation and religion of the Jews in Jerusalem, which is to the east of Europe.

12. For the same reason they put the following questions to the candidate for initiation, and receive the subjoined answers. "Whence come ye?" "From Nazareth." "Whither are you going?" "To Jerusalem." "I come from Nazareth" means, I come from among the Gentiles, or worshippers of Christ; and "I go to Jerusalem," means, I embrace the Jews, whom the Gospel has called vagabonds upon the earth.

13. In the profession of medicine there are many Masons, because they descend from the ancient physicians, who were, for the most part, Jews. They now cover their *rabbinical spirit* with the forms of masonry.

14. The declared hostility of Masons to the throne and the altar, is the necessary consequence of the object of their labours, which is the establishment of the temple of the Jews on the ruin of all Christian thrones and altars.

15. The first project of the Portuguese Cortes, or Freemasons, was the recall of the Jews from Holland, which shewed their connection with the Jewish race.

16. The custom of the Freemasons to keep no faith with the profane, is that of the Jews, to keep no faith with the infidel.

17. All the writings, or other objects of the Masons, are called *pieces of architecture*, because they are all materials for building the temple of the Jews.

18. The pride of the Masons is precisely that of the ancient Jews.

19. *The expedition of Buonaparte into Egypt was nothing more than a masonic enterprise*; with the object of getting possession of Jerusalem, as the head of the masonic empire.

20. The fear which the Masons have of revealing their secret arises from this—that the profane, if they knew the identity of the sect with the Jews, would refuse to be initiated.

21. The number *thirteen* is symbolical, among the Freemasons, of the thirteen tribes of Israel. Therefore there are thirteen principals, presidents, or chiefs, of masonry, divided into different branches or provinces. Among these are Jeremiah Bentham and Benjamin Constant. Observe how even the names are Jewish; such as *Jeremiah* and *Benjamin*. Jeremiah was accustomed to call the Portuguese and Spanish Cortes his children, in the style of the Jewish patriarchs, or ancient Jews. The lodges were divided into *thirteen* provinces; and the brethren of Oporto ordered *thirteen* children to sit on the three steps where they ranged the pillars of the lodge.

22, and lastly. The banquets of the Rosicrucian masons are, in every respect, like that of the *Paschal Lamb* of the Jews in Egypt. The disposition of the guests is the same. They lay hold of each other, standing on foot round the table; they seize their food with their left hand; and represent a party about to set out on a journey, shewing that they are strangers among us; that Jerusalem is their home; and that they are about, like the Israelites, to march from Egypt to the Land of Promise.

After answering several objections to this recondite doctrine, and concluding, on the most careful review of the parallel, that Masonry is Judaism in a mask; and that the object of the masons, like that of the Jews, is to re-establish the altar and the throne of that hated race, our author terminates his lucubration by exhorting his countrymen, to search out, destroy, and exterminate the execrable society of brethren,

which had, like Mount Vesuvius, thrown out its burning lava on the soil of Portugal*.

This elaborately ridiculous view of masonry and jewry is not confined to one author. We have before us several pamphlets, in which the same absurdities are maintained, with the zeal of apparent conviction, and the pride of arrogated discovery. The object of them all is the same—to connect constitutional principles with secret societies—and then to make the latter objects of abhorrence, by shewing their identity with a race, at whose heretical abominations the people shudder. The conclusion is evident and direct—that, as the Portuguese expelled the refractory Jews, who refused to renounce their errors, and burnt the hypocritical or relapsed, who concealed them or returned to

* It is rather surprising that, in tracing resemblances between the Constitutionalists or Freemasons, and the Jews, it should have escaped our ingenious theorist that the *Freemasons* established the bank of Lisbon, to make loans and to take interest; and that the Jews are all jobbers, money-lenders, and usurers. When this establishment stopt payment in December last, this its origin was not forgotten; and, as the Portuguese, like the French, must, on such occasions, vent their feelings in rhyme, the following verses were written on the occasion. The allusions are to the Cortes, who founded the bank; to the Queen, who is said to have bewitched it; and to the Junta or Commission, composed of a medical man, who was member of the Board of Health, an ecclesiastic, and an engineer officer, who were appointed to examine its affairs:—

Para concertar o Banco,
Chamaraõse carpenteiros;
Dizem elles não podemos,
Porque a obra é de *Pedreiros*.

Vem mestres examinados
No *pedreiral* exercício,
Mas dizem quo tal concerto
Não pertence ao seu officio.

Pelos estragos quo acharão,
Na Junta a quo procederaõ,
Conhecem qua enfermidade
Foi *quebranto* qua e lhe deraõ.

Então resolverão todos,
Como amigos do doente,
Pelo verem taõ perigoso,
Poralhe hã *medico* assistente.

Mesmo com tal providencia
Ja oje ninguem se illude;
Ainda quo Doutor receite
Com *commissão* da saude.

Para quo não lhe acouteça
Expirar sem confissão,
Tem á cabeceira um *Padre*
Que lhe deite a absolvição.

E para quo mausoleo
Não custe muito dinheiro,
Em lugar dum architecto
Chamaraõ hã *Engenheiro*.

O Banco só tem remedio
Fazendo e quo dire o Povo;
Que é, *queimar o Banco velho*,
E *fazer um Banco novo*.

Come, haste! our broken Bank repair,
Let crowds of carpenters attend;
No! no! *they* cry—'tis not our care,
What *masons* made, let masons mend.

Grand masters of the CRAFT appear:
With all the lore they can impart;
But skilled to change, pull down, or rear,
Repairing is beyond their art.

Amid the wreck Dame Credit lies,—
The *Junta* crowd around her bed:
Some swear she of an *issue* dies;
And some imperial witch-craft dread.

But all agree the patient's case
Demands the *Doctor's* instant aid;
The Board of Health, the doctor's place,
Seems pat for health prescriptions
made.

But, lest, in spite of all his power,
The dame expire beneath his hand,
To 'bsolve her in her parting hour,
A *ghostly father* joins the band.

A mausoleum to erect
The ruins of her dome remain,
And that she need no architect,
An *engineer* brings up the train.
&c. &c. &c.

them, they should inflict the same vengeance, or pass the same sentence, on the political heresies of the Charter. The zeal of its author, Don Pedro IV., for freemasonry, has furnished an additional motive to the partisans of his brother for calumniating and denouncing the order. Accordingly, several disquisitions have lately appeared in Lisbon on Brazilian masonry, in which the constitutional emperor is not treated, in any sense of the word, like a *brother*. They all assure us that its object is to abolish Christianity, or at least to destroy that true form and creed of it called the Roman Catholic. They all declare that the dogmas of the *Grand Orient* of Brazil go the length of pure deism, if not farther; and the author of one of them, entitled, "A Free Exposure of Masonry, by a Brother who has abjured the Society," tells us that, wherever the Masons are not regicides, they are infidels, though they generally are both. It would appear, however, that this point is made out in the same way as the University of London is proved to be an infidel establishment—namely, that no particular religious system is taught, and that religious controversy is entirely excluded.

Since the establishment of the charter of Portugal, no attempt has been made to revive masonry. It was generally felt by the friends of the new institution that they might be exposed to calumny by recurring to the ceremonies of a lodge, while they could gain no security by its union or secrecy. It must appear, therefore, not a little singular, that all the tumult about names—that all the declamations against secret societies, that all the fury against Jews, in the garb of approved conspirators, to which we have alluded, has not the least foundation in fact;—that orders of the day to the troops, addresses to the court, and laboured exhortations from the pulpit, which assumed the existence of the chimera, rest upon nothing but the invention of a faction—and that Portugal is convulsed by the rumoured plots and atrocities of Freemasons, Jews, and Jesuits, while, perhaps, in the whole country there is not a Jesuit, a Jew, or a Mason to be found.

NOTES ON ART.

PROVINCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE encouragement of the Fine Arts is salutary two ways; it begets a love for, and a proportionate knowledge of the principles of, art, in the public, and it gives hope and confidence to the student. An academy in a large commercial town interests the feelings of local attachment, and thus gives a greater value to the patronage (we must use a hateful word) which is bestowed, than if it came from the hands of a stranger. The artist who looks with conscious pride upon his picture adorning the gallery of the town in which he lives, has a thousand compensations for poverty and neglect, in the kindness of old familiar faces; and if the standard of excellence be kept sufficiently high by the reception of the works of men whose merit admits of no dispute, those opportunities for comparison are presented which might otherwise be

wholly denied to the young man who painfully pursues his art in the solitude of some secluded village, or the almost equal obscurity of some noisy manufacturing capital. The inhabitants, therefore, of such towns as Liverpool, Leeds, and Manchester, have done admirably well to support annual exhibitions, and to found institutions for the permanent encouragement of the arts. At Manchester, a very splendid building is now being erected, principally for collecting casts and providing lectures for students in painting and sculpture, and for exhibitions. The spirit in which this plan has been carried on, and the taste which has been exhibited in the choice of a design for the edifice, are equally creditable to the members of this very opulent and intelligent community. The cost of this undertaking will not be less than thirty thousand pounds. We cannot with more propriety shew the liberality with which this project has been taken up and pursued, than by giving an extract from the very interesting proposal for establishing this institution :—

“ An alliance between Commerce and the Liberal Arts is at once natural and salutary. The wishes of mankind increase with the means of gratifying them ; and the superfluous wealth, which is the fruit of an extensive and flourishing trade, finds an object in those elegant productions of human genius and skill, which minister to the luxury of the imagination. Nor do the Arts fail to reward the patronage which is extended to them :—they bestow an intellectual grace upon society ; they refine the taste and soften the manners ; they not only furnish employment for the rich, which must otherwise accumulate in useless abundance, but provide a counteracting influence to the gross and sordid spirit, which is too often the result of an undivided attention to mercenary pursuits.”

After detailing the Plan of the Institution, the Report thus proceeds :—

“ After what has been already said, it cannot be necessary to expatiate on the many and obvious advantages of such an Institution. To the young especially, if the spirit of its design be properly carried into effect, it will prove of unspeakable service. Without refusing to the persevering activity of trade its just tribute of praise, or questioning the benefits which arise from the accumulation of wealth, the candid and reflecting will not deny, that an exclusive interest in the pursuit of gain has a very unfavourable influence on the taste and manners ; and that, unless a fondness for literature and the arts be cultivated in youth, it is rarely acquired in the later periods of life, when the command of leisure and the love of ease render it so truly invaluable. With the examples of history before our eyes, it is no enthusiasm to believe, that this taste is perfectly compatible with that steady and ardent devotion to commercial pursuits, which is so honourable and becoming in the character of a British merchant. In the exhibition of works of art, in systematic collections of natural productions, and in regular courses of popular lectures, the most effectual means would be provided for cultivating and gratifying such liberal and rational tastes.

“ An Institution, such as this, would moreover serve as a point of union for the enlightened and liberal part of this widely-scattered and,

in some respects, unconnected population. Drawn together from various points by a common centre of attraction, they would bring their several contributions of intelligence and information to the promotion of an important local object; a greater degree of public spirit would be excited; and a larger number of its inhabitants more immediately interested in the improvement and embellishment of the town. As many individuals, who might otherwise have continued strangers to each other, would thus be brought into harmonious co-operation, the Institution, besides the direct benefits which it would confer upon the community, would have the pleasing effect of removing prejudice, of softening the asperity of party-feeling, and of fixing the public attention upon an object, with regard to which vehement differences of opinion can hardly be expected to arise. Shrinking from all participations in the storms of religious or political animosity, literature and the arts flourish only in a still and quiet atmosphere of their own; they are the guardian deities of peace and harmony; and by the feelings of generous admiration, which they excite, tend even more perhaps than the sciences themselves, to diffuse through the discordant elements of society a pervading emotion of friendly sympathy and mutual satisfaction."

All this is in excellent taste; and it is satisfactory to know, not only that the necessary funds have been raised; but that there are individuals whose liberality in the extent of their support, is only equalled by their judgment and delicacy in its application.

The following extracts from two letters appear to us peculiarly interesting; the first is from Mr. Heywood, an eminent banker of Manchester—the second from Mr. Hatfield, formerly of that town:—

"Permit me to present to the Governors of the Manchester Institution the inclosed sum of £500, with the request that they will be pleased to place it out at interest in the manner which may be most agreeable to themselves, and apply the income, yearly, as a reward, by a medal or otherwise, for the most meritorious production of Science or Art, which may be offered to their inspection at each of their Annual General Meetings:—I hope, however feeble may be the effect of this disposition, it will have a tendency to increase the utility of the Institution. I have always thought that these noble undertakings are left short, when the effort to teach is not accompanied with encouragement to those who are to learn—when there is no provision to do honour to the diligent and meritorious student, or to offer him a more enduring mark of respect than the mere expression of praise.—Allow me to hope that many, who, like myself, can look back with gratitude and respect to a long connexion with the town of Manchester, will, by promoting the interests of this Institution, endeavour to obtain for the town a character as enduring as that which, surviving the loss of wealth and commerce, still renders illustrious those communities where the refinements of Art were once united to the enterprises of Trade."

"I have some very fine casts," (writes Mr. Hatfield,) "some are those from which Canova studied, which I am desirous of presenting to the infant institution at Manchester, if the directors should wish to

accept them, and if the present should fall within the views of the society. I offer them in the spirit of affection, and in the hope, that the example will be followed by others, who may wish to embellish their native town.—The casts are :

- “ 1. Apollo (Canova's own casts.)
- 2. Apollino.
- 3. Nymph, with Cupid playing on a Lyre.
- 4. Creugas, }
- 5. Damoxenus, } Story in Pausanias.
- 6. Endymion, (only three casts allowed by the Duke of Devonshire).
- 7. Venus.
- 8. Mars and Venus.
- 9. Endymion, from the Capitol, (relief.)
- 10. Head of Canova.
- 11. Bust of Virgil, }
- 12. Ditto Homer, } Marble.
- 13. Ditto Cicero, }

“ The expense of conveying these by water to Manchester would, as far as I can reckon, cost about £40, but the wood might possibly sell for half that sum. I shall be obliged to you to inform me as soon as possible, of the result of my letter, as, in the event of their refusal, it is my intention to give them to Cambridge.”

The Third Exhibition of Pictures by living Artists is now open at Manchester. It consists of about 200 works by 90 artists, of whom nearly 40 reside in Manchester and the immediate neighbourhood. They are, of course, of various degrees of merit; but the exhibitors of bad pictures, particularly of portraits, may console themselves by the examples of Somerset House and Suffolk-street. Some of the provincial artists, particularly C. Calvert and Perigal, are decidedly clever; Stark, who has some beautiful things here, can scarcely be spoken of as of provincial fame.

At Leeds, the Exhibition of “The Northern Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts” is now open. We scarcely know how to speak with justice of this collection of pictures by living artists, without being open to the charge of exaggerated praise. There are about 500 works by nearly 180 artists, the greater proportion of whom are residents in the country. There is scarcely an offensive or outrageously bad picture in the gallery. Some are of the very highest order of excellence; particularly those of Barker, of Bath, who appears to us, as a landscape painter, very little inferior to Ruysdael or Hobbima. There are some landscapes also by Simson and Williams, of Edinburgh, which, for brilliancy and force, are rarely equalled. We purposely abstain from noticing the works of artists resident in the metropolis.

THE GEORAMA*.

THERE are few parts of the metaphysics of national character more interesting to consider than the relation between public shows and public manners. The amusements and the habits of a people naturally re-act upon and reproduce one another; and the conclusions to which travellers are so wont to jump from the discourse of Polichinel, or the jokes of the Gracioso, are by no means so violent, or so often erroneous, as might primarily be supposed. The causes, indeed, which make an Italian the best judge of a picture; a German, of music†; a Frenchman, of a play; and an Englishman, of a horse-race, spread, through a thousand ramifications, over the whole national character. So thoroughly, indeed, do we believe this to be true, that we should scarcely, we think, have given a list which places the English in such an unintellectual inferiority to the other nations of Europe, were it not as a preface to the expression of something more than a hope that our public amusements and exhibitions are rapidly assuming a more civilised character; and that boxing and bull-baiting are on the decline. Cock-fights, dog-fights, drawing the badger, and such like amusements, are, we believe, as well as hope, fast sinking into decay, and will, ere many years have passed, have become obsolete. Mechanics' Institutes, and the diffusion of popular literature have given a new direction to the employment of the leisure of our working classes; and their improvement has naturally shoved those immediately above them a step higher also, on the intellectual ladder. That portion of society, who have been designated the incurables, the aristocracy, alone have not progressed. But, in another generation, they *must*; and there are (thank heaven!) indications already existing among some of its younger members that they will.

But the fact, we take it, is at all events true, that, during the last twenty years, our public means of entertainment have become far more blended with accomplishment and instruction. At that period those amusements, in which even degradation and brutality mingled, outnumbered those of any other description. But now, while they have been fast diminishing, the meetings and exhibitions, calculated to cultivate and refine the mind, have been increasing in an extraordinary ratio. The mechanic, after his work is done, goes to hear Dr. Birkenbeck, instead of to the alehouse; and, as regards higher grades than his,—where there were ten libraries at the beginning of the century, there are fifteen now; where there were three exhibitions of art, there are twenty; where there were no establishments relating to science, there are a dozen.

* Observations on Geographical Projections; or an examination of the principal methods of constructing Maps; with a description of a Georama. By C. F. P. DELANG-LARD. Translated from the French.

† This may seem to be a curious classification, to place another nation over the head of that whose land has been called the land of song, in matters of music. But, whatever may have been the case formerly, we apprehend there can be no question that at present no country can at all compete with Germany in a *generally-spread* knowledge of music.

The invention which has led us into these remarks, combines both art and science. It is the production of a Frenchman; and its first exemplification has been exhibited at Paris, for two or three years. It is now proposed, in the little work before us, to extend it to London. Thanks be to the *Peace*, we now communicate rapidly with our neighbours, to pass from one to the other all improvements in the arts which support and embellish life, instead of never meeting, except for the purpose of trying on each other's persons the effect of those which destroy it! Our object is not to review the book, which would be rather unfair, although the author shows that he is perfect master of the subject, and points out the disadvantages of common globes and maps; for the work is a translation; and has been executed by somebody, who did not exactly understand the subject, or the language, or both. The object of the book is, to recommend the establishment of a *Georama* (which, we need hardly say, is a terrestrial globe, of colossal dimensions) in some appropriate place about London, similar to that—the first and only one in existence—which the same gentleman constructed upon the Boulevard des Capucins, at Paris, and which has been there exhibited since the year 1825.

The Georama at Paris is a hollow sphere, forty feet in diameter, resting upon the south pole, with its axis perpendicular to the horizon, and consequently the north pole at the top or zenith. The reason assigned for giving this position to the sphere is the absence of any subject of geographical interest in a segment extending to something more than the polar zone of that hemisphere; and thus a sufficient base is afforded, for giving firmness to the structure, as well as sufficient room for entering the interior. The frame-work of the globe is composed of arches and circles of iron, serving as meridians at every ten degrees of longitude, and parallels of latitude at the same distance. Upon this frame-work, the materials for receiving the map are stretched: that for the land being opaque paper, and that for the water transparent muslin. Upon this covering all the features of the globe are delineated; and, from the size, they admit of being minutely and accurately detailed. The scale is between 16 and 17 miles to an inch; and some idea of the whole may be formed from the fact, that the island of Great Britain is nearly three feet long. It is quite evident that, upon a surface of such magnitude, a much more striking appearance can be given to mountains, forests, volcanoes, and other prominent objects, and also that the prevailing tints can be given to every zone and region. From the lower extremity at which the globe is supported, a staircase leads into the interior to three galleries: one at the height of the tropic of capricorn, another at that of the equator, and the third at that of the tropic of cancer; and these galleries approach within nine or ten feet of the map: thus allowing the spectator either to examine a single place minutely, or take a *coup-d'œil* to the full extent of his visual angle.

The Georama proposed for London is to be of more splendid dimensions—sixty feet in diameter, which would give to the island of Great Britain a length of four feet and a half; indeed, as the scale would be only eleven miles to the inch, all the principal villages, and even the streets of the great towns, might be marked; and a volume of infor-

mation brought together, which could not be collected by any other means. The great obstacle to the study of Geography is the difficulty of managing the voluminous details, so as to reduce them to any system by which they can be either used or remembered, and certainly a good deal of that difficulty would be obviated by the erection of a globe of the immense size proposed.

Some objections have been started to the position in which the countries are seen,—such as that the surface is concave, and the positions are reversed. These objections, especially the latter, have considerable foundation. It is somewhat strange to call that an improved geographical representation of the earth which makes the east west, and the west east. But, we think, they may be very easily obviated, by making the *outside* of the globe the place for the spectator. It is, in every way, far more calculated to convey a natural idea, and it would afford great facilities for certain mechanical improvements, of which we shall speak presently. In things of this kind the very execution of the original idea must suggest amendments; and it is almost a matter of course that the second construction should far excel the first. We are inclined to wonder, indeed, at the spectator having originally been placed within the globe. To seize and to retain a correct idea of it, when so placed, must necessitate a difficult and painful process of mind, which we may term the *translation* of all the objects which the attention gathers: a process exceedingly likely to distract, and almost nullify the effects of, that attention in young and but moderately instructed people.

The position of the globe itself has likewise been objected to; and certainly that, and also its fixity, limits its utility to the mere exhibition of the surface, and prevents it from being in any way available in the solution of those problems, for which common globes are used more than for the communication of geographical details. Whether that could be obviated, and this great globe could be made moveable, and supplied with the usual “furniture,” of horizon, meridian, quadrant of altitude, and hour circles, is a fit subject for enquiry. The *possibility* no one can doubt; because the globe could be so strengthened with internal diameters and struts, as to bear to be moved; and great as its weight would be, power enough could be applied for moving it. This is another reason for placing the spectator on the outside. It would be scarcely possible to erect the necessary internal supports and bands without removing the galleries, or rendering them useless as places to see from;—and, supposing them to be removed, strength to any extent could be given. The expense would, certainly, be greatly increased; but so, in a four-fold degree, would be the utility of the machine; and the additional purposes, to which its being moveable would enable it to be applied, would furnish fair and ample opportunity for deriving from it increased receipts.

There can, indeed, be little doubt that, if it were once constructed, a Georama would attract very numerous, and many of them very constant, visitors. Every stranger would go to look at it as a sight; and by schools and young people, in and about the metropolis, it would be resorted to as a place of study. Of the magnitude proposed, it could also be used for the purposes of a lecture; and it would

not be restricted to merely descriptive or topographical geography, but might be extended to the history of the habitudes of plants, animals, and minerals. In a word, as it would be large enough for admitting the globe itself to be the register of its own changes, every change of which there are traces, of which the globe has been the subject or the scene, could be treated of there. And, supposing it to be made moveable, in the manner already suggested, all the purposes of an ordinary globe might be fulfilled upon this immense scale, in addition to those to which only one of this magnitude would be equal.

We farther understand, that it is intended to accompany the Georama with a museum, and a library of scientific and other useful books. The last would be most useful, even whether there were a Georama or not, there being at present no such establishment in the metropolis, accessible to those who stand much in want of it, at the very time when they so stand.

As to situation, we have heard the ground about Charing Cross mentioned; but the vicinity of the British Museum, of the London University, or the Regent's Park, would be cheaper in the outset, and, perhaps, better in the end.

We very heartily wish success to this project. We think, if properly set on foot, it would be a very profitable speculation, without the prevalence of which belief, indeed, it is impossible it ever should exist; and we are quite sure that its success would be of very great advantage to the cause of knowledge, and, *therefore*, a greater credit to the metropolis than any merely architectural monument which the skill of man could erect.

CHARACTERS OF CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN AUTHORS AND STATESMEN.

No. VI.—LE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND;

PEER OF FRANCE, AND MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE ancients, who loved to find the marvellous in all the productions of nature, made theameleon the symbol of versatility. The moderns, going still farther, adopted the name of this reptile to express by a single word all sorts of infidelity, sycophancy, and change. The cameleon changes its colour and form, almost instantaneously, according to the bodies by which it is surrounded. The cameleon was, therefore, the portrait of those persons who, in changing their colour, do not wait till that of yesterday be thoroughly obliterated before they put on that of to day. They are not

— off the old love
Before they are on with the new.

Thus the most innocent of animals brought to mind the last degree of human baseness—thus the most inoffensive, the least ambitious of created beings beheld its name become the emblem of the apostacy of the Talleyrands, the Chabrols, the Cuviers, the Laplaces, the Souls,

the Lauristons, and of that famous Chateaubriand, republican and philosopher at the beginning of his career, monarchical and Catholic in his maturity—Bonapartist under the empire, royalist after the restoration—the friend of despotism when in power, the defender of liberty when in disgrace—and, according to the circumstances of the moment, forging weapons, in the *Journal des Débats*, for the independence of the people, or the despotism of kings.

Disturbed by a restless imagination, by a precocious taste for an adventurous life, it was “with delight” that Chateaubriand “wandered” over our globe. He traversed wide oceans—he dwelled in the hut of the savage, and in the palaces of kings—in the city and in the camp. A traveller in the plains of Greece, a pilgrim to the shrines of Jerusalem, he “seated himself on all sorts of ruins.” He beheld the kingdom of Louis XVI. and the empire of Bonaparte pass away. He shared the exile of the Bourbons, and announced their return. “Two weights which seemed to be appended to his fortune” caused it successively to rise and sink in equal proportions. He is taken up—he is abandoned—he is taken up again;—stripped to-day, he is clothed to-morrow, for the purpose of being stripped again. Accustomed to these “squalls,”—in whatever port he arrives, he considers himself as a navigator who will soon put to sea again, who “makes no permanent establishment on land.” Two hours, he tells us, were sufficient for him to quit the ministry, and to give up the keys of the official residence to his successor; and two hours will have been enough for him to make peace with the men who turned him out, and who now have appointed him ambassador to Rome.

Men gifted with a vivid imagination are more ready than others to throw themselves now into one party, now into another; and to disclaim to-morrow the opinion of to-day. They speak and write always rather under the inspiration of the moment, than from a matured and digested conviction concerning men and things. And what renders this versatility, in some sort, excusable, is, that they are always in earnest and good faith, for they are always the dupes of their imagination. Monsieur de Chateaubriand is one of these. He has said in his *Génie du Christianisme*, “that the history of great writers is to be found in their works;—that we paint well only our own heart, in attributing it to another—and that the best part of genius consists in its recollections.”* He has proved this truth by his own writings. His different works are full of the recollections of his life—they state, if they do not explain, the different metamorphoses of the noble Viscount; they are, so to speak, the “itinerary” of his history—the “diary” of his changing opinions—the picture of his “fluctuating” conduct, since the revolution.

The gloomy romance of *Réné*, in which are visible the character and some of the adventures of the author, is stamped with that spirit of mysticism which Chateaubriand manifested from his very earliest years. But, soon disgusted with the profession of the church, to which his mother destined him, he went to America. Here, he penetrated far

* “—que les plus grands écrivains avaient mis leur histoire dans leurs ouvrages; qu'on ne peint bien que son propre cœur, en l'attribuant à un autre, et la meilleure partie du génie se compose de souvenirs.”

into the immense solitudes of the New World. He "wandered with delight" in the majestic forests inhabited by the Natchez, and raised his style to the level of the grandeur of the pictures which unfolded themselves before his eyes. He saw Washington; and "as there is virtue in the looks of a great man," he imbibed those principles of republicanism and philosophy which he afterwards developed in the work he published in London, during his emigration, under the title of "*An Historical, Political, and Moral Essay on Ancient and Modern Revolutions, considered with reference to the French Revolution.*" But "two voices having issued from the grave, a death, which became the interpreter of death, having stricken him," M. de Chateaubriand, like another Magdalen, repented—and became Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. He published the interesting episode of *Atala*, in the *Mercury*, of which he was one of the proprietors, "as a bait to seduce people to read the *Génie du Christianisme*," which appeared a year afterwards, when Bonaparte wished to make himself an absolute and most Christian king. The *Génie du Christianisme*, a mixture of some sublime parts with ridiculous and tedious disquisitions, obtained, at its first appearance, a prodigious success. Patronised and cried up to the skies by the booksellers, the blues, and the sentimentalists, M. de Chateaubriand became immediately a personage of importance. He celebrated "the man sent by Providence as a sign of reconciliation, when it was weary of punishing"—and "the man of Providence," then First Consul, chose the author of the *Christianisme* to accompany Cardinal Fesch, as Secretary of Embassy to the court of Rome.

Atala had been the foundation of M. de Chateaubriand's fortune; and, some time after his arrival at Rome, M. de Chateaubriand being godfather to a girl, gave her, in the spirit of gratitude, the name of *Atala*. It is said that the priest refused to baptise her by this name; that M. de Chateaubriand insisted with all the obstinacy of an author, and all the pride of an ambassador; and that he complained to the cardinal, who was of the opinion of the priest. It is further said that, in the course of the discussion, M. de Chateaubriand, indignant that such a difficulty should be raised, expressed himself in a very free manner. "Between ourselves," he said to the cardinal, "your Eminence must know very well that there is but a slight difference between *Atala* and all the other female saints,"—a position in which the cardinal was far from coinciding.

This independence in matters of religion did not last long; and it was, doubtless, as an expiation of this sin against sacred things, that he who had proclaimed that "there was nothing beautiful, or good, or great in life except in things mysterious," took up the cross, and, a modern paladin, made, alone and penitent, a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Chateaubriand went by Italy and Greece, traversed Turkey, and arrived at Jerusalem towards the end of 1806. After having, in the course of his journey, had the honour of singing, "Ah! vous dirais-je, maman!" at the wedding of Mademoiselle Pengali, and the satisfaction of "flogging a Janissary," and "burning the moustache of a sophi with the priming of a pistol," he returned to his country laden with a dozen pebbles of Sparta, Argos, and Corinth, a chaplet, a little bottle of the water of the Jordan, a phial of that of the Dead Sea, some reeds gathered on the banks of the Nile, and the manuscript of his

Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem. In this work there are some magnificent descriptions, overlaid by a mass of adventures, some curious, but for the most part commonplace; by the side of pages of a pure and elegant style, are whole chapters of the merest gossiping; and great and just ideas are vitiated by paradoxes as anti-social, as anti-philosophical, and as anti-religious as the following—"it is to the system of slavery that the superiority of the ancients over ourselves is to be attributed."

It was the *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*, in which M. de Chateaubriand had inserted some sentences about military glory, which reconciled the great writer with the hero of the age; and which caused the latter to forget the noble indignation which the poet had betrayed at the news of the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien. It also opened to the author of *Atala* the doors of the Academy, where he took his seat, insulting the memory of his predecessor, the illustrious and republican Chénier. But he had been also a somewhat severe censor of *Atala*, and a poet of wit, whose satire, "*Les Nouveaux Saints*," had, some years before, wounded the vanity, and disturbed the conscience, of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*.

It was when fortune seemed to be preparing to desert the banners of the man of the 18th Brumaire, that the new academician delivered his philippic against Chénier. In this audacious discourse, he dared, under the eyes of the despot, to discuss the restoration of the monarchy, and the trial of Louis XVI. Napoleon read the discourse, prohibited its publication, and, in his indignation, let fall these words so characteristic of the dispositions of the fortunate soldier who then governed France. "Since when has the Institute allowed itself to become a political assembly? Let them make verses, and play the censors of the language, but let them not stir beyond the territory of the Muses, or I shall know well how to make them go back to it. If M. de Chateaubriand is mad, there are lunatic asylums to receive him. Are we, then, bandits, and am I only an usurper? I have dethroned no one. I picked up the crown from the kennel, and the people placed it upon my head. Let its acts be respected!"

The friends of M. de Chateaubriand were alarmed; and the poet himself, having read in these expressions the downfall of his brilliant future, devoted his services to the cause of legitimacy, which he had till then neglected, and to the triumph of which the disasters of Napoleon seemed to give some likelihood.

The composition, entitled *On Bonaparte and the Bourbons*, in which the fallen idol is torn to pieces without mercy, displayed Chateaubriand as one of the most devoted and ardent partisans of the government which foreign bayonets had just imposed upon France. The pamphleteer was appointed Ambassador to Sweden; but his repugnance for illegitimates retained him at Paris. Napoleon re-appeared. Chateaubriand fled to Ghent, in the capacity of minister to Louis XVIII. He returned to France after the battle of Waterloo; he ranged himself among the proscribers in the Chamber of Peers, and "requested the king to suspend the course of his inexhaustible clemency." He afterwards published his "*Monarchie selon la Charte*," with the manifest and avowed intention of arming against the royal authority all the doubtful

persons who, by the ordinance of the 5th September 1816, had just re-entered within the pale of the charter, and adopted ideas of amnesty and union.

This work cost the author a formal destitution ; and the partisan of legitimacy throwing himself thenceforward into opposition, established the *Conservateur*, and, armed with that journal, into which, it has been said, "he crammed more eloquence than would have been sufficient for an ordinary man to earn a high name," he made war to the death against the ministry of Decazes, which he overset. He then took his seat in the council by the side of Villèle—excited the Spanish war—and was subsequently turned out by his colleague, as a "*garçon de bureau*." He next became liberal, and, in the *Journal des Débats*, attacked the triumvirate, Villèle, Peyronnet, and Corbière, with a perseverance and talent little common ; and, after three years' contest, having contributed to their fall, he laid down his arms, and passed anew into the ranks of aristocracy, upon being appointed Ambassador to Rome : upon having the dignity of councillor of state bestowed upon his two aides-de-camp, *Bertin de Vaux* and *Salvandy* ; and after having stipulated for the payment by the ministry of a sum of 350,000 francs, as an indemnity for the expenses of the war—of which the illustrious Viscount pockets 280,000 francs, while his confidential secretary, M. Roux Laborie, has the remaining 70,000.

We have seen that, in politics, versatility is the staple feature of M. de Chateaubriand's character. He has divided his affections between the monarchy and the republic, the theocratic and the constitutional government. We have seen him pass from a seminary at St. Malo to the shores of the United States,—shed his blood at the siege of Thionville, under the banners of the emigration, and profess, at London, republican principles. We have seen him join Napoleon and quit him—and again join him to quit him again. We have seen him abjure the principles which he had proclaimed under the empire, in order to profit by those diametrically opposite after the restoration. It has been said, and we agree with it, "in politics, M. de Chateaubriand has no fixed principles, and is rather *un républicain manqué* than anything else."

Considered as a moral and religious writer, M. de Chateaubriand does not deserve either the excessive praise or the excessive blame that have been poured out upon him. At Rome, his *Génie du Christianisme* has been placed on the prohibited list, like *Emile* and *Candide* ; and in the seminaries, where religion is treated so microscopically, they beheld in M. de Chateaubriand only a philosopher who was little of a theologian, who brought within the same poetical horizon the Venus and Virgin Mary—Jupiter and Jehovah. They counted up a thousand and twenty-three objectionable propositions in his book ;—and those parallels between the Bible and Homer—that comparison between the scriptural Phædra and the pagan Dido—between the recognition of Joseph by his brethren, and of Penelope by her husband,—did not furnish to the Vatican bolts sufficient to crush them into dust.

In the salons of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, on the other hand, M. de Chateaubriand is held up as *the* moral writer *par excellence*.

There, it has been overlooked that it is not quite according to morality to present to us in the *Mémoires sur le Duc de Berri*, his amorous weaknesses as an additional perfection in the character of a chivalrous Frenchman,—to tell us, in *Réné*, in the name of virtue and of the monarchy, the story of an incestuous brother, who casts the eye of guilt upon his sister; to delight in the description of the impurities of the infamous Heliogabalus; or to paint in the *Martyrs* the violent loves of Eudorus and the Druidess Velléda.

This last work, the *Martyrs*, is perhaps the least popular of all those which M. de Chateaubriand has published, and yet, to our taste, it is his chef-d'œuvre. Its plan is vast and well wrought out: it contains novel and ably-drawn characters; descriptions full of truth and beauty; a style frequently calling to mind the beautiful Homeric simplicity; bold images, and ideas, sometimes bordering on the fantastic, but still strictly those of a poet; a *whole*, in short, in which, as in the most part of M. de Chateaubriand's works, there is much to blame, but still more to admire. Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Klopstock, and the Bible, formed the sources of Chateaubriand's inspiration when he composed the *Martyrs*. He has not raised himself as high as his models; he often wants boldness, and often sinks to the character of a timid copyist. Influenced by French taste, he has failed in the daring, the terrible, and the grand, when he has come to the description of his Hell. There is neither majesty, nor rage, nor terror in the Infernal Council of the *Martyrs*. His demons, as compared with the Titans, who tried to scale Olympus,—to Satan, to Belzebub, bold enough to aim at dethroning the Eternal, are but a troop of pygmies before a race of giants, which, by the way, have acquired an immense height in passing from the hands of Homer into those of Milton. But that creation of the Demon of Homicide, which our poet owes solely to his own inspiration—who, with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other, stops over Rome, and gives the signal for the massacre of the Christians—the whole of that dreadful event—the scene in which an apostate Hebrew, standing on the ashes of Nero, evokes the demon of tyranny to answer to the vows of the cruel and superstitious Hérocles;—these are compositions not short of magnificent, and worthy, in every respect, of the sublimity of the epopeia.

The *Martyrs*, notwithstanding their many blemishes, bear the impress of the greatest talent. A few of those strange expressions, and fantastic similes, with which Chénier reproached M. de Chateaubriand, signify but little. There are imagination, ideas, images, in his poem. We behold Rome, with all its glorious buildings, still erect—Naples, with its perfumes and its revels—Germany, with its mysterious forests—Greece, with its enchantments—Gaul, with its Druids—and the Gauls and the Franks bringing to their battles that savage and indomitable energy which belongs to barbarians. Like Voltaire, like Gibbon, like Pascal, Bacon, Corneille, Racine,—Chateaubriand has more than once taken the subject of his pictures from both ancient and modern authors. His *Voyage en Amérique* is full of thefts from the Pilgrimage in Europe and America of Beltrami. But these plagiarisms, and the blemishes of style with which we have reproached M. de Chateaubriand, cannot deprive that author of the first rank among the French

prose-writers of the age. His imagination is as fertile as Nature herself, and his descriptions are as varied as the places he has visited, the opinions he has embraced, or the diversified passions which have agitated his tumultuous existence. It is easy, and it is right, to criticise the political variations of M. de Chateaubriand; one must lament such aberrations in a public man. But nothing but praises can rise to the lips when we think of the admirable pictures of new and uncultivated nature which we find in *Atala*—its tenderness, its pathos, and its passion;—of the superb parallel between Washington and Napoleon, inserted in his *Travels in America and Italy*;—of those touching scenes, so truly rendered, of the devotedness of a man of the desert to René—that unhappy exile from the ancient world;—of that terrible picture of Hériocles, sick, abandoned even by his slaves, received into their hospital by the very Christians who have been the objects of his cruel persecutions, and, at last, relieved in his agony by the same hand which has just bound up the wounds of a martyr;—of that awful description of the death of this impious and wicked man—his appearance before the tribunal of God, whom he has denied in Time, and whose face he will never more behold during Eternity—the intercession of his guardian angel—the silence of the guilty man, dumb through terror, for he has judged himself—the cries of the lost angels, who demand their prey—the judgment pronounced in Heaven—the fall of the Atheist, cast down into Hell, which yawns to receive him, and closes upon him, pronouncing the word “Eternity!”—the echo of the abyss as it repeats “Eternity!”—All these things cannot, we think, but be regarded in their various ways, as beauties touching, tender, terrible, and sublime. It is, we readily admit, foolish to cry up M. de Chateaubriand’s compositions as anything approaching to faultless, but it is equally foolish, and unjust besides, to conceal or to deny his great, many, and very varied merits.

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

“AND, after all,” said Lubeck Schieffel, soliloquising aloud, “what do I know? It is true I have obtained the first honours of the university,—have learned all the professors can teach, and am considered the ablest scholar in Gottingen; still, how little do I know, and how unsatisfactory that knowledge is!”—“Aye, what do you know?” said a voice so near that it made him start. “I know,” said Lubeck, “that you are some idle fool to be prating here at this time of night,” for he felt ashamed and angry his soliloquy had been overheard: but both shame and anger gave way to surprise, when, upon turning suddenly round to discover the speaker, he was not able to perceive any one, though the moon shone brightly, and for a considerable distance around was a level plain, without a single tree or other object which could have afforded concealment.

The astonishment of Lubeck was beyond description—he tried to

persuade himself that it was some trick ; but the nearness of the voice, and the nature of the place, forbade such a conclusion. Fear now urged him to hasten from the spot : being resolved, however, that if it *were* a trick of a fellow-student, he should have no advantage, he exclaimed in as jocular a tone as he could command, "Tush, I know you, and wish you better success the next time you attempt the incognito." He then made the best of his way to the high road, and, musing upon this curious and unaccountable circumstance, returned to his apartments.

Next morning Lubeck went to the site of the preceding night's adventure, with the intention of ascertaining the manner in which this curious trick had been performed, (for with returning daylight he felt reassured that it *was* such,) but his dismay was very considerable when he arrived at the spot, for, owing to the nature of the ground, he was at once compelled to decide that it could not be a trick performed by *human actors*.

How unsteady is the balance of the human mind ! The manner in which the strongest understandings are sometimes swayed by the most minute circumstances is perfectly unaccountable ; and the smallest foundation, like the stem of a tree, often carries a wide-spreading superstructure. The wild stories of his romantic countrymen were, for a time, eagerly perused by Lubeck ; and the mind, which had before delighted in them as entertaining compositions, lent them that deep attention which admitted the possibility of their reality.

Expecting that the invisible person (for such he was now persuaded existed) would again address him, Lubeck went night after night to the same spot, but in vain ! Till at length, as the event became more remote, the impressions of that night became more faint ; at last, he felt convinced that the whole must have been the result of his own imagination, and was quietly pursuing his studies, when one morning a stranger was ushered into his apartment.

"I believe," said the stranger, "I am addressing Lubeck Schieffel, who gained, with so much honour, the last prize of this university."

Lubeck bowed assent.

"You may probably feel surprised," continued he, "that a perfect stranger should obtrude himself upon you ; but I concluded that a person who had already obtained so much information would naturally be desirous of embracing any means of increasing it, and I believe it is in my power to point out to you a way by which that increase may be obtained."

"I certainly feel an ardent thirst for knowledge," said Lubeck ; "as yet, I cannot but agree with him who said, 'all I know is, that I know nothing.' I have read the books pointed out by the professors, and all that I have read only confirms the justness of this conclusion."

"And rightly," said the stranger, "for of what use are the *majority* of the ancient writings, but as they furnish excellent rules of morality, and specimens of elegant or amusing compositions ? We may admire the descriptions of Tacitus, the simple style of Livy—be dazzled by the splendid imagery of Homer, or melted by the tender traits of Tibullus or Euripides—we may laugh with Anacreon, or enjoy the still beauties of nature with Theocritus—we have love in Sappho, satire in Juvenal, and man in Horace—we——"

"Stay, stay," said Lubeck. "Swell the list no further : from all these books some knowledge I have drained, but am still not satisfied. I still thirst, still pant for knowledge ; and am sick to the soul of knowing no more than the rest of the world. I would——"

"If you look to gain," said the stranger, interrupting him, "for such universal knowledge from books, you must be disappointed. It would consume nearly a life, to read all that has been written upon any one science, which, when known, is but one step forward ; and while we are striving to reach wisdom, death overtakes us. Besides, you learn nothing *new* from books, for invention must *precede* science, and clear a path for her, while the compilers of books but follow at a distance and record her steps. Still, you need not despair, for though thousands in vain strive to open the portals to that knowledge, which is closed by a bar which no force can remove—still, to some it may be given to find a hidden spring, which, touched——"

"And you have found this spring," said Lubeck, sarcastically.

"It has been found !" said the stranger ; "it has been touched ! The hitherto sealed portals have been opened, and the hidden knowledge full—complete—is revealed ; but only to few, and even to those conditionally."

"You speak allegorically," said Lubeck, "what mean you ?"

"You must be aware," said the stranger, "that he who wishes to excel in any *one* science gives it his undivided attention : is it not rational then to suppose that something *extraordinary* must be exacted of him who wishes to excell in *all* ?"

"Full, complete attention," said Lubeck, "and intense and unwearied application."

"If undivided attention, or intense and unwearied application would have availed," said the stranger, "would you now have been seeking it ? Attend. Suppose a fraternity had existed for many centuries, living in a place, rendered *invisible* to all the world but themselves, by an extraordinary secret, who are acquainted with every science, some of which they have improved to the highest degree of perfection, who possess a multitude of valuable and almost incredible secrets. Possessed of the art of prolonging life very much, indeed, beyond its usual limits, and having so great a knowledge of medicine, that no malady can withstand them, they laugh at the diseases which you consider mortal. They possess a key to the Jewish Cabbala ; they have copies of the Sybilline books. But, alas ! how many discoveries which they have made, and have divulged, with the intention of benefiting mankind generally, have proved, in the event, a heavy curse to part !"

Lubeck began to feel a strong conviction that he was listening to either the dreams of some wild enthusiast, or the reveries of a madman ; but though the ideas of the stranger were so wild, neither his look, tone, nor manner, seemed to warrant such a conclusion ; he, therefore, was greatly embarrassed how to proceed. At length he observed,—“For what purpose, may I ask, do you endeavour to amuse me, with relating what to me seems simply impossible ?”

"Impossible !" repeated the stranger, "Impossible !—thus it ever is with mankind. Whatever escapes their investigation—whatever they cannot readily comprehend or explain, they pronounce to have no ex-

istence, or to be utterly inexplicable. Consider how many things, which to you appear possible, to one of less information would appear what you pronounce this to be ; and thus was Galileo imprisoned, and forced to deny truths which were not comprehended. You admitted to me, a short time past, that all *your* knowledge amounted to nothing. Still, the moment I tell you of what you cannot *comprehend*, you at once pronounce it to be impossible. Listen !” continued the stranger, and immediately the same remarkable voice, which Lubeck had before heard, exclaimed—“Aye ! what do you know ?”

The tenor of the stranger’s conversation had not recalled to Lubeck Schieffel the events of that memorable night, but now it rushed upon him in an instant, and before him he conceived was the supernatural being who had haunted his steps.

“This extraordinary society, of which I was telling you,” continued the stranger, “received its name from Christian Rosencrux, who was born in Germany, in the year 1359. He was educated in a monastery, and excelled in most ancient and modern languages. A powerful desire urged him to seek a more extensive range of information than could be obtained within the precincts of a cloister, and he determined to travel. The religious feelings, common about the close of the fourteenth century, led him to visit the Holy Land. Having seen the Holy Sepulchre, he proceeded to Damascus, where he was in great danger of losing his life. This circumstance, however, was the cause of all his fame and greatness ; for he learned from the eastern physicians, or (as they are sometimes called) philosophers, who undertook and completed his cure, the existence of many extraordinary secrets, by which his curiosity was so highly excited, that he spent much time travelling over most of the eastern parts, till he became master of those most wonderful secrets, which had been preserved by tradition from the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Brahmins, Gymnosophists, and the Magi.

“Upon the return of Rosencrux into his own country, he collected together several men of similar pursuits with himself, and to them he communicated those secrets, the fruits of his labours and discoveries. This was the origin of the *Rosicrucians*, or *Brothers of the Rosy-cross* ; they were likewise called *Immortales*, because of their *long life* ; *Illuminati*, on account of their knowing all things ; *Invisible Brothers*, because they appeared not. Its existence was concealed till about the year 1600, when, by some unaccountable means, it became known. Some time after, two books were published which, it was pretended, were the productions of members of this society ; the one was entitled ‘*Fama fraternitatis laudabilis ordinis Rosæcrucis*’—the Report of the laudable order of the Fraternity of the Rosy-cross ; the other, *Confessio Fraternitatis*—the Confession of the Fraternity. These books gave a pretended account of the society and its views. That these books were the production of those they were pretended to be, was openly denied in 1620, by Michael Bede, who publicly declared that he knew the whole to have been fabricated by some ingenious persons. A great number of persons falsely pretended to belong to this society, especially Robert Hudd, an English physician ; Michael Mayer ; and, above all, in the year 1600, Jacob Behmen, (often called the Teutonic philosopher ;) but he was a mere enthusiast.

"It was believed that Rosencrux died in the year 1448. But, in truth, so famous a man could not disappear from the world (as he was bound to do by the rules of the society) without the greatest curiosity existing to ascertain the particulars. It was therefore *pretended* that he died, although he lived in the society for above two hundred years after that feigned event."

"Two hundred years!" said Lubeck, in astonishment.

"The way of prolonging life is, as I told you, one of our great secrets, which can only be communicated to the initiated; but thus far I may tell you—its duration depends on the *influence of the stars*."

"Do all men's lives depend on them? I have often heard that the *planets* have influenced the *actions* of men—which to me seemed strange; but how can they affect the *existence* of you, and you only?"

"I wonder not at your question, but I may tell no more; for an attempt to divulge certain secrets would cost my life." The stranger continued: "The renowned Paracelsus was also one of our fraternity, and it was to him that we are indebted for the *elixir of life*. He was reported to have died also, in the year 1541, but he survived above a century. The members of our society or fraternity bind themselves by a solemn oath to keep our secrets inviolable; the nature of this oath is so extraordinary, that even a mere attempt to violate it is prevented by death! Suppose this fraternity to consist of a stated number of persons, one of whom occasionally retired, if you had an offer to become one of them, would you accede to it?"

"But do I not recollect," said Lubeck, "you said something extraordinary would be required."

"We have conditions," said the stranger, "but by you they are easily to be fulfilled. You must be free from crime; you must separate yourself from the world, and all that is in it,—parents, relations, friends—and take a vow of celibacy!"

The look of eager hope and delight, with which Lubeck had, till now, listened to the latter words of the stranger, changed at once to disappointment and sorrow. His expectations, which had been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, were now dashed to the ground at once.

"It cannot be—it cannot be!" he hastily exclaimed, "never, never can I consent to abandon Hela. I am engaged to be married—nay, the day is fixed."

"Can you be so infatuated as to reject my offer?"

The lover, in his imagination, has no comparison to her he loves: her form exists, perfect, supreme, and all-absorbing, in his mind. No tasteful imagery, no descriptive words, could give the feelings as they there exist; to him the plainest language speaks the best, for his own mind then adds the most, to that which gives the least. Lubeck briefly replied, "You never *saw* her!"

"Consider, I pray you," resumed the stranger, "that, in fifty or sixty years, your earthly career will be run; and in how much less time will *beauty* have passed away; that beauty, at whose altar you are now about to sacrifice continued youth, health, and a surpassing knowledge."

"But," added Lubeck, "even when her beauty shall have faded, her *mind* will still remain."

"Still," said the stranger, "still! what mean you?—Some fifty or sixty years! And can you balance these few years with *centuries* of that enjoyment which you so late desired? Believe me, if your marriage be happy, joy will make you grieve for the brevity of life; but if, as it too often happens, you find the temple of Hymen borders too closely upon the burying-place of Love, then sorrow will cause you to be weary of its length."

The stranger here paused a few moments, and then continued: "It is said, mankind petitioned Jupiter, that Hymen and Love should be worshipped together in the same temple; for, in consequence of their dwelling apart, many an offering had been given to Love, which should have been dedicated to Hymen; and that Hymen had many a vow, which ought first to have been offered to Love. To this reasonable request, the god promised compliance, and Hymen and Love descended to earth, to erect a temple for that purpose. For some time the two gods were undecided as to where the structure should be placed, till at length they fixed upon a spot in the domains of Youth, and there they began erecting it. But, alas! it was not yet completed when Age came and usurped the place, turned their temple to a ruin, and used them so harshly, that they fled. From thence they roamed about, Hymen disliking one place, and Love another: here, parents consented, and children refused; there, children solicited, and parents forbade; and the world was continually throwing obstacles in their way. Poor Love, who was a wavering and tender child, felt the effects of this, and was already thinking of returning, when they fortunately hit upon a spot which they thought would suit them. It was situated about midway up a hill, the prospect was neither extensive nor confined; one half was in the domain of Wealth, while the other stood on the precincts of Poverty: before them was Content; Pleasure resided in a splendid palace on one side, and Industry in a cot on the other; Ambition was above them, and Vice below. Here, then, they erected their temple. But Love, who had been wearied with the length of the road, and fatigued by the hardships of the journey, in less than a month afterwards fell sick and died. He was buried within the temple; and Hymen, who has ever since lamented him, dug with his own hands his grave, and on the monument erected to the memory of the little god, whose effigy was carved in marble, he laid his own torch. And there, before the torch of Hymen, and on the tomb of 'lost Love,' many a vow was offered up, and many plighted hearts have wept to find the temple of Hymen the burying-place of Love. Alas! your happiness is like polished steel, rusted by a breath; nor can you hope to quaff the full cup of pleasure, and find no dregs."

"Life may be like an ocean of troubled water;" said Lubeck, "but there is a pearl for which we venture on its bosom. In vain, in vain you endeavour to change my determination. No—love is all of life worth living for. If I were to enter your fraternity, shall I quaff the waters of Lethe?—No!—remember then, our memory is like a picture gallery of past days; and would there not be one picture which would

haunt me for ever? and should I not curse the hour in which I bartered happiness for knowledge? Do you not think—”?

“It is vain,” said the stranger, interrupting him, “it is vain to argue with you now; a heart boiling as your’s does, with violent emotions, must send intoxicating fumes to the head. I give you a month to consider—I will then see you again; time may change your present resolutions. I should regret that an unstable, evanescent passion, like love, should part us; however, should your mind change in the mean time, remember where I was first heard—Till then, adieu.”

“Till then,” said Lubeck, “will never be; but, before we part, pardon an injustice which I did you in my own thoughts. The extraordinary nature of your conversation led me at first to conceive that I was listening to the reveries of a madman. Farewell—you cannot give me happiness like that you would deprive me of.”

The stranger smiled, and, bowing, left the apartment.

The time was rapidly approaching which had been fixed for Lubeck Schieffel’s marriage with Hela; when, on the morning following his conversation with the stranger, he received the intelligence that she was attacked by a violent illness. The most celebrated physicians of the place were summoned to attend her; but the symptoms, which from the first had been serious, resisted their utmost efforts, and now became alarming. Day after day passed on, and the disorder still increased; and it appeared, that a few days at farthest, and she would no longer exist, for whom Lubeck had so lately given up length of life and surpassing knowledge.

The crisis arrived, and the dictum of the physicians destroyed that hope to which the lover till then had clung.

Lubeck, nearly distracted, was gazing intently on that fair and faded form which lay before him, and marked the hectic red slowly give place to that pale wan hue, the sure foreteller of the approach of death. On one side the bed of his dying child, sat the aged father of Hela; he was silent—for he was hopeless; on the other side stood the physician, who to the frequently uplifted and enquiring eye of the old man, shook his head expressive of no hope. “Will nothing save her?” whispered Lubeck, his tremulous voice broken by sobs: “Nothing, save a miracle!” was the reply. “Nay, then, it must be—” said Lubeck, and rushed out of the room.

A week only had elapsed, and we find Hela restored, in a most unaccountable manner, to health and beauty, by an unknown medicine, procured by Lubeck from an unknown source, which no enquiry could induce him to divulge. Week passed after week, and nothing had been said by Lubeck relating to the approaching marriage; he was oppressed by a deep melancholy, which every attention of Hela seemed but to increase.

They were taking one of their accustomed rambles; it was one of those beautiful evenings, which are frequent towards the latter end of autumn: the sun was just sinking behind the dark blue mountains, and the sky seemed one continued sheet of burnished gold. The bright leaves of the trees, the surrounding rocks, and the distant hills, were gilded by the same heavenly alchemy. This gradually changed to a deep red, glowing like the ruby, mingling beautifully with the brown

and yellow tints which autumn had spread over the scene. Not a sound was heard, save, at measured intervals, the long-drawn melancholy note of some distant unseen bird, and, but for this, they two might have seemed the sole inhabitants of a silent world; 'midst nature's beauties the most beautiful: the bright setting sun seemed to have lent its lustre to their eyes, its colour to their cheeks; and to delay his setting, as if unwilling to quit a scene so lovely. Slowly he set, and as slowly, and almost imperceptibly, the glowing red changed to the soft pale twilight, and the moon, then in her full, gradually ascended, mistress of the scene: and then the stars peeped forward, one by one, as if fearful of the light—at length another, and another came, till the whole face of heaven was filled with brightness.

It was Hela's voice, that, almost in a whisper, broke on the silence around. "It will be fine to-morrow—it always is after such a sun-set as this."

"I think it will—and I hope it may," said Lubeck, "if you would have it so! but why to-morrow?"

"Oh, to-morrow was to have been our—wedding day."

There are remembrances we would fain suppress; thoughts, which recalled, weigh heavy on the heart; ideas, which we have struggled to keep down, on which to dwell were far too great a pain, and these the mind, when wearied, had forgotten. And yet—one word, one little word, shall recall every thought, bring in an instant each remembrance forth, and waken memory though it slept for years.

"Hela!" exclaimed Lubeck, dreadfully agitated, "that day can never be!"

"What! Lubeck?" she replied, doubting that she heard correctly.

"Hela," continued he, "when you lay upon your bed of sickness; when mortal aid seemed unavailing—your life despaired of—remember it was then I brought the medicine which so unaccountably restored you:—driven to desperation by your impending fate,—I sought relief, from beings who had the power to give it—even then;—from them obtained that medicine; but it was purchased by my happiness—I took a vow which parted us for ever!"

"Dreadful," said Hela, "What—?"

"I cannot tell you more," he hurriedly exclaimed. "In your absence, I have often resolved to tell you this; but never before could I mention it when we were together. I feared it would break your heart—I felt it was breaking mine. I could not bear to think of it—I would have persuaded myself it was a dream—I tried to conceal it from myself: I would have forgotten all—but that I saved you. Alas! I could not hide it from myself; and it were cruel to have hidden it longer from you. Hela, I could not bear to hear that day named and not to tell you that day can never be!"

"What mystery! Lubeck—speak plainly—let me know all!"

"Listen," he continued, "since I must tell you. You have heard of the Rosicrucians; and believed, perhaps, that they existed only in the imagination of the superstitious and foolish: too truly I can prove the *truth* of what you have heard. Vast, indeed, their knowledge; vast, indeed, their power; to them may be given to penetrate the secrets of nature—to them a being co-existent with a world;

but to me they possessed that, which was more valued than their power, than knowledge, or than life itself—it was that medicine that saved you! To obtain it, I was compelled to take that fearful oath which separated us for ever—an oath of celibacy—I *am a Rosicrucian!*”

Long—long was Hela silent; the dread with which this avowal had at first filled her mind, was slowly giving way to what was to her more terrible, a doubt of its truth: her tearful eye marked the long painful hesitation between rooted affection, and disdain of his supposed perfidy.

“Farewell!” she at length exclaimed. “Had you loved me with half the devoted fervour that I loved, you sooner would have died than have given me up; but, let it be. Farewell! Time will soon take my remembrance from your heart—if ever love existed there for me; go—seek some other favourite—and in your *length of years*, quit her as easily as you part from me; boast to her, of the foolish fondness of an innocent heart, and tell the simple tale of *one* who could not live to prove your story *false!*”

“*False! Hela—false!*” exclaimed Lubeck, driven to desperation by her reproach, “you never more shall doubt me! I had thought that when I gave up all my happiness, dooming myself to a long life of misery (for life without you is misery,)—I had thought, that she, for whom this sacrifice was made, would, at least, have been grateful, and have praised my motives: this was my only hope; but now, when I have told the oath that gave her to life, and me to misery, she thinks me false. The only consolation I expected was her thanks, and these I have not—No, Hela, no, you never more shall doubt me! I cannot spare you this, my last resource, to prove how true is the heart you have doubted—”

“Hela, look on the beautiful heavens; how often have I gazed with deepest reverence on its varied lights, but never with that intensity of feeling that I do now; for I feel that I partake a being with them. There is a star this night sheds its last ray—a world shall cease to exist—a life must perish with it. See yon small cloud, that comes slowly over the face of heaven; and mark,—it wings its light way to that pale star! Now, Hela, now, you never more shall doubt me!—on that star depends my——”

She turned—and lifeless at her feet lies what was once her lover: silent awhile she stood, as if she doubted what she saw was real; then her clasped hands convulsive pressed her head; and in her heart she felt ages of anguish in one moment's woe.

Hark! what is it that troubled echo so repeats; that wakes the fox, and startles all around?—the wolf bays fearfully; the startled owl screams harshly as she takes her hurried flight.

It was a shriek, a long and fearful shriek—and oh! the tale it tells is of *despair*—that every joy is fled, that hope has vanished, and a heart is broken!

Silent is echo now; the angry wolf is heard no more; the startled owl has rested from her flight and terror, and stillness once again commands the scene.

✓ The moon has climbed her highest; and, sinking, follows darkness

to the west ; a little while, and then—full in the east appears the pale small arch of light, that darkens, and then brighter comes again ; and then the long faint rays of the approaching sun, and last himself, in all his brightness comes, like a conqueror, and deposes night.

The birds are chirping gladly on the trees ; and gently on the ear comes, by degrees, the distant hum of an awaking world. But there is a silence man can never break, there is a darkness suns can never light—there is a sleep that morn shall never awaken—and such is *death's* and *Hela's*.

VINDICIÆ ŒCONOMICÆ.

PERHAPS it was no less from the excellence of its begetting than from the opprobrium it is wont to draw down upon those who bring it into the world, that it pleased the fancy of Milton to compare truth to a bastard ; and, most assuredly, if we believe the exaggerated praises of those who minister to its birth, every new principle which is developed to man is destined to exceed in beauty, power, and usefulness all those to which time has given legitimacy. There is something irresistibly fascinating in a new theory. The restless and enterprising mind, sated with the dull uniformity of a state of things in which all opinion seems fixed as it were in a mould, turns with avidity to that which promises a new train of thought—an untrodden field of speculation :—the philosopher grasps hold of aught that disturbs man from a state of profound self-satisfaction, and passive acquiescence in established doctrines ; while the vain man and the lovers of paradox seize, respectively, the opportunity of acquiring distinction and gratifying their propensities, by propounding propositions as yet bold, startling, and opposed to the general notions of mankind. The pleasure which all receive is repaid with usurious gratitude in extravagant expressions of the importance of the theory which they have adopted and in noisy claims for its approval. But if such be the fate of ordinary discoveries, in how much greater a degree was the science of Political Economy exposed to it ! In an era new in the history of the world—an era in which a whole nation first, and almost at once, began to *think*, and, as the result of that thinking, if not with a feeling of disgust, at least with one of suspicion, to look back on all that for ages it had most fondly cherished,—Political Economy presented its bold, uncompromising opposition to opinions which the most influential classes of society fancied themselves deeply interested to support—opinions recognized as axioms in legislation almost since legislation had existence ; and, to carry which into effect, statesmen had not only exerted the arm of jurisprudence, but set in motion all the parade and intrigues of diplomacy, and even the destructive apparatus of war. Under such a state of circumstances it was impossible that a science so daring in its pretensions—so splendid in its professed results, a science of which the subjects came home to each individual in the community—could be long without a throng of enquirers—enquirers very rapidly glided into disciples, and disciples seem to have grown into apostles. These

have not been very long in convincing the world that at least there is some truth in their doctrines, nor particularly backward in extolling their importance. Whether in their fondness for a favourite science, they have fallen into the common exaggerations of new theorists, our readers may, perhaps, not think a few minutes idly spent in enquiring.

Without pausing now to examine the truth of any of the propositions by which it pretends to accomplish this object, we may yet be permitted to remark that to economize the labour of man is the assumed result of the science. That a state of labour, if not one of positive misery, is at all events a condition of very little happiness, few persons will dispute. The prospect of reward does indeed alleviate the irksomeness of toil; but it is for those rewards alone that men submit to its drudgery; and, in proportion as means are discovered for the abridgment of labour, is leisure left for the cultivation of all the higher faculties and more exquisite enjoyments of the mind. Between, however, the two classes, one preferring the rewards of labour to the indulgences of leisure, and the other in the enjoyments of leisure seeking a compensation for the absence of more vulgar gratifications, we believe society is divided. To the former, political economy points out the means of obtaining a greater proportion of the comforts of life for an equal expenditure of toil—to the latter, it shows how, with a diminished demand for its labours, it can appropriate a greater proportion of leisure to itself. The political economists have been charged with making wealth the golden calf of their idolatry. With what gratitude the silly scandal comes from those whom it instructs how best to acquire the largest quantity of time for the promotion of their schemes of moral cultivation, we leave it to their own consciences to determine. But the truth is, that although wealth is the subject of their science, the economists have not given to the human mind one single additional stimulus towards its attainment. In common with all others who have perused the page of history with attention, they could scarcely fail to have been struck with the phenomenon, that wherever wealth was pouring out its cornucopia to man, there was his moral culture becoming invigorated and expanded, and they might thence, indeed, have reasoned that to promote the one was to give increase to the others. But to do this was no part of a system which simply aimed at showing how an object already in existence could be attained with the greatest facility; and, surely, if it be charged upon the economists, on the one hand, that, by multiplying the rewards of industry, they but render mankind more greedy in the pursuit of wealth, they have a right to retort, on the other, that, in diminishing the toils of the *labourer*, they but find more time for the exertions of the *philosopher*. It is upon no dwarfish scale that it accomplishes those results. In the article of the first necessary of life, the doctrines of political economy involve to this country an annual saving of nearly twenty millions; and when we add this to the infinite variety of other articles in the attainment of which they offer the most prodigious economy, we shall be able to form some faint estimate of the enormous extent in which political economy, in relaxing the demand for labour, increases the happiness of all those who, from whatever cause, or for whatever purpose, view labour as in itself an evil. If political economy be not

the heel which was to bruise the serpent's head, at least it deadens the sting of that sentence of labour to which man is, by the machinations of the serpent, alleged to have been from the beginning consigned.

But there is in every community a class (need we name that emphatically called the working class?) on which the curse falls with a deadliness far beyond that with which it presses on the others, and that because it has with them so little of reward to compensate for its endurance. Yet of this class is the mass of mankind literally compounded. Natural causes and mistaken institutions were going on in full swing to diminish this modicum of reward, and to plunge the wretched class into irretrievable misery and degradation, when Political Economy arose to teach mankind their error; and, in developing the true principles of population and capital, to shew how the mighty proportion of the human race might be rescued from the misery to which they were verging, and preserved in a state of comfort as great as the condition of humanity would allow them. So little are the sympathies of the higher orders of society liable to be interested on behalf of the extreme poor, and so little are we apt to conceive the misery which does not come home to the eye, that the term *redundant population*, instead of being regarded as a living and a powerful principle of evil, is too generally listened to as a mere dead letter—a cold political phenomenon. If such there be among our readers, let them think for a moment of the features which this country exhibits—men, nay even women and children, toiling, often for sixteen hours in a day, in a close and crowded manufactory, to earn the merest pittance that can preserve the flame of life from extinction; here and there, whole districts of squalid and abject pauperism; and, throughout every parish of England, the doors of the overseers constantly beset by famishing supplicants for bread. Or let them turn to Ireland, where almost a nation of half-naked, half-famished, houseless wanderers, is turned destitute upon the world*. or carry their observation to China, where the impossibility of providing for offspring actually drives the parent into the atrocity of infanticide. This is not the illusion of a picture; it is but a faint description of actual reality†. Yet it is a reality, to the removal of which we firmly believe every scheme of education, proceeding in ignorance of the doctrines of political economy, would have been comparatively powerless. Education admits of two divisions; it is either pure mental cultivation, unaided by external circumstances, or it is the practical effect of ex-

* See Art. *Condition of the Irish Poor*, Lond. Mag., Third Series, No. II.

† In case any of our readers should think our authority not sufficient, we quote the evidence given on the Irish Report, by one of the witnesses who was examined as to the condition of the peasantry ejected from their farms under the processes of consolidation: "These poor people, not getting employment, either erect temporary habitations, like sheds, on the highway, or they come into towns, and crowd themselves into small apartments, perhaps four or five families in a hovel or garret together, without clothes, or bedding, or food, living upon the chance of employment in the town as labourers. That employment they cannot procure. About a month ago, witness saw a farm of five hundred acres that had forty families, consisting of two hundred individuals: of these one hundred and fifty were dispossessed; they were allowed to take with them the old roofs of the cabins, that is, the rotten timber and rotten straw, and with these they contrived to erect sheds on the highway. The men could get no employment, the women and children had no resource but to beg; and really it was a most afflicting thing to behold them upon the highway not knowing where to go."

ternal circumstances upon the mind. To suppose that the former can alone be attended with anything like adequate success, with a class of men whose whole time is engrossed in a struggle to obtain the positive necessities of life, can be little else than the pure extravagance of enthusiasm. Yet, but for the discovery of the principles by which wages are regulated, natural causes would have been left undisturbed, if not to aggravate, at least to perpetuate, the very circumstances under which pure mental cultivation must, by the hypothesis, be so destitute of effect.

"Education," said Chief Justice Best, in his charge to the Somerset grand jury, summer assizes, 1827, "has not produced the effects which were anticipated. We once fondly imagined, that if we educated the poor in the principles of religion, we should prevent crime. The report of a Committee of the House of Commons shews that we have been mistaken. The scheme of public education has now been twenty years in operation. In that period our population has increased one-third, while the increase of crime is fourfold*."

With respect to external circumstances, it is obvious that, to give them an ameliorating effect upon the mind, those circumstances must be antecedently improved themselves. But the external circumstances of the labouring classes can be improved only by removing them to some greater distance from starvation and dependency, and by introducing them to a more intimate acquaintance with a higher scale of physical comfort. The causes which obstruct this, and the grand agent of its accomplishment, are to be found in political economy alone. Education might, indeed, unaccompanied with the knowledge of these principles, under favourable circumstances, succeed in improving the moral character of many *individuals*. Politicians, however, when they talk of education, do not allude to the improvement of a few individuals. They refer to the regeneration of a whole class. Without availing themselves of the discoveries of this science, we fear, however, we should be forced to put some such narrow interpretation upon their term as we do upon that of certain modern reformers, when, in boasting to us of the New Reformation of Ireland, we know that they refer only to a few of the tenantry on Lord Roden's estate.

Even with a knowledge of the doctrines of political economy there are many countries into which the malady has, under the operation of vicious treatment, worked itself in so deeply that its eradication can only be the protracted work of time. Yet the discovery of its cause, even if abatement be but slow, can scarcely fail to check the further progress of the disease, and we cannot help indulging the anticipation (if Education itself be any thing more than a bugbear) that the dissemination of this great principle of population will save to future ages and future countries the appearance of the frightful feature of

* Of course we would not for an instant be under the imputation of being opposed to general education. We are only confessing our apprehension of its insufficiency, in the absence of all attempt to produce a better adjustment between the number of the people and the means for their support. Instructing the people themselves in the principle on which this better adjustment depends, would be one of the means of bringing it about.

The education to which the Chief Justice alludes is of too narrow a description to work much good by itself.

redundancy. Surely if political economy had no other claim upon the gratitude of mankind, it ought for this one discovery alone, to call forth the admiration of every bosom that thrills at the touch of humanity. But it so happens that this very doctrine of population has drawn down from morbid sentiment and mis-directed kindness little else than obloquy upon the science; while those who have attempted to give it practical effect have been branded with every epithet of opprobrium. The unpalatableness of a truth is, however, but a weak excuse for clamouring it down; nor can its abstract good be affected by an injudicious application of it in practice. Among the Economists may be found those who, in their schemes for the subjugation of passion to the dominion of reason, may have laid too rough a hand upon the former, or mistaken their course in endeavouring (if indeed they have so endeavoured) to achieve the extirpation of natural impulses, instead of giving to them simply a better direction. But what then? The licentiousness of their interpretation can never prejudice the text of the science: there it stands with all its demonstrable tendencies for good: to mix up with it the odium chargeable only on the supposed extravagancies of its believers would be about as unfair as to pass sentence on the precepts of Christianity, from the extent to which they were pushed in practice by the gambols of the Anabaptists of Munster.

This improvement of the lower classes, which the dissemination of the doctrines of political economy has such a clear tendency to induce, cannot fail to react on all other classes of society. Offences against property form by far the greatest amount of crime, yet these would materially decrease with an alteration of a state of circumstances, in which the labouring classes are so reduced in condition, that jails, instead of being regarded as places of punishment, are but too commonly looked upon in the light of charitable institutions—a species of hospitable refuge for the destitute. Nor is the greater security of property the only benefit to be anticipated from the alteration. It is also the promotion of a more social, a better state of feeling among the higher classes themselves. When the necessities of man drive him to be forever upon the watch for plunder, the owners of property can scarcely fail to regard the necessitous as common enemies to themselves. Poverty, accordingly, becomes a crime; and the anathema of public opinion, which ought to be reserved for the real criminal, falls with almost equal weight upon the unfortunate.

On the new light which political economy has thrown upon the evils of aristocratical government, in exhibiting the opposition of aristocratical interests to the interests of the community, it is not our intention to enlarge. We believe it is very generally recognised, and perhaps pretty fairly appreciated. It is sufficient, therefore, to remind our readers, that political economy, in thus shewing up aristocracy in so invidious a position, has set in motion a very powerful agent to disturb the besotted admiration of man to this idol of their worship. But political economy has another merit in reference to this subject, which does not perhaps lie so obviously on the surface. While the theory of rent exhibits, on the one hand, a steady, unvarying, and disproportionate increase of aggrandisement throughout every successive stage of society, in that class of landed proprietorship of which aristocracy is mainly composed, the

doctrine of profits has shewn, on the other, that the very causes which promote the elevation of that one class, contain the principles of a relative correspondent deterioration in the condition of all others. It is to the power of distributing wealth, however, that man is principally indebted for his command over his fellow-men. Wealth is positive power. Political economy, therefore, in teaching nations the inevitable tendency of natural causes to endue one class with a perpetually increasing potentiality for oppression, while exactly in the same proportion they take away the power of resistance in the rest, has introduced a new principle into the science of government, a principle which may go some little way towards accounting for the singular phenomenon of the success with which this isolated class is ever able to pursue its own interest, though in opposition to the acknowledged interests of the community in general; and a principle which, whosoever was now to set to work to legislate for future ages, would do very ill to omit.

We will turn, however, from the effects of political economy on schemes of government and particular classes, to its influence on some of the great political evils of life, and on the general amelioration of man. We presume we cannot name a greater curse for the scourge of humanity than WAR; yet we believe none of the agents, which have hitherto appeared in the world, will be found half so effectual as political economy for the extirpation of this direst calamity. For centuries has philosophy attempted to destroy this barbarous propensity of man; for centuries has Christianity preached the doctrines of peace. The former failed, perhaps, because it resolved all morality into an ideal abstraction. It talked of *virtue*, but it never defined in what virtue consisted: it never presented to man in a tangible form the good which was to flow from obedience to its commands.—In referring all good to the approbation of the Supreme Being, Christianity would have left the matter in as vague a state as ever, had it not set forth a fuller catalogue of positive precepts, and attempted to ensure obedience to them by the sanctions of reward and punishment. But these, uncertain in their character, and distant in their application, were ill calculated to produce much effect upon a being so little accustomed as man to sway his conduct, by the anticipation of remote and indefinite consequence—more especially, when the degree of that remoteness was so great that the consequence was not to attach until after he had undergone a complete change in his being. However great a subject of lamentation it may be to many, it is a fact too notorious to be disputed, that men are, in the main, very little affected by spiritual considerations. During the middle ages of Europe, the church exerted all its influence by persuasions, decrees, anathemas, and pretended revelations of the Almighty, to put an end to the system of private warfare, which was one of the many noxious shoots of feudal institutions. They were attended, however, with scarcely any success; and it is to temporal causes alone that Robertson ascribes their ultimate abolition. But, in the year 1828, the world appears little more influenced in its political operations by any thing beside its temporal interests, than it was while Catholicism was in all its power. We have heard much of late of a certain “untoward event;”—we have heard it objected to on the score of unjustifiable interference—on the disturbance of the balance of power—on the trade of our

merchants at Smyrna, and the weight of our national debt ; but we have never heard a single individual get up in either house of Parliament and denounce it as part of a system contrary to the feelings of humanity, and the principles of the Christian religion ; nor when, on other occasions, the cabinets of Europe have prepared to plunge their respective countries in war, has a politician ever arisen to oppose their designs with the beautiful lesson of Christ, " Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." By aiding, however, the precept of peace, in reference only to its temporal results, it is left to work its way merely by its innate beauty—in other words, by its own self-evidence of good. Now, good is not an absolute, it is a relative term. A doctrine may be very good in the abstract, and yet there may be counterbalancing circumstances to make it bad ;—as, for instance, it may, as an abstract proposition, be good for one man to live in a state of peace with another ; yet, if the continuance in that state involves the chance of detriment to him, it *may*, nevertheless, be better that the peace be broken. This will depend upon the correct application of the value of the circumstances which are involved in a state of peace, and the detriment on account of which it is meditated to be broken. The good of peace will be the preponderance of advantages on its side. It is by an identical principle of calculation that the benefits of peace to a nation are to be determined.

Now, political economy has shewn that the greatest miscalculations on both sides have, throughout all history, been made *against* the cause of peace. In displaying in a light infinitely stronger than it was ever before exhibited in, the reciprocal advantages to nations of foreign trade, it has taught to each, with a corresponding increase of force, the benefits to itself of peace ;—in exposing the real character of commercial restriction, it has demonstrated that all its long catalogue, instead of containing so many articles, the preservation of any one of which had previously been considered almost of sufficient importance for nations to forego it the blessings of peace, was but one bulky renunciation of mischiefs. In every extrinsic cause of quarrel between nations, the first cannot fail to be operative ; the second wipes out, perhaps, the most prolific source of war to civilised man. Thus, political economy, in identifying a state of peace with the plain, palpable, and immediate interests of mankind, becomes a certain agent for its establishment ; for there is no proposition of more universal truth than that, of the existence of *such* interests it is only necessary to inform man, in order to secure his acting in conformity to them. The exceptions are so few, that obedience to the dictates of self-interest may be pronounced almost the invariable rule of individual conduct ; and, if communities have generally swerved from it, the anomaly should either be attributed to ignorance of its existence, or the preponderating influences of individual yet sinister interests.

But, political economy does not stop at the prevention of open hostility. It involves the annihilation of all those petty jealousies and rivalships which have hitherto retarded the social intercourse of nations, and even created feelings of malevolence between individuals of the same community. By teaching that mutual aggrandisement is

reciprocal interest, it banishes for ever the miserable feeling which too often leads one country to repine at the prosperity of another;—in the destruction of all sinister interests it involves the destruction of all the animosities which they engender. But these interests have not contented themselves with the mere creation of unsocial feeling, they have produced the most harassing and annoying restraints upon the community; and have actually enrolled, as crimes in the statute-book, actions which, if not in the main beneficial, are at least harmless. In blotting these out, political economy will not only simplify the volume of law, and reduce the cost of its administration, but it will materially improve the general condition of society; whilst it relieves individuals from the moral odium and physical punishment of criminals, in exempting them from a proportion of suffering, it will leave them to a more unrestricted freedom of action; in saving those individuals from being demoralised into culprits, it will spare society the reaction of that demoralisation on itself.

These are among the more direct results of the general diffusion of the doctrines of political economy; some of its collateral consequences are scarcely less important. The spirit of inquisitioners, which is the best and most prominent characteristic of the present day, must have had its origin in some great shocks antecedently given to prevailing opinion. It must be confessed that many such have occurred during the last half century, and therefore it would be too much to attribute the positive generation of that spirit to political economy alone. But it must be remembered that political economy did in itself operate as a shock of no inconsiderable magnitude; it gave the death-blow to a very large class of the most venerated opinions—opinions, as important in consequence as they were universal in interest; and, in doing this, its exposures could scarcely fail to infuse into that spirit of enquiry a very large amount of life and energy.

In thus stimulating the general activity of mind, political economy brings along with it a new stimulus to the cultivation of science. By combining into a science the most familiar subjects of individual interest, and determining all that relates to them by its rules, man is introduced to a close intimacy with scientific pursuit, and thus, on a large scale, imbued with a taste for its pleasures. The practice, moreover, of referring a given set of subjects to the determination of an exact science, engenders a habit of more defined and accurate reasoning upon all others; and, perhaps, it is to the fashion which, in this respect, political economy has of late set in the House of Commons, that we perceive such a complete alteration in the tone and manner of conducting its proceedings, and actually witness the phenomenon of plain statements of facts and dry deductions of reasoning superseding the vague and declamatory harangues with which the country gentlemen used formerly to be, at the same time entertained and humbugged.

Whether, in thus sketching a few of the probable results of the promulgation of the doctrines of political economy, we have looked at them through the magnifying medium of affection, we leave it to the judgment of our readers to determine. To us they wear no exaggera-

tion ; and, most assuredly, if we have correctly delineated them, it can scarcely be denied, that political economy, whether as respects its more immediate objects, or its collateral results, deserves to take its foremost rank among the noblest and most important of human sciences.

THE FOREIGN PORTFOLIO.—No. IV.

FRANCE.

PUBLIC COURSES OF LECTURES OF PARIS.

THE French journals have of late made frequent mention of the three courses of lectures on literature, philosophy, and history, which Messrs. Villemain, Cousin, and Guizot have recently commenced at the Faculty of Letters of the Academy of Paris ; and many of our periodicals have echoed the Parisian phrases of the *influence to be exercised on the public mind by these lectures, wherein the most important historical, philosophical, and literary problems are developed with that superiority of talent which distinguishes the three illustrious professors.*

We have no desire to disturb this concurrent praise accorded by the liberal journals to Messieurs Villemain, Cousin, and Guizot. The opening of these courses of lectures is a happy event for the youth of France ; and their lessons, in unison, as they must be, with the ideas and the necessities of the age, cannot fail to contribute to the triumph of liberty and the progress of civilization.

But these three mentioned are not the only courses of lectures which exist at Paris, nor the only ones, which by the salutary influence they exercise, and the illustrious names of the professors who deliver them, deserve to draw on them the public attention. It is to supply an omission which savours of injustice, and to excite, if it be possible, an useful emulation among the men who have weight in the public affairs of the three kingdoms, that we propose briefly to enumerate the principal establishments for public instruction existing in Paris, and which have earned for that city, and in this point of view most deservedly, the title of the capital of the civilized world.

Without reckoning the 'Ecoles Royales gratuites de dessin,' established in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine et Rue de Touraine ; 'L'Ecole Royale et spéciale des Langues Orientales vivantes,' at the Bibliothèque du Roi ; the course of lectures on astronomy which M. Arago gives annually at the Observatoire, and the lectures on chemistry applicable to dyeing, which are delivered at the Gobelins manufactory,—Paris counts four grand public establishments in which the sciences, literature, and the manufacturing arts are taught gratuitously by the most distinguished men in their respective branches of the kingdom. These are, 'Le Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers,' in the Rue St. Martin, 'Le Jardin des Plantes,' 'Le Collège de France,' and 'La Sorbonne,' of which the two last are situated in the Faubourg St. Jacques.

It was M. Grégoire, formerly bishop of Blois, who first proposed to the Committee of Public Instruction in the National Convention, the creation of the 'Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers;' and the Council of Five Hundred, in its sitting of the 6th May, 1798, decreed that a great part of the buildings of the suppressed abbey of 'St. Martin des Champs,' should be appropriated to its establishment, and that there a collection should be formed of models of all the instruments known or invented by man, and used in the several arts and professions. Besides instruction in design, in architecture, and in mechanics, the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers has a course of lectures on political economy by M. J. B. Say; a course on geometry by M. Charles Dupin; and one on chemistry, as applied to the arts, by M. Christian. These lectures are public, and have for their object to form skilful artists and distinguished professors.

The courses delivered at the Jardin des Plantes are numerous. They embrace every branch of natural history. There M. Cuvier gives his justly celebrated lectures on comparative anatomy; M. Teynard his lessons on chemistry; M. Jussieu on botany; and other professors, to the number of twenty or thereabouts, instruct in other classes of natural sciences.

The Jardin des Plantes, founded in 1635, is one of the most curious establishments in Paris. Its collection of plants and shrubs of every description is immense. Its library and other vast galleries are filled with the rarest productions of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms in all parts of the world. The theatres in which the lectures are given, are situated in different parts of the Jardin; of these the principal, called the Amphithéâtre, not far from the Ménagerie of living animals, is capable of holding at the least two thousand persons.

The 'Collège Royale de France,' founded by Francis I., built by Henry IV., and inaugurated by Louis XVI., reckons no less than twenty-one courses of lectures; in which instruction is given gratuitously in astronomy, the mathematics, general and mathematical physics, experimental physics, medicine, anatomy, chemistry, natural history, the natural law and the law of nations, the history of moral philosophy, the Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Syrian languages, Arabic, Persian, the French language by M. Andrieux, history and moral philosophy by M. Laromiguière, ancient history by the learned and modest M. Daunou, and Latin poetry, which was at one time treated by M. Tissot. A great number of ladies attend the lessons of these professors, and more especially those of M. Andrieux on the French language.

The course of lectures at the Sorbonne equal in numbers those of the Collège de France; but the principal object of the institution is instruction in the *belles lettres* and modern history. MM. Gay-Lussac, Biot, and Barbier-du-Bocage, it is true, give lessons in chemistry, physics, and geography; but the lectures most frequented are those of M. Lacretelle on the history of France, and especially those of Messieurs Villemain, Cousin, and Guizot.

These three writers are, as it were, the representatives of the youth of France; they have the ideas of the rising generation, of which they partake the opinions: all three suffered persecution by the last ministry; and the two last, displaced from the professor's chair by those who

seek to put the public mind in fetters, have been reinstated by the influence of public opinion. M. Villemain, formerly pupil of the normal school, a member of the Academy, author of the *History of Cromwell*, and of an essay on Montaigne, treats, in extempore lectures, of the comparative history of modern literature. He labours more particularly to make known the writers who during the eighteenth century shone in France and England. M. Cousin, the pupil and friend of M. Royer Collard, translator of Plato and annotator on Descartes, consecrates his lectures to the history of the Platonic philosophy, which he prefaced by a general survey of the history of philosophy through all its epochs. Lastly, M. Guizot, known in the republic of letters by his history of the English Revolution, and by several other works, in which he has courageously defended the institutions of his country, has applied himself to retrace the history of European civilization. These respective courses have the fullest success, and two thousand pupils of all ages and ranks of society crowd the vast hall of the Sorbonne to pursue this triple course of study, in which the history of ancient and modern philosophy, the history of civilization since the irruption of the barbarians, and the comparative history of the modern literature of different countries, form a happy union: and where, as a French journal* has expressed it, "three minds of a cast entirely different, the first, by sudden revelations and inspirations of genius worthy of ancient times; the second, by observations the fruit of learning and reflection; the third, by ingenious and eloquent pictures, simultaneously answer all the calls of French curiosity, and invite the minds of their countrymen to the contemplation of the laws by which humanity is directed in its course towards perfection: a new and bold study, which the profoundest thinkers of the past age had merely glanced at, which, at best, they had contemplated without reducing it to a science, but towards which all the efforts of the rising generation seem to be directed; a study at once peaceable and fruitful, which excites at the same time a spirit of patience and of daring, encourages zeal by confidence in the future, and tempers it by a just view of present obstacles; thus forming, all for one and the same end, philosophers to devise reform, the precursor to prepare the way for it, and prudent politicians to effect it in due season."

LITERATURE.

'*Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante*, par M. Alex. Lameth, Lieutenant-Général, Membre de la Chambre des Députés,' tom. 1. in 8vo. Paris, 1828, Montardier.

'History of the Constituent Assembly,' &c.

Like the venerable Lafayette, the Chevalier Alexander Lameth began his political career by devoting himself to the cause of America. After displaying his valour in the ranks of the United States' militia, returning to Europe in company with the friend of Washington, he shared with him the admiration of the court; and with the distinguished title, of the handsome Lameth, was, until the commencement of the revolution, the favourite of the ladies who formed the court of Marie

* Le Globe.

Antoinette. Being chosen in 1789, by the noblesse of Peronne to represent them in the States General, he boldly determined for the cause of liberty. He defended with constancy the royal authority against the encroachments of democracy, and the rights of the citizen against the pretensions of the noblesse. In the days of terror he joined Lafayette in arresting the torrent of persecution, and Barnave in propping the authority of the court, which bad faith, and proceedings unworthy of the high quarter whence they emanated, had ruined in the opinion of the public. He founded the club of the 'Feuillants,' was proscribed by the Jacobins, returned to France under the Empire, and filled the office of prefect until the restoration; when, sent by the electors of the department of the Seine Inférieure as their representative to the Chamber of Deputies, he took his place on the benches of the *Côté gauche*, and united himself with Lafayette, Benjamin Constant, Dupon de l'Eure, and the other advocates of the cause of freedom, in the defence of the public liberties.

Himself a prominent actor in the memorable events of the first years of the French Revolution, M. Lameth deserves the more confidence, inasmuch as he was sufficiently enlightened to be able to regard things with a sure and clear view, and as he has too upright a conscience to alter them in recital, or be guilty of the slightest infidelity. His work proves that he is not capable of falsehood either in his own cause or that of others. No spirit of party can prevent his addressing equally to every side the language of truth. His work when complete will form the best answer to the calumnies uttered by the historian Lacretelle, against the Constituent Assembly, that assembly to which, if some errors, some false measures can be charged against it, France, it must be owned, is indebted for the principal benefits which she derives from her glorious revolution.

'Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo,' tom. 1 and 2, Paris, 1828. Bossange.

The publication of the two first volumes of the Memoirs of the ancient Police Minister of Napoleon has produced the most lively sensation in the salons of Paris. The names of calumniator and detractor have been heaped on the author, who, it is said, to escape the vengeance of the law, and summonses to appeal to arms, was prepared to flee to Berlin. All this noise calls to mind the fable of the mountain labouring with the mouse. We have read these Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo, and not a single important fact, not one little anecdote, having the charm of novelty for its recommendation, have they disclosed to us. His chapters on the death of the Duc d'Enghien accuse, it is true, several illustrious personages, the Prince Talleyrand, the Duke D'Alberg, General Hullin, &c.; but these very same accusations, the Duc de Rovigo himself had already made in a pamphlet, published by him in 1823, and the additions which he now furnishes, in no respect justify the conduct of his imperial master, and do very little credit to the author of the Memoirs.

'Histoire des Institutions de Moïse et du Peuple Hebreu,' par J. Salvador, 3 vols. in 8vo. Paris, 1828. Selmbart.

'History of the Laws of Moses and of the Jewish People,' &c.

M. Salvador proposes in this work to go back to the origin of the institutions of the Hebrew nation, to trace their combinations and effects, to compare them with the usages of other people, to shew in what degree the manners of the times, geographical position, and the movements of foreign nations acted on the Jews, and produced an influence on whatever is most remarkable in their history; and he proposes to point out, lastly, the points in which Christianity is connected with the Jewish dispensation, and may be considered as its natural accomplishment, and in what respect they differ altogether. M. Salvador has executed his task with much talent; and his book, although less complete than it might have been rendered, has great merit as a work of research and erudition. At the end of each volume are collected, under the title of 'notes justificatives,' the extracts from the texts which have served the author for authorities in his work.

'Mémoires d'un Jeune Jésuite,' par l'Abbé Martial-Marcet de la Roche-Arnaud, 1 vol. in 8vo. Paris, 1828. Dupont.

'Memoirs of a young Jesuit,' &c.

The Abbé de la Roche-Arnaud last year published a work entitled the 'Jésuites Modernes,' which made a great sensation at Paris, and which has been translated into English. In that work he introduced to notice the most active chiefs of the company of Jesus; and dragging them forth, as it were, from the obscurity which veils their intrigues, held them up to the vengeance of the public. After making known the men, it remained for him as of course to give information as to their doctrines, and this he has undertaken in the work just published.

The Abbé de la Roche-Arnaud was a Jesuit; admitted early to the intimate confidence of the good fathers, he was initiated in all the mysteries of Mont Rouge, the odious morality, and the system of hypocrisy of the order. Disgusted and horrified at the enormities of which he had learnt the secret, he quitted these monks; and now restored to the world, he relates all that he had seen and heard in their infernal den. The Memoirs of the young Jesuit consist of thirty chapters, and are throughout of most lively interest.

'Isographie des Hommes célèbres; ou, Collection de Fac Simile de Lettres Autographes et de Signatures,' Paris. Par Livraison.

'Collection of Fac-Similes of Autograph Letters and Signatures,' &c.

This work is arrived at the 13th No. and contains an abundant supply of fac-similes of letters, &c. of distinguished men of divers countries. These must be especially edifying to those who are of opinion that the character of the individual is to be estimated by his handwriting more surely than by the history of his actions; but we confess that we treat of the interest taken in this sort of matters, as a duty we owe to the public to reverence in a certain degree whatever is the general vogue, being unable ourselves to perceive the precise

grounds on which the public favour rests. In these numbers the curious will find fac-simile letters of Marlborough, the Prince Eugene, Boerhaave, Charles V., James II., Melancthon, Corneille, Rousseau, Mary Stuart, Michael Paleologus, and we know not how many et cæteri.

Among the rest is a letter from John Philip Kemble, written in French, and addressed to the Count Morel de Vindé, Pair de France, a great friend of our actor. The French speak highly of the style of this letter, and quote it as a proof of the elegant scholarship of our illustrious tragedian.

“ Hôtel du Nord, rue de Richelieu, 3 Août, 1818.

“ Je vous prie, mon très cher monsieur de Vindé, de croire avec combien de satisfaction je reçois ce billet de votre main. Si ce jour-là vous convient, j'aurai le plaisir de dîner chez vous Samedi qui vient. J'espère que Mad. de Vindé aura la bonté de me permettre de lui présenter ma femme, qui est impatiente d'offrir ses respects et ses remerciemens à des amis, à qui son mari a tant d'obligations. Si j'osais croire que nous ne vous incommoderions pas, nous partirions de Paris avant midi, afin d'avoir quelques momens pour admirer les beautés de votre charmant séjour de la Celle, et pour jouir de la société la plus aimable du monde. Je suis, mon cher ami, votre serviteur très humble et très obligé,

“ J. P. Kemble.”

SPAIN.

LITERATURE.

WHILE his Most Catholic Majesty, travelling from province to province; levies his contributions on the purses of his subjects who vie with each other in fêting him—and who, to treat him in a manner worthy of his dignity and of their loyalty, spend even more than they possess; while the mighty influence of the royal presence inspires the muse of the most wretched poets to the composition of formal stanzas, of trivial sonnets, and adulatory couplets as inscriptions for triumphal arches and illuminated transparencies in the public rejoicings, her majesty the Queen, who has some time since entered on her career as a Spanish poetess, strikes her lyre to higher strains; quitting all more humble walks, she assumes the epic trump to celebrate in an heroic poem of octave rhymes, to be entitled, as we are assured, “ El Fernando,” the illustrious deeds, the labours, sufferings, and most noble enterprises of her beloved husband. The critics say, that one of the few branches of literature not yet attempted with success in the Spanish language, is the epic; let us, at any rate, then, hail the good intentions of the royal poetess, in her ambition to supply the deficiency in spite of the difficulties which attend the theme she has chosen for her poem.

Notwithstanding the absence of the King and his retinue, Madrid continues to shine with a false lustre capable of dazzling those who only look to outward appearances. Never was greater luxury observable in the promenades and other occasions of public concourse; never was more refinement prevalent in the diversions and grand assemblies. The Italian opera, which the inhabitants of the capital

ard now enjoying, is no less brilliant than that of Barcelona, ever reputed one of the best in Europe, while the other theatres are resorted to and served with an emulation unknown a few years ago. The cause of this is the vast number of strangers who flock to Madrid from the provinces: of these the greatest part are aspirants after places and honours, a calling of ancient standing in Spain; and as this pursuit requires that the purse-strings be kept constantly open, a temporary circulation of the specie is the natural consequence, while the public diversions are an absolute necessity to all those who know not what to do with their time, until their turn arrives to be admitted to the ante-room, or the secretariat, to hear the consolatory announcement, *We will see what can be done—pray return in a few days.* However this may be, certain it is that refinement of taste and polite learning have recently received an impetus, while matters of knowledge of greater utility are more than ever neglected. Of this improvement in taste we have an example in the theatres, where, instead of repetitions of unmeaning and badly-translated melodrames of the French school, the best pieces of Lope de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, and his contemporaries are often represented. It is notorious, however, that in all these productions of the ancient Spanish theatre, the feeling of national pride, exaltation of mind proportioned to the greatness, the remembrance of which was fresh in the mind of every Spaniard at the time they were written, predominate over every other sentiment: this same feeling still survives, and the Spaniard attaches himself to it the more, as through its means he keeps out of sight the state of debasement and degradation into which he is now fallen. In many of the ancient pieces, moreover, the principle of absolute obedience to the will of the sovereign, and a sort of idolatry for his person, are inculcated; and this circumstance is one of the most conducive to the gaining for these pieces a good reception from the censorship, to which they are submitted before the permission for their representation can be procured. These causes, more, perhaps, than the intrinsic merit of the productions themselves, account for the great favour shewn towards 'Selections from the Ancient Spanish Theatre,' a work now reprinting in Madrid, and which has obtained a greater number of subscribers than any which have appeared of late years, not excepting even those which met with the most signal protection.

The Jesuits, too much occupied with aims of a higher flight, do little for letters. They advance with gigantic steps; and, in contradiction to their protestations at the time of their re-establishment, and which many simple people were credulous enough to believe, that they are monks and nothing more, now shew clearly that they have lost nothing of the ancient spirit of their institution. The principal works printed by them are the following: 'Selectos de los Autores Latinos,' (Selections from the Latin Authors); 'Gramatica Griega del P. Petisco,' (Greek Grammar); and 'La Historia Antigua, del P. Duchesne traduzida al Castellano,' (The Ancient History of the P. Duchesne, translated into Castilian); to the notable discredit, however, of that beautiful idiom. For the rest, 'The Agregaciones al Corazon de Jesus,' (Contribution to the heart of Jesus,) and other such trifles, increase ad infinitum; they are sown with a liberal hand,

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and in time will produce their fruit. The number of the pupils of the Jesuits augments from day to day; the claims of estates, under the pretext of recovery of lost property, are continual; the *Seminaria de Nobles* of Madrid has been converted into *Colegio Imperial de la Compañia de Jesus*, with every accompaniment of splendour and profusion as well in internal arrangement as in the building itself. During the last winter the collegiates, by way of a domestic amusement, represented a drama entitled the 'Terrible Noche de un proscrito,' The terrible Night of one proscribed. The concourse of spectators was immense, and of the highest ranks; and the gates of the seminary were thronged with the most brilliant equipages waiting for the company within. The Jesuits, however, cannot do every thing; and hence has arisen the necessity—and also the fact which has actually occurred—that the father professor of physics at the imperial college, not being one of that order, before giving his lectures, takes care to learn what the professor at the establishment of S. Isidore inculcates on the same point, and by this regulates his own lessons, thus shedding on his pupils a reflected light. With all these pretensions, it is not surprising that the Jesuits should be objects of jealousy to the other orders, who hold them in greater detestation even than that which they feel for the philosophers and Jansenists, names which the good fathers bestow liberally on their enemies, to discredit them with the simple. A grave Franciscan, Carmelite, or Dominican, when reminded of the progress made by the Jesuits, and of the favour enjoyed by them at court, will answer with resentment scarcely concealed, and evident ill-will, "True, they are all the vogue, but it is a vogue that will pass."

Besides the works to which we have already alluded, the following also deserve notice.

'*Conveniencia de las Asociaciones productoras para las obras de utilidad pública.*'

('The Expediency of Joint-Stock Associations for Works of public utility.')

THIS memoir, the author of which is Don Antonio Prat, urges the utility and necessity of establishing in Spain the English system of joint-stock companies, for the construction of roads, bridges, canals, and other public works. We cannot do less than commend the patriotic zeal of the author, and hope that his work, which is well arranged, and remarkable for the number of useful facts and notices contained in it, will not be for ever lost labour. For the present, and until a government capable of inspiring confidence in the middle and productive classes of society shall be established, all that can be expected for it is, that it shall be read and praised by those who desire the regeneration of their country.

'*Bosquejo de Itálica, o Assumtes que juntaba para sa historia D. Justino Matute i Gaviria, individuo de la Real Academia de la Historia i de la de Buennas Letras de Sevilla.*'

('Sketch of Itálica; or Notes of its History,' &c.)

THIS is a work deserving the attention of all who interest themselves in antiquarian researches, and especially of those who study the

Hispano-Roman transactions. The famous Italica, admitted by the Romans to municipal rights, presents in her venerable ruins a great variety of objects, capable of throwing light on some of the most curious questions relative to the ancient Betica when under the dominion of the Romans.

'Guipuzcoaco Dantzo gogoangarrien Condaira, &c. Historia de los antiguos bailes Guipuzcoanos, i reglas instructivas para esecutarlos bien i cantarlos en verso. Por Don Juan Ignacio de Iztueta. San Sebastian.'

('History of the ancient Dances of the Guipuzcoans, and rules for executing them well, and singing them in verse.')

THIS little work also relates to antiquities, but to the antiquities of an existing people, highly interesting for their customs and political institutions, notwithstanding that they are under the dominion of by the Spanish monarchy. In the small province of Guipuzcoa, in Biscay, liberty and the patriarchal virtues still find an asylum. To portray this liberty and these virtues, without any affectation of erudition, explaining the allusions of the dances and diversions of the Guipuzcoans, regarded as the symbols of their social existence, if it be not the object, is, at any rate, the result of this work. It is written by a man devoid of polish, and, as he himself tells us, of little more learning than enough to enable him to sign his own name. The work is delightful for its simplicity, for the multitude of traditional notices it contains, for the love of country it displays, and for the truth of its pictures. The descriptions of the dances and innocent games form, as it were, hieroglyphics of the history, the usages, and of the society of the Biscayan district, as picturesque to behold as they are estimable for their natural qualities. The work is written in the Biscayan dialect, with much purity and refinement of language; and, among many other singularities, possesses that of presenting, translated with an ability hardly to have been expected, various passages of the delightful prose in which Jovellanos wrote his interesting memoir on the public diversions of Spain.

GERMANY.

LITERATURE.

'Vorlesungen ueber die Philosophie des lebens von Frederick von Schlegel K. K. Legationsrath, und Ritter des Christus ordens; Mitglied des K. K. Akademie der bildenden Künste, und Dr. der Philosophie.'—Wien, 1827-8.

('Lectures on the Philosophy of Life, by Frederick von Schlegel, Imperial-Royal Counsellor, Knight of the Order of Christ, Member of the I. R. Academy of Arts, and Dr. in Philosophy.' Vienna, 1827-8.)

FREDERICK Schlegel is the brother of William Schlegel whose profession of Protestant faith we touched on in our preceding number. This author, as may be inferred from his long title, is one of those whom Alfieri calls court writers, and who, in our opinion, are the pests of literature. For, surely, if the most noble possession of man be

ratioeination and mental power, certainly the prostitution of these noble endowments is the most disgusting of all abuses of our faculties; and that which most excites the indignation and loathing of an honest mind, is to observe men, gifted, perhaps, more than other mortals with capacity and disposition to advocate the cause of truth, in their cupidity to acquire riches and worldly honours, close their eyes upon the light, and, feigning to be animated by a true zeal for what is best, hypocritically reject their own conviction and become the ministers of tyranny and superstition.

Frederick Schlegel is one of these afflicting instances of self-abasement. With all the advantages of a liberal education, brought up in those principles of humane philanthropy and independent research, which form the basis of that amelioration of society which has almost universally broken through the chains of despotism, both civil and religious, and which has opened the road of happiness and consequence to the multitude,—the author of the lectures before us, from Protestant has turned Catholic, being a Catholic he has become Jesuit, and from the eulogist of liberty, has descended to be the most grovelling slave of Austria, and of Metternich, its true monarch. These lectures afford a proof of the mental weakness into which that man falls, who, in the pursuit of sordid gain, sacrifices his honest conviction, and speaks and writes to gratify a despot.

The Emperor of Austria, as is well known to all from his celebrated speech at Laybach, and from other most wise sayings of his Imperial Majesty, is thoroughly averse from the progressive improvement of the human mind; he abhors that veracious philosophy which, separating pretence and illusion from realities, removes the false glare and semblance of truth with which ignorance covers her works. To conquer, therefore, the Imperial hatred of learning, or, more correctly speaking, to exalt the system of ignorance which is the foundation both of civil and religious despotism, the Chevalier Schlegel occasionally gives public lectures in Vienna, in which, in divers ingenious ways, he attempts to persuade his hearers that there is no safety for man but in a total relinquishment of his reasoning faculties, in a passive and resigned abandonment to whatever the absolute will of one man shall please to decree for him.

This Ottoman philosophy, in variously turned phrases and under divers metaphors, forms the substance of the present lectures; and the blessed life to which it would lead poor humanity, is, unfortunately, precisely that to which the slaves in our colonies, in common with all the subjects of Austria, are condemned.

‘Fürsten und Völker von Sud Europa in sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert, vornehmlich aus ungedruckten Gesandtschaft berichten von Leopold Rank.’ Hamburg.

(‘Princes and People of the South of Europe, in the 16th and 17th centuries, drawn principally from diplomatic documents.’)

THIS was the most remarkable of the literary novelties which appeared at the last Leipsic fair. The author, whose historical capability was already attested by his excellent criticism on modern historians, has employed, in the work before us, the most perspicacious assiduity in

investigating the history of the princes and people of the South, in the 16th and 17th centuries.

Favoured with access to divers diplomatic archives, he has drawn a true and lively picture of the corruption which, by means of the absolute monarchs of the South, has infected Europe. He has, especially, succeeded in disclosing the internal machinery of the fatal system of administration which originated in Spain, and thence spread far and wide—a system which has, at length, brought that country to the brink of ruin, the baneful effects of which will not be confined to the peninsula.

In these respects, as well as in regard to the new character and light in which many individuals known to history are now shewn for the first time, the book we are noticing is worthy of the present age; it is the work of a man who is at once a politician and an historian.

NETHERLANDS.

PUBLIC EDUCATION.

THE population of the Netherlands is estimated at 6,148,286 inhabitants: of these, 633,859 children receive instruction in the elementary schools, 7038 youths are educated in the colleges and classical academies, and 2638 are students at the universities.

These universities are six in number; that of Louvain, which, while it is the most ancient, is also the most celebrated, and the most frequented, reckons about six hundred students. The University of Leyden, which was instituted in recompense of the brave defence made by the city against the Spaniards in 1574, has rendered itself illustrious by the number of distinguished scholars it has produced. Those of Liege, of Ghent, of Utrecht, of Groningen, have also deserved the esteem and consideration of the natives of their respective provinces. That of Groningen is the least frequented; the regular number of its scholars scarcely exceeds three hundred. Each of these universities comprises four faculties:—those of law, medicine, the sciences, and the humanities. Leyden, Utrecht, and Groningen have besides a theological faculty.

The northern provinces of the Netherlands have, moreover, three Athenæums, or superior colleges, which, however, have nothing in common with the Athenæums of England and France, or even of the southern provinces of the Netherlands, but the name. The Athenæums of Amsterdam, Franeker, and Deventer, in point of fact, may be considered universities, wanting only the power of conferring the degree of Doctor.

Within the last few years, two grand establishments, destined to spread instruction among the people, have been founded in the southern provinces of the kingdom. We allude to the Athenæum of Brussels, a sort of academy, in which every branch of learning and the sciences is taught by able professors, brought there from all parts of Europe; and the theological institution, established at Louvain, under the title of 'Collège Philosophique,' a sort of grand normal school, more particularly dedicated to ecclesiastical education.

Civilization and learning have advanced greatly in the provinces of Belgium and Holland since the restoration of the house of Orange. In these, elementary instruction is much more general than in France, and almost equals what it is in England. The desire to acquire knowledge of a solid kind is not confined to the inferior and younger classes of society; the higher ranks, and men of a certain age, who, a few years ago, had no taste for any but the lightest reading, now attend in considerable numbers the lectures of the Athenæums and the universities. Associations to procure the perusal of choice works and of periodical publications, in the manner of our book societies, have been formed in different towns, and the public libraries, until lately but little used, become every day more and more frequented, and thus afford a proof of the happy change which has been effected in the habits of the people of Holland and Flanders.

LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH, with regard to elementary education, the kingdom of the Netherlands may be classed with the most enlightened countries Europe, in a literary point of view it ranks below England, France, Germany, and even Italy. The number of works published at Brussels and Amsterdam is insignificant: the first of these towns scarcely prints any thing but counterfeits of French works: and the Dutch language has too limited a range to afford much occupation to the press of Amsterdam in the composition of books in that dialect. The three following are the only works of any importance published in the Netherlands since the beginning of the year.

‘Plutarque des Pays-Bas, ou Vie des hommes illustres de ce Royaume.’

‘The Flemish Plutarch, or Memoirs of the Illustrious Men of the Kingdom of the Netherlands.’ Brussels, 1828. Laurent. 4 vols. 8vo.

As yet two volumes only of this interesting gallery of distinguished Belgians has been published: and we have seen but the first. This contains the biography of William I.; of Ruyter; Rubens; John II.; Grotius; Brauwer de Wit; Vondel; Erasmus; Boerhaave; Gretry; Swammerdam; Huygens; and of Charles V. The portraits of these celebrated men are written with elegance, and acquire additional interest from the number of anecdotes introduced in the narrative of their lives. The memoirs of Brauwer de Wit, Vondel, Swammerdam, Erasmus, and Boerhaave, appear to us to combine all that is desirable in biography. For the others, we cannot say so much: in these the errors, anachronisms, and omissions are frequent, and detract greatly from their value. The notice on Grotius, the date of whose death, which was in August, 1645, is omitted, is, however, highly interesting: the originality of mind, and the facility and happiness in expressing his thoughts, which distinguished this writer, are strongly exemplified by his description of his native country, Holland, ‘as a land in which the four elements are merely sketched.’

‘Mengelingen van waderlauschen Inhoud.’

‘Patriotic Miscellany, published by J. F. Willems. No. 1. and 2. Antwerp, 1828. 8vo.

THIS is a collection of pieces never before printed, enriched with dissertations or notices on various points of literature and history. The two numbers before us contain ; 1. a translation in Flemish verse of the charming Latin poem of the jesuit Meyer, entitled ‘*Luna Ardens*.’ 2. Two ancient pieces of Flemish poetry, with annotations. 3. A letter from Charles the Fifth, in which that powerful monarch, the lord of the treasures of the new world, lavishes his cajoleries on the good town of Antwerp, to coax from it a paltry pecuniary aid. 4. Remarks on Vondel and Maria Tesselschade Visscher. 5. A dissertation, in which it is attempted to claim for Antwerp the glory of the invention of printing, towards the year 1446. 6. Letters written from Antwerp during the time when the Duke of Alençon was seeking to form for himself a sovereignty in the Netherlands. The collection is curious, amusing, and instructive.

‘*Les Souverains de l’Europe en 1828, et leurs Héritiers présomptifs, leurs Gouvernemens, leurs Cabinets, leurs Ambassadeurs, leurs Chargés d’Affaires, dans les diverses Cours, avec Portraits.*’

(‘The Sovereigns of Europe in 1828, their heirs presumptive, governments, &c.’ Bruxelles, 1828. Tarlier, 1 vol. 8vo.)

THE author, in taking for his motto the words of Bossuet, ‘*Les rois sont faits pour les peuples, et non les peuples pour les rois*,’ announces at once that the sovereigns of Europe will not find in him a very lenient judge. We naturally, therefore, turn to the portraits of those who are most notorious for opposition to the advance of enlightenment, in order to form a first idea of the manner of the anonymous biographer. We opened the leaves with a feeling of prejudice ; we feared to find in the book before us, one of the family of scandalous biographies with which every country of Europe has been recently inundated, and the greater part of which have excited the contempt and disgust of all honest minds, whatever may be their political opinions. At the same time we could entertain but little hope that such a subject could be treated with due impartiality. We were agreeably disappointed in both these respects. The author of the ‘*Souverains de l’Europe*’ has successfully grappled with the difficulties of his subject, and acquitted himself with credit in his undertaking : his pen is free from that malignity which has so many charms for the party-spirit of the age : he has not sought to gain the favour of his readers by wielding the weapon of ridicule, but has preferred to owe the impression he makes on them, to the more powerful arms of logic and truth. If his portraits be not painted with that richness of colour, and that boldness of pencil which betoken the hand of a master, they possess, at least, the strong resemblance which bespeaks the conscientious author. Facts are related in a temperate tone, and actions are interpreted with reserve : we find few of those hardy assertions which *may*, indeed, convey the truth, but which are placed in too weak a light to allow us to pronounce that they are more than probabilities. This is a work to be recommended, therefore, not

so much, perhaps, for containing novel matter, as for bringing together in a single volume, a mass of information which must, otherwise, be sought for through a number of historical documents. The articles most distinguished for faithful delineation, and for the sound ideas they develop, are those on Spain, the Roman States, and Sweden.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.

WHEN we went to press last month, the new ministry was not wholly formed. Its extraordinary military complexion was indeed already apparent; but it was scarcely more than rumour, and people were still inclined to exclaim, "It is impossible!" They might have been answered in the words of the Fool in the play, "I did not say it was possible, I only said it was true." And so indeed it has proved. Sir George Murray is Secretary for the Colonies—Sir Henry Hardinge is Secretary at War.

We wonder at the Duke of Wellington being opposed to the march of intellect; for, without some new patent road to knowledge, how, upon earth, can he and his subalterns learn anything about their new trade? Unless the Hamiltonian system be applied to state matters as well as to language, how is Sir George Murray to be *au fait* of all the difficult, multitudinous, and intricate questions of colonial policy? How?—Why, he is a lieutenant-general, and a G. C. B.

Mr. Huskisson's explanation—which, as a speech, was excellent, and the peroration of which arose to a degree of absolute eloquence to which we had not supposed him to be equal,—told a little against himself, and a great deal against the Duke of Wellington. It told against himself, inasmuch as his first letter was certainly hasty and ill-advised; and might, undoubtedly, bear the interpretation which the Duke attached to it. It told also, we think, a little against himself, in the extent to which he carried his explanations when His Grace, with a cold insolence we have seldom seen paralleled, insisted upon continuing to attach a meaning to expressions which their writer said they were not intended to bear, and to refuse to listen to that interpretation which their construction equally expressed, and which the writer declared was the sense in which he had used them. When the Duke acted in such a way as this, it was quite clear that he was determined Mr. Huskisson should go; and it would have been, perhaps, more dignified, if he had told the Duke he saw that was his intention, left off explaining, and gone at once. Still, we can attach very great consideration to the feelings which Mr. Huskisson frankly and honourably confessed in the House of Commons. Place to him was not mere place; he was there as the representative and organ of a system which, if he did not invent, he certainly was

the first to introduce,
Refined it first, and shewed its use.

He had chalked out a mighty plan for the amelioration of the country, and had begun to act upon it. He had carried it through a stormy morning, and was now emerging into fair winds and smooth seas at noon. The country looked up to him as the stay of this system—as the person who would work it through to perfection. For him to lose power was, therefore, as though you should deprive a painter of his pencil as his work advanced to completion; or tell an architect to finish an edifice, three parts complete, without mortar, stone, or straw. We can perfectly understand that a man, feeling himself upon this proud eminence—the representative of advancement, the organ of national improvement—should be most loth to sink into a private individual; and we can make every allowance for his striving to remain in a situation where he was at once so useful and so great.

Mr. Huskisson's explanation told against the Duke of Wellington, by exposing the paltry bargain-and-sale motives by which he was actuated in wishing for his colleague's discharge; and the pig-headed, schoolboy-like obstinacy with which he carried it into effect. With regard to the motives, it was quite manifest that the *independent* Duke of Wellington is truckling in the most abject manner to the great borough-holders, and that it was necessary to sacrifice Mr. Huskisson to buy the Duke of Newcastle. It certainly is somewhat of an epigrammatic comment upon our constitution "as it works," to reflect that the most intellectual, learned, and able minister in the government should be sacrificed at the beck of a booby peer, whose exhibitions, "few and far between" in the House of Lords, would lead one to suppose that his Grace would have some difficulty in solving the problem of, as he would phrase it, "What is two times two?" However, "the system works well," and it gives the power to this borough-mongering bumpkin to say, like Francis of Austria, "I want no clever and learned men," and to turn them out accordingly forthwith. But it was not the mere general hatred of dulness to talent—of dukes of long descent to the sons of their own actions—of country-gentlemen to the advocates of free trade in corn—of old George the Third Tories to men of enlarged views and liberal principles. There was all this, to be sure; but there was also the sin of Mr. Huskisson having voted against the transference of the East Retford franchise to the Duke of Newcastle. This, quoth Wellington, our Nottinghamshire friend will never forgive. Huskisson, for a moment, has ceased to be "a man of sense." *Pour le coup, Philippe, je te tiens.* But, no; we doubt if his military Grace's reading extend to this quotation. We mean, he felt that he had got Husky in his grip, and he would not loose it. "It is no mistake, it can be no mistake, it shall be no mistake"—to use the Duke's most urbane and gentlemanlike expression to Lord Dudley. I shall get Newcastle, and get rid of Huskisson at one blow. I shall gain a blockhead who has boroughs, and rid myself of a man under whose superiority I writhe, who has none—"There *shall* be no mistake."

Huskisson gone, and Lord Dudley (who appears throughout to have acted a most manly part), Lord Palmerston, "and the rest" having gone with him,—the question was how to fill their places. And, cer-

tainly, we must own that, *for the purposes required*, no idea more happy than that adopted, could have been devised. If it were the Duke's own, we have done him injustice;—for it was *bright*—a quality which, we believe, friend nor foe ever accused His Grace of possessing. His choosing his own immediate military satellites, was a wise measure; because the submission he demanded was such as no man of independent feelings, or laying claim to that rank of intellect which has hitherto been considered necessary for such places, could submit to. Military men trained in habitual submission, and having been constantly about his person during his wars, would, of course, consider themselves merely as executive officers—and never dream of having more than a subordinate discretion of their own. Sir George Murray had been his Quarter-Master-General, an office requiring considerable practical knowledge and activity—but one strictly of detail—and in no degree involving the design of any independent movements, or, indeed, anything more than gathering the information, and executing a certain description of the plans, needed by the commander-in-chief. We do not, in any degree, wish to undervalue Sir George—whom we believe to be a very able and accomplished man in his own line—but, even in that, he has never acted save in immediate communication with the Duke of Wellington, and under his personal command. His whole promotion and success in life have been through the Duke. Can it be expected that he can be otherwise (we do not wish to use the term offensively) than a mere instrument in the hands of the Premier?

We have said that we consider the selection by the Duke of Wellington, of persons wholly devoted to himself, to have been a wise one: of course, we mean *as regards himself*. The interests of the country—what are they? The less he knew himself about general policy—the less he was fit for his office—and he told us himself, last year, that it was too absurd for it to have been supposed that he could dream of it—the more, one would think, he ought to have taken care that the ministerial offices of each department should be most ably filled. If the principal knows nothing about the matter—and we are quite willing to receive his own evidence that he does not—the subordinates ought to be able to work through their business without more than a nominal appeal to him. But how are such subordinates to get on? What *can* Sir George Murray know of the colonies—what *does* Lord Aberdeen know of foreign affairs?

The travell'd thane—Athenian Aberdeen

—is a cold, pompous, pedantic peer of the old school—who, probably, is too slow and cautious to do any great rash, or blundering harm, but whom it is pitiable to see in an office which, for five years, was adorned with the brilliancy of George Canning. Those years thoroughly changed the foreign policy of this country. Instead of being a tool and dupe of the Holy Alliance—bought by a snuff-box from this king, and a smile from that emperor—as it had been under that thing

half way

'Twixt a goose and a vulture, my Lord Castlereagh,—

England, under Mr. Canning's foreign administration, became the arbitrator of the old world, and the liberatrix of the new;—she again, in great measure, resumed her old station and character—was again

considered the friend of the free, and the enemy of despots. The flimsy foppery and jargon of restored legitimacy vanished from her diplomatic language; and she spoke out again in her free insular tongue. Mr. Canning carried this policy as far *as he could*. But even he was hampered and fettered by the power of that bigoted, blind, ignorant, selfish, and contemptible body, (*as such*)—the aristocracy of this country—but a body, alas! in one point, far from contemptible—in strength. And, if it possesses a giant's strength, which "is excellent," it "uses it like a giant," which is "tyrannous;"—and, indeed, it resembles, generally, the portraiture of giants in our tales of chivalry; it is strong in mere strength, but miserably weak in understanding,—it has bulk and ferocity, but neither grace, delicacy, nor cultivation.

If, indeed, the PEOPLE of this country were represented; if the members of Parliament were returned by populous places instead of such people as the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Beaufort, and (*proh pudor!*) Lord Hertford,—will it be believed that the present ministry could ever have existed? or that, existing, it would stand a month? The people of England have always had—and long may they continue to have—a most salutary jealousy of military government. Even the pomp and glitter of our military exhibitions afford them, as a mass, no pleasure. They will obey a constable cheerfully, where they grumble at and abuse a soldier, and would knock him down were it not for his bayonet. They arrive at the (exceedingly just) conclusion, that soldiers being armed men trained to act in concert, and to implicit obedience to their commanders, are ready implements to enforce any stretch of power; and that if we allow our liberties to play with the young tiger as a pet, it will by degrees imperceptibly grow large and strong, and strike them dead at a blow.

And, with these feelings—and who will deny their existence?—can it be believed that the people would tolerate a government of which the head is the foremost general of the day, and virtually Commander in Chief at this moment; and who, not content with his own promotion, crams his lieutenants, in a manner so unblushing as to need the utmost exertion of military brass, into stations hitherto occupied by none but experienced statesmen? We suppose he will soon, in imitation of that illustrious general and statesman, the Duke of Cumberland, issue a general order, directing the whole cabinet to wear moustaches of one regimental colour, and to cut their hair *à la Russe*!

There never could have been a time less calculated than the present for the erection of a military government in England. The mind of the nation has been most rapidly becoming essentially *civil* for several years past. Education has spread its blessings over the people, and is advancing more and more to maturity every day. Now, there cannot be a proposition in Euclid more undeniable, than that, as intellectual improvement advances, respect for military glory, and military people and things in general, will decline. One of the first things which cultivation teaches the mind, and perhaps *the* thing which becomes the most deeply and irrevocably impressed upon it as cultivation advances, is that PEACE is the highest and greatest good to which man, in this world, can look. It is undoubtedly true that, as the world is at present constituted, to make peace worth the preserving we must sometimes

go to war. But war upon mere matters of form and etiquette, of "crown and dignity;" such wars, in a word, as nine out of ten of our wars since the conquest, either atrociously unjust, or extravagantly frivolous;—such wars, whose chief uses have been to make contractors *millionaires*—to add a second epaulette to shoulders which bore but one, and a star to breasts which before were bare;—such wars we begin now to think are better let alone. Some people, though we fear as yet but few, imagine that taking away human lives in great numbers, and in a dreadful manner,—that burning houses, insulting and tyrannizing over the inhabitants, plundering families, to say nothing of other outrages, of which indeed we *can* say nothing,—some people imagine that these things are not humane or Christian. But, we are sure that a very large majority of the people of England have arrived at the conclusion that war increases taxes and impedes commerce; that the furtherance of trade, and general internal improvement of every sort, are the real things to look to, and that we can enjoy these only in peace.

The intoxication of our military successes, during the latter years of the war, has now entirely passed away: and people think much more of the millions it has added to the national debt, than the laurels it has added to the national glory. The wine has been drunk out, and the head-ache and the bill come the next morning. Never, we are convinced, was there a period at which war and warriors were less popular in this country.

And yet this is the time singled out for the unprecedented paradox of putting a general at the head of the treasury, and filling the subordinate places with his subaltern officers:—men ignorant equally of general principles of policy, and of the details of business—men bred up in a narrow, exclusive, and at once an arbitrary and slavish profession. These are the ministers of constitutional and commercial England—men who know of the constitution only enough to hate it for that which is in it of free, and of commerce to despise its professors as *pekins*.

But the schoolmaster will be too hard for the corporal yet. The Duke of Wellington's ministry either will be drilled—by the *ferule*, not by the rattan,—into moderate measures, or it will not stand. We think the former the more likely alternative. We are inclined to believe the Duke of Wellington will follow the principle which we once heard wittily given as a key to Lord Castlereagh's political course:—He will "do all the harm he can, *consistently with his remaining in office*." He will never bring forward any measure of reformation or improvement; but he will rather yield to their passing than go out. His conduct on the Test and Corporation Act Repeal Bill, may, we think, be taken as a sample. He opposed it at first; but, finding the tide too strong, yielded; and let the bill pass, doing it all the harm he could as it went. He will, alternately, truckle to and support the aristocracy, and the landed interest. This country being essentially commercial, five-sixths of its power, two-thirds of its wealth, and nine-tenths of its intelligence, being sprung from the commercial classes,—the Duke will always postpone their interests to every Acres of a clod-owner, who has a battue or a borough to give. But he will just keep within the mark

at which he would be voted an intolerable national nuisance, and be *abated* by common consent.

This Duke of Wellington has been, we believe, and that by certain persons who are allowed to walk at large, compared to Napoleon! Look at the first six months after the 18 Brumaire in France, and look at the half year from January to June 1828, in England. Napoleon had to re-organize everything, to create an army, and conquer Italy a second time. And yet, in the midst of the assembling of that army at Dijon* which, crossing the St. Bernard, regained Italy in a day, all the civil departments were in rapid process of restoration after the mis-government of the directory. What has Napoleon, who certainly had some small share of military glory as well as other folks, said that he should desire to be known by in after ages?—*By his Code!* Shall we ever see a Wellington Code? or, without going so far, shall we date from his reign any of those great reforms in jurisprudence for which the people pant? or, if we do, will they have been wrought by his direction, under his personal superintendence,—or against a sullen and suppressed will? Napoleon was despotic, he desired to be the autocrat. But the internal regulations which sprang from that autocracy were, when it was not itself concerned, admirable. For what measures are we to thank the noble Duke? We suppose England stands in need of no improvements. Heigho!

But it is idle to talk of the two men together. They have no one thing in common as civil governors, except the fact of their both being military men; which fact will no more bring his Grace of Wellington to a par with the Emperor, than a man will become an Alexander because he is wry-necked, or a Cæsar from chancing to be bald.

When we know what an enlightened and liberal minister *could*, at this time, do for England, it is lamentable to think that her fortunes are intrusted to the hands of dragoons and grenadiers! This time last year, Mr. Canning was still alive; and, not only from his natural dispositions, but also from the circumstances under which he came into office, we had every reason to look forward to an administration devoted to the cause of human happiness and improvement. Mr. Canning had now got the power, we believe he always had the will—to press forward the advancement of England. We have heard the converse of the proposition cited above with regard to Lord Castlereagh, applied to Mr. Canning—that “he did all the good he was able, consistently with his remaining in office.” The tone he had adopted in the department previously under his management, had been that of “Liberty and Peace.” He had all along, also, supported his friend and follower Huskisson, in his plans of free trade. He was not only coupled in office with men of liberal feelings, and enlarged views, but, what was almost better, he had shaken off for ever those “old men of the sea,” who had made him, like Sinbad, do their detested bidding for a time. “*En avant!*” would have been the motto of his government. Himself an elegant and accomplished

* It was reckoned, by our government people of that day, atheistical and republican to believe in the existence of this army.—Nothing can be more ludicrous than to turn to the ministerial papers of the time, and see them denying there being twenty men assembled, after, in fact, that superb army had destroyed the Austrians at Marengo.

II.

Thy sire's heroic arm, waved round his head,
 Made place and station mid the obscuring crowd,
 Till Fame's bright beams were on his temples shed,
 And at his feet a dazzled nation bowed.
 They called him to their desert throne, which stood
 A sign and warning to creation's heirs ;
 And if its steps were smeared with kingly blood,
 It was not shed by *him*,—the crime was theirs !

III.

He raised up altars by their hands o'erthrown ;
 Their broken laws, their outraged faith, restored ;
 And Art,—which trembling from their realms had flown,
 Came back, protected by his guardian sword !
 What gave they in return ? desertion—death !
 A barren rock,—an exile's lonely grave !—
 Oh ! shun the flatteries of such fickle breath,—
 Disdain their sceptre,—spurn their proffered glaive.

IV.

They bade him conquer,—well did he obey !
 They bade him burn, slay, plunder, storm, invest.
 And now, they breathe reproaches o'er the clay
 Which but too well—not wisely—did their 'hest.
 Mankind might loathe him,—he their hatred sought ;
 Europe might turn upon the foe it feared,—
 But every crime,—each o'er-aspiring thought
 Should have to *them* his very fall endeared.

V.

The crown which hovered o'er thine infant sleep,
 How little did it give thee to resign !
 A banished sire,—whose fate thou dar'st not weep,
 A mother,—who forsook his side and thine.
 Hadst thou been lowlier born, that father's love,
 Intense and deep, had still o'erwatched thy path ;
 That mother's faith had been less slight to move,
 Unborn from kings which heaven hath crowned in wrath.

VI.

Then tarry here, where hearts that love thee well
 Will guard thy gentle frame, thine opening mind.
 Thy name hath proved too long a fatal spell,
 To win the trust and blessing of mankind.
 Here, where thy modest virtues plead its cause,
 Live,—pure from wild ambition's fevered trance ;
 And spurn, supported by the world's applause,
 That crown of thorns—the diadem of France.

C. F. G.

ADVENTURES OF AN ITALIAN AMONG THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA*.

It was our intent to have reviewed Captain Franklin's interesting and admirable book; but our readers probably do not know to what chances of time and tide we purveyors of periodicals are exposed. This work was published on the 4th or 5th of June—and, consequently, all the newspapers and weekly journals have had the whole month to batten upon it—and truly they have not been idle. Reviews, notices, and, above all, extracts, extracts, extracts, have been teeming during the month—so that we feel we should either have to drain a very exhausted source, or to set before our readers that which they have seen in a dozen different papers during the last three weeks. We cannot, however, quit this book without expressing our admiration of the manner in which it has been, what is technically termed, *got up*. Its beautiful plates, and admirable printing, confer great credit upon all concerned in the production; and make it seem as though they desired to give every extraneous advantage to the records of actions so honourable to the British name.

We had, therefore, given up our idea of conducting our readers to the Lakes and Indians of Canada, and the North, when the little book, of which we have subjoined the title, was put into our hands. Its author came still more intimately into communication with the Indians than Captain Franklin himself. His journey, if less important, was still more romantic. The work has lately been published at Florence, and its authenticity is attested by the testimony of a respectable Italian journal. The traveller does not put forth, like his countryman Mr. Beltrami, claims to any important discovery, his account is plain and modest; he relates his personal vicissitudes, during which, being thrown by chance among the Indians, with whom he associated, intermarried, and became almost naturalized, he has been able to collect many curious particulars concerning that strange race, whose appearance, character, and rapid decrease, we consider as forming one of the most striking phenomena in the history of mankind.

Our traveller, a native of Leghorn, embarked in May, 1822, in the American ship *Indus* bound to New York. His object was to engage in the Canada fur trade. He proceeded therefore to the Canadian lakes; at Sandusky he saw the first Indians, and witnessed the effects of their intemperance, which the Europeans too often encourage. At Lake Huron he landed on an island whither parties engaged in the fur trade resort; and where he expected to engage himself with some of the traders.

It is in the neighbourhood of Montreal that the fur companies generally recruit their men: the French Canadians are commonly preferred, on account of the old habits of friendship which they have maintained to this day with the Indians, and also for their experience and hardihood in the fatigues of the *portages*. Such is the name given to the distance or isthmus that intervenes between two rivers, and where it is necessary to carry the canoes on men's shoulders. The largest

* Viaggio di un Livornese al Canada, 8vo. Firenze. 1827.

of these canoes are thirty feet in length: they are generally constructed about Montreal; with these they descend the rapids, and proceed through the lakes and rivers of the Canadian wilderness. The men engage themselves at the rate of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars a-year. The parties leave Montreal in July, and reach Michel Machinab in the middle of August; whence they proceed to explore the coast of Lake Superior, of the Lake of the Rain, and that of the Woods, and from thence to the Red River, Lake Winnipeg, &c. The principal part of the furs is purchased from the Indians in exchange for calicoes, blankets, arms and ammunition, beads, brandy, rum, and whiskey. The latter are the true keys of the trade, but their use is not unattended with danger, as the savages, when intoxicated, will attempt at times to murder the Europeans for the purpose of plundering them: in such affrays, firmness and intrepidity are the best means to overawe the savage; the least mark of pusillanimity on the part of the whites leads to sure destruction.

The Indians begin at Lake Erie; so far they have been driven back by the Americans. They are known by the name of Hurons; farther on are the Sauteurs or Chippeways, mixed with other nations. The Chippeways are more civilized and humane than their neighbours. They inhabit the banks of the Lakes Superior, Rainy, and of the Woods; and those of the Red River. They are often at war with the Sioux, about the right of hunting in the region between the Red River and that of St. Peter.

.. We have left our Italian on an island of the Lake Huron. There he was taken ill with the ague, and had the grief of seeing the traders set off one after the other for the upper country, and himself in danger of being left alone to perish in that desolate spot. One day, however, he perceived a large boat, with six men on board, making for the shore. On enquiry, he found they had been engaged for the trade, but had lost, through illness, their master and two-thirds of the crew; and they, the survivors, intended to sell their stores and return home. They had arms, they said, but no head, and could do nothing without a chief. A thought struck our Italian; he offered himself to replace their late master, and to pay each on their return a share of the profits. The men took time to consider, and strange to say, at last the offer was accepted, and sealed over potations of whiskey. They set off for the interior; the prospect of success cheered up our adventurer, and drove away his ague. The party crossed the Lake of the Woods, entered the Red River, and reached the Winnipeg. There they began purchasing skins from the Indians. For this purpose, the men scatter themselves in different directions, after having fixed on a place of rendezvous, proceeding from hut to hut, often at great distances from one another. The first that enters an Indian's hut, lays his hands on the skins: sometimes another customer arrives, and disputes occur, which terminate in bloodshed; for in those wilds there is no other law but that of the strongest. Tobacco and whiskey are the chief commodities tendered in exchange; and when the Indians have tasted the latter, they become freer in their bargains, and the Europeans know how to avail themselves of this propensity. Our Italian, in his excursions north of the Winnipeg, having exhausted his provisions, was obliged

JULY, 1828.

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to feed on the *tripe de roche*, a sort of bitter moss. Having at last collected fourteen bales, of the value of about seven thousand dollars, he began to retrace his steps, about the end of January, towards Michel Machinab. But his success had excited the envy of other rival traders; and one day, while in the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods, he was attacked by twenty men belonging to another party, who fired and killed three of his companions. He himself was knocked on the head, had his shoulder-blade fractured, and was left for dead. An Indian with whom he had had some bargains took him to his hut; he bled him with a flint, and cupped him by means of a little horn. With several roots he made a plaster, which he applied on the wound; among these roots there was one called *ginsin*, which is considered by the Indians as a panacea; they use it inwardly as well. It is supposed to be the same as the famous ginseng of China, or *panax quinquefolium*. It is a white root, something of the nature of a potatoe, resembling a carrot in shape, about an inch thick. Our Italian soon recovered by the care of his Indian host, his wounds were healed, and his strength returned. After some more days, the Indian told him that he was obliged to move westward beyond Rain River, in quest of game, which was his only means of subsistence. "The wild beasts of the forest," said he, "are the only resource of the Creek Indians. Will you follow me? I return you the musket you have sold to me before your misfortune. Take part of my ammunition, and share our fortunes." The Italian accepted, and married the daughter of his benefactor. The family proceeded towards the shores of the Mississippi, but as game became scarce, they divided; the old Indian went to the right, and our Italian, with his wife and some other Indians, proceeded towards the country of the Powansee. There an unexpected circumstance brought on him fresh dangers. An Indian, being intoxicated, returned to his hut, where his child was crying; the savage, annoyed by the screams, stabbed the innocent creature, and afterwards killed the mother also, because she upbraided him for his barbarity. He then came out boasting of his deed to our traveller, pointing at the two victims. The Italian having manifested his horror at the sight, the savage swore he would revenge himself on him also. The Indians seldom forego such threats. A short time after, as our adventurer went out hunting, he saw in his way the tracks of an Indian; and soon after he perceived a pipe, round which dried intestines were twisted, a mark by which those savages keep an account of their victims. The fatal marks were eighteen, which was the number of people killed by the ferocious Indian, and our traveller did not doubt he was intended to be the next on the list. He returned to his wife and friends, who agreed to be on the alert, and have their horses and arms ready. They, however, repaired to a mortuary feast which was fixed for that day; the murderer soon after appeared, and seating himself by the stranger, threw on the plate of the latter, with an air of friendship, a kind of poison which in appearance resembles salt. Our Italian perceived the snare, but to refuse the food thus seasoned would have been looked upon as an insult to the whole assembly. "Let the token be mutual," cried out the Italian, offering with one hand his mess to the savage, and with the other reaching

over to the latter's portion. Upon this the Indian seized his tomahawk ; but the stranger, not giving him time to strike, stabbed him to the heart. The Indian, in falling, said these words : " Thou hast done right." His brother rose to attack our traveller, but the wife of the latter disabled him by striking him with an axe. A general fight took place, and our traveller and his wife's relatives defended themselves for some time ; but finding themselves overpowered by numbers, they mounted their horses and rode off. They went into the wilderness, where they wandered about some days, afraid of being pursued, and not daring even to fire at the game, for fear of being heard and traced. But hunger became too pressing, and our traveller, seeing some wild goats, killed two, which served to restore his troop. They crossed the Mississippi, engaged in a war against the Osages, and at last arrived on the Flat River, where they met a Canadian merchant, to whom the Italian addressed himself, begging him to take him on board his vessel for the purpose of returning among civilized people. That gentleman received him kindly, and granted him his request. It was not without regret that our adventurer parted from his Indian wife and his companions. But he felt unable to bear his savage mode of life any longer ; and it seems, also, that marriage among those Indians is unattended with binding vows ; separations are very frequent, and even infidelity passes unnoticed.

Our Italian descended the Mississippi to St. Louis, a town situated eighteen miles below the confluence of the Missouri. There he parted from his Canadian protector, whose road lay another way ; and he engaged himself as a sailor on board a chalanse, or boat, bound to New Orleans ; but fatigue and hardships brought on a relapse of his ague ; and his comrades, seeing him helpless and useless, abandoned him, while asleep, on a desert island, leaving him his axe and musket. When he awoke, he felt all the horror of his situation ; he, however, soon after perceived a boat, manned by four blacks, who landed on the island to hunt after wild cows. Our traveller, who had lain concealed behind a thicket, jumped into the canoe, and descended with the current, followed by the curses of the negroes. In three days he arrived at New Orleans, whence he found his way to Boston, where having obtained, after many difficulties and accidents, a passage to Italy, he arrived at Leghorn, in January, 1824, to the joy and surprise of his friends, and after an absence of nearly two years.

Many curious particulars are related of the manners of the Indians, with whom our traveller lived in familiar intercourse, and some of whose dialects he learned, especially those of the Chippeways and of the Creeks. The former cultivate Indian corn, and they extract from a kind of maple-tree a great quantity of sugar, which our author describes as being of a yellowish colour and very good. This tree is the *acer saccharinum* of Linnæus. In the winter they leave their women and children, and go hunting. They wear a piece of cloth fastened around the loins, gaiters made of cloth or leather, and sandals made of buckskin, and sewed up with the bristles of the porcupine. They wear ear-rings, and some also nose-rings. They generally go bare-headed, and with their hair long and dishevelled ; the spear, the tomahawk

and the knife are their constant weapons. The women wear a sort of garment made of blue or red cloth, which covers them from under the breast to below the knees; and they have gaiters and sandals like the men. Their hair is fastened behind and tied in a long tail like those of the Prussian women; they are very fond of necklaces of beads, and little bits of silver.

In the more northern regions, where game is scarce, fishing becomes the principal resource of the Indians. They take quantities of sturgeons and other fish, which they afterwards smoke and dry; they use nets, or strike the fish with arrows and spears. A characteristic principle of these savages is never to refuse to give what is asked of them, nor to receive what is offered to them; in either case a breach of this custom is considered as a mortal offence. They believe in witchcraft; their religion can hardly be so called; they acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, and some the existence of two, a good and an evil genius, by whom all things are influenced. When the Pawansee strike a bargain, they say, looking up to heaven, "God sees us," and yet, observes our traveller, they endeavour to cheat their customers at the same time. (p. 23.) This inconsistency, however, is not confined to the savages, as our traveller must well know. When they light their pipe, they offer the first smoke to the *Master of life*. They have cemeteries for the dead, and sometimes raise a hut over their remains. At the death of a relative they hold a funeral banquet, which is supplied with the common produce of their hunting. They have jugglers, or quacks, who pretend to cure the sick by incantations.

The Indians are possessed of many powerful vegetable poisons; our author was presented with a bag containing some, which he intended to give to some Museum on his return to Europe; but he lost it, with other things, in his passage down the Mississippi.

Wolves abound in the Canadian wilds; they are, however, little formidable. "I have seen two or three hundred at a time near my bivouac; they crouched at some distance from the fire, which I took care to keep alive all night, and at the first dawn of morning the animals disappeared." The meadows, however, are full of rattle-snakes. The white bear is only found north of the Winnipeg. The horses are plentiful; they are small and fleet. Almost all the northern tribes are nomades. Here and there a few families assemble and form villages composed of huts. In the spring they suffer from hunger, and many die; for at that time game is scarce, and the fruits of the earth are not yet ripe.

The wives are their husbands' servants; but if a woman is ill treated in her person, she has recourse to her brother, who takes her defence, and she runs away and separates for ever from her husband. In this case her children follow her, and are received by her next protector. Women in labour leave their huts, and repair to the forest, where without any assistance, and apparently without much pain, they are delivered. After washing the child in the nearest stream, they return home, and attend to their domestic concerns. The cultivation of Indian corn, and the cares of the houses, are solely theirs. The men hunt, fish, drink, and smoke. Polygamy is practised, but men have seldom more than two wives. Jealousy appears to be unknown; in those cheerless

regions men are too hard pressed with hunger and cold, they feel too much the necessity of exertion, and are too much addicted to the rough exercises of hunting and war, to think of either the blandishments of love, or the moody reveries of jealousy. The idea of property can hardly be said to be established among them.

A curious practice among the young gallants is that of *running the match*. Our traveller relates an instance of it. He was ill one evening in his hut, and lying on his couch in the dark, when a man peeped at the door, and then cautiously stealing in, lighted by the embers a branch of resinous wood, covering at the same time the fire with ashes. Our traveller began to have suspicions of his wife, but was re-assured by seeing the intruder approach the couch of a widow who lived in the same hut: he then uncovered her head and held the match to her, which she immediately blew out. This was the sign of acquiescence.

The Indians are no longer so cruel as formerly, but they have become more deceitful and corrupt. Being addicted to drinking and gambling, they at times become reckless, and barter away their arms, ammunition, their dogs, their wives' clothes, and even their wives themselves.

With regard to the Indian languages, the *Sauteurs'* or *Chippeways'* dialect appears to be the mother tongue of those of Upper Canada, and it sounded eloquent and harmonious even to the Italian ears of our Tuscan traveller; that of the *Powansee* or *Pawnee* is, on the contrary, very harsh, and their manner of speaking boisterous.

Several other particulars are related in these pages, which have been indited from the recollections of our traveller, who, we are led to believe, has not given up the idea of returning under better auspices among his Indian friends, to pursue further investigations among those singular people.

FRENCH PLAYS IN LONDON.

THE French plays at the English Opera-House have ended; and a new series at the Italian Opera-House has begun. Of the latter, we shall speak presently; but we wish first to give some little attention to what may be considered the regular establishment.

In the first place, we regret the footing upon which it is established, and we regret it the more, because we are very sure it will continue unchanged. We mean the plan of subscription. The boxes being, with the exception of a very small number, let before the season begins, the manager has no further spur to activity, exertion, or outlay. If he keep matters up to a certain footing, so as to prevent anything like an explosion of discontent, he need do, and he does, no more. The place is the fashion—the boxes are let—the town will follow the fashion, or if they should stay away it signifies but little.

The evils of this system have been strongly exemplified this year. There have been a few *stars*; but the stock-material of the company

has been very bad indeed. Now, no people know so well as the French the value of *ensemble*, and it is needless to say that a company in which there are a dozen pebbles to one diamond can furnish us with none.

We have had over this year, of persons of high reputation in France, only three—Perlet, Odry, and Jenny Vertpré. Potier was promised, but never came; and Laporte, though a great favourite in England, has scarcely earned a name in Paris at all. Of these, he who did not come is, beyond all comparison, the best. He is, indeed, we are strongly inclined to think, the first comedian in Europe. He has all the richness of Munden, without any of his buffoonery; and to this he adds the fine discrimination and admirable finish of Farren. Whoever has seen Potier in *Le Bénéficiaire*, or *Le Bourgomestre de Sardam*, or *Le ci-devant Jeune Homme*, will think these praises in no degree exaggerated. He has been what is called in theatrical language, *underlined*, but he never appeared except in the bills.

Perlet's reputation is probably higher in England than in his own country, though even there it is very great; and, *up to a certain point*, it is impossible for there to be a finer actor. But he sometimes overpasses this; and then, though the majority of the Londoners think that because it is still Perlet, it is still admirable, it appears but too plainly that the bow is too strong for his arm to bend. When he attempts any of Potier's parts, the interval is very great; and when he soars to *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope*, the failure is integral and manifest. Of his representation of the *Misanthrope* the opinion, we believe, is unjversal—that it was a total failure. But about the *Tartuffe* not only are opinions divided, but we are ready to grant that the execution of his conception was exceedingly able; it is with the conception itself that we quarrel. The hypocrisy which M. Perlet gives to *Tartuffe* is that of severity, even of austere virtue and abnegation. Now, the hypocrisy which Molière has—not only in our opinion, but in that of Downton*, and of all the Parisian performers of the part, as evinced by his and their representations of it—given to *Tartuffe*, is that of prostration and enthusiasm. The hypocrisy is as great—nay, probably, greater; for to be hypocritical in this way, in keeping, requires obviously greater nicety and self-regulation than a mere straight-forward, formal coldness. Now, that our theory is correct is, we think, established at once by the celebrated scene in the second act, in which, after the young man has accused him to his father, he bursts into an agony of eloquent

* We are no admirers of Mr. Downton generally, and think his reputation exceedingly exaggerated. But in the 'Hypocrite,' and in another part of a similar, though inferior order, Obadiah, in 'Honest Thieves,' a farce cut down from Sir R. Howard's play of 'The Committee,' we do, we confess, consider him to be perfectly unequalled. The 'Hypocrite' is as bad a play as the 'Tartuffe' is a splendid one. Indeed, this masterpiece of Molière has been most scurvily treated in England; first translated by Colley Cibber, to serve a temporary political purpose, under the title of the 'Nonjuror,' it was subsequently purged of the matter individually applicable, and put into its present shape by Bickerstaff, a writer whose name has remained in our theatre, from his having written some lively operas, which had the good fortune to be wedded to some beautiful music—but wholly unfit to soar to the height of 'Tartuffe.' Still, wretchedly as it is rendered, Downton, by the vigour and richness of his representation, restores it to its original grade. We wish sincerely he was Frenchman enough to act it in the original, to Madlle, Mars's Elmire, now that she is in England. That would be perfect!

self-accusation ; and says, that, though innocent in this case, he is the veriest wretch that ever crawled, and deserves to be accused of every thing :—

Où, mon frère, je suis un méchant, un coupable,
Un malheureux pécheur tout plein d'iniquité,
Le plus grand scélérat qui ait jamais été.
Chaque instant de ma vie est chargé de souillures ;
Elle n'est qu'un amas de crimes et d'ordures,
Et je vois que le ciel, pour ma punition,
Me veut mortifier en cette occasion.
De quelque grand forfait qu'on me puisse reprendre,
Je n'ai garde d'avoir l'orgueil de m'en défendre.
Croyez ce qu'on vous dit, armez votre courroux,
Et comme un criminel chassez-moi de chez vous.
Je ne saurais avoir tant de honte en partage,
Que je ne n'en aie encore mérité davantage.

Ah ! laissez-le parler : vous l'accusez à tort,
Et vous ferez bien mieux de croire son rapport.
Pourquoi sur un tel fait m'être si favorable ?
Savez-vous après tout de quoi je sois capable ?
Vous fiez-vous, mon frère, à mon extérieur ?
Et pour tout ce qu'on voit, me croyez-vous meilleur ?
Non, non, vous vous laissez tromper par l'apparence,
Et je ne suis rien moins, hélas ! que ce qu'on pense.
Tout le monde me prend pour un homme de bien ;
Mais la vérité pure est que je ne vaux rien.

Now, it is quite clear that this man affects the grovelling, disgusting tone of self-abasement of the more furious of our Methodists of the present day. It is not the lofty, cold, and stern sanctity which M. Perlet puts into his manner—that is not what Tartuffe affects ;—he is—that is, he affects to be—all warmth, enthusiasm, out-bursting and over-boiling zeal. *This* M. Perlet does not render. It is but fair, however, to say that, granting him his conception, the manner in which he works it out is admirable.

But, after all, Perlet's real height is the 'Comédien d'Etampes,' the 'Gastronome sans Argent,' and the—we forget the title at this moment, but we mean the piece in which the hero, at every word that is spoken, pulls out his pocket-book, exclaiming, "J'ai fait une chanson là-dessus," and forthwith begins to give forth some *couplets*, on the strength of which he expects to be asked to dinner. These *Sponge-parts* are peculiarly in Perlet's way ; even Lewis's Jeremy Diddler was not superior to them, as rendered by him. Perlet has a very distinct enunciation, which is a great advantage in playing to a foreign audience. He has also a provincial (or uncouth) accent of some sort, which, though our English ears are French enough to catch, they are not sufficiently learned in dialects to assign to its proper province. One of its chief characteristics is, that he says 'l'enfang,' 'pourtang,' and all words of similar termination, in the same manner. He is also, however, a very admirable imitator of accent. His English *Miladi*, in the 'Comédien d'Etampes,' is irresistible. The manner in which he burlesques 'Auld lang syne' cannot have higher praise than the fact, that it seems a burlesque, even to the ears of an Englishman, of *that* song.

By the way, now we think of it, we will indulge our readers with a sight of the verses as they appear in the printed copy of the piece. We have said a word or two of French printing of English in another part of this Number, and this is a pretty sample. We are not aware whether this typography be adopted in order to give an idea of the mode of Perlet's pronunciation. We would wager the longest odds they are betting against the most outside horse for the St. Leger, that it is meant to be a faithful transcript from the Scottish; but, in any case, it is as unlike Perlet's speaking, as it is to the original song—it cannot be more so. We wonder whether our printers will be able to print in such an out-of-the-way fashion: but, what earthly types can do, Mr. Clowes's will—so here goes—

DORIVAL chante.

Ancienne romance écossaise.

Should auld acquaintance by forgot
And never brought to mind
Should auld acquaintance by forgot
And days of lang syne
For auld lang syne,
Mi dear for auld lang syne.
Co'eff tak a cap o' kind-nessy et
For auld lang syne.

And' sure ly co'eff-be-your
Pint-stoup as sure astll be mine
And co'ell take a right guid
Co'elli e' waught,
For auld land syne
Mi dear for auld lang syne,
Coeff tak a cup o' kind-nessy et
For auld lang syne.

At Perlet's departure, Odry came—not to supply his place, for their *emplois* are totally different—but to follow him as the star of the moment. He succeeded indifferently, and we do not wonder at it. Not that we are not quite ready to believe that he deserves the praises that his countrymen give him; but it is manifest that none but his countrymen can understand him. A very accomplished Frenchman, to whom we chanced to speak on the subject, said, “The nearest idea I can give you of him is, that, *exceptis excipiendis*, he is our Emery.” Now, if that be so, we do not wonder at our not having *tasted* him as he deserves. For it requires a long residence in a country—aye, and in the country parts of the country—to appreciate and enjoy such an actor as this. We were rather consoled for our dullness, when our friend told us that many Parisians would not go along with Odry at all. We should say, that he was more lively than Emery, and less profound.

But Jenny Vertpré—every body can understand her—for she is nature!—graceful, refined, simple, naïve, coquettish, feeling, every sort of nature; but, under every change, nature still! We spoke of her last month, in her *Femme Châtelaine*; and we have scarcely come to ourselves yet; for we have seen it again, and we find that she is quite of our opinion that it should be *toute féerie*, to use her own expression. But in every thing she did, the same extreme delicacy, and grace, and

tact, and, where it was needful, feeling, were displayed. In *La Demoiselle à Marier*, in *La Jeune Vieille*, and in *La Marraine*, especially, we were enchanted with her. In the former, there was, probably, from the nature of the piece, more variety than in any other one part she played; and it likewise afforded her an opportunity of displaying her admirable touch upon the harp. The second, which is the character of a young country village coquette, who believes that she is suddenly stricken old by a conjurer, is inferior in piquancy only to *Minette*; but *La Marraine* displays the progress of a passion scarcely known even to its possessor, in a way which shews that her knowledge of the human heart is equally profound, delicate, and just. We have not seen her in her chief tragic part—the Maid of Palaiseau—but we can well conceive the extreme and touching tenderness and pathos she would give to it. Perhaps we have some doubts as to its *force*; but we speak in the dark, and we, very probably, are mistaken;—and we hope we are.

We have now, in this brief space, gone through all the performers of prominence, who have been this year at the English Opera House, except Laporte, of whom we shall have occasion to speak presently. We ought not, however, to omit mentioning M. Pelissié as an actor, although he is a proprietor also. This gentleman we have long considered to be always a very judicious, frequently an exceedingly clever, and sometimes even a brilliant, actor. But he does not appear nearly so often as we could wish. M. Daudel is among the best of the ordinary list; and M. Préval, M. Gamard, and we are afraid scarcely any others—are more than respectable in the sense in which it has come to be used theatrically—for they have talent; but, as a company, it is decidedly bad—and this ought not to be. The subscriptions have been very liberal, and the general attendance exceedingly good. The theatre itself, also, is beautiful; and, considering the station which the establishment has taken among the amusements of the town, it ought to be upon a higher footing as a whole. Certainly, some of the pieces in which the parts played by the artists we have named have been of an importance which made them nearly monodrames, have been exquisitely given; but, in general, the contrast of some dowdy or some stick, thrust forward into a part of prominence, to “act up to” the star, has caused a contrast scarcely short of painful. The theatre is advertised to re-open in December, which we are extremely glad to hear; for we delight in the French vaudevilles and petites-pièces, which are, for the most part, what are acted here. But we do hope that the encouragement which Messrs. Cloup and Pelissié have received this year, will induce them to give us, with our favourites, a company more worthy of supporting them.

We now come to the performances at present going on at the King's Theatre; which, though they are in one sense of less importance, as being a thing of the moment, are, in another, far more deserving of attention, as being the means of introducing to the public the first and highest comic actress at present existing in Europe.

We, in England, have no one with whom we can in any degree compare Mademoiselle Mars. We will fairly confess that Miss Farren was before our time—so, of course, we need not say we know nothing

of Mrs. Abington. We recollect meeting her once in society as a very agreeable old lady, but she had left the stage before we were born. Since the days of these two ladies, we have manifestly had no one at all in this walk of the drama. It is true that Mrs. Charles Kemble has played, and that with the genius which was conspicuous in every thing she touched, one or two parts on the outskirts of this *emploi*; such, for instance, as Mrs. Sullen and Mrs. Oakley: but her *line* was different manifestly; her fame was acquired in another field. It is, therefore, no exaggeration to say that there has not been, for the last thirty years, any body, of whom one can speak, on our stage filling that line of parts for which Mademoiselle Mars is so celebrated.

Her fame in France is, like all fame in France, when it once gets beyond a certain pitch, *aux nues*; and if it were double even its present extraordinary pitch, it would not be one jot exaggerated. There can be nothing beyond *perfect*—and that Mademoiselle Mars, beyond question, is. We have a lurking fear—which it will give us exceeding joy to find ill-founded—that Mademoiselle Mars will not be appreciated by the English as she deserves. They, of course, will give her lip-worship. People who have been to Paris, tell them that *it is right* to admire Mademoiselle Mars, and they will do so *pro formâ*, no doubt; but we question whether they will really taste and enjoy her inimitable genius as *such* genius should be enjoyed. Devoted admirers of this transcendent actress as we are, of course we would not have missed her *début* in London on any account; and we underwent an early dinner, and hustled to the Opera-house a quarter of an hour before the play began, to make certain of being in time for the first line. Moreover, we had a desire to see the play, which was *L'Ecole des Vieillards*. We had read it often; and as often had we demolished a thumb nail in vexation at Talma having gone to his grave without our having seen him in Danville. Not for the reason that it was, as was pompously and pertinaciously asserted, the first and only comic part that Talma ever acted. With the exception of some delicate touches in the first act, there is nothing comic in the part from first to last. It is a part in a comedy, but so is Kiteley—and the French is still less comic than the English Jealous Husband. The fact is, that Danville is an Othello in private life, with the perplexing difference that he has some foundation for his jealousy, yet not nearly so much as he supposes. We have seen Talma in *Oreste*—and we had read *L'Ecole des Vieillards*; we had put the lines, as we went on, into his mouth, knowing how he expressed jealousy. We had, we are convinced, in our minds, a perfect idea of how Talma played that part. Now, it is really no affectation in us when we assert, that it is always with strong and sincere pain that we ever say any thing that can hurt the feelings of an artist in his art—be he actor, painter, or author. We often, indeed, avoid reviewing books, when we feel that, if we speak the truth, we must abuse them;—nay, if we think them bad, we never review them, unless there be something besides the mere badness of the book as a composition, that leads us to notice it. It is, therefore, most reluctantly that we say that putting M. Minvielle into Danville was equally unjust towards himself and unfair towards the audience. From the manner in which he delivered a few passages when he was warm and excited,

we are convinced that, in a part properly suited to his powers, he would do exceedingly well. But this fine character was totally above him; and, as we found that it was on the stage, still more than in reading, so thoroughly prominent as to throw all the others, even Hortense, completely into shade,—its being in incompetent hands cast a damp and a coldness over the performance of the comedy throughout. We could not help following him, line by line, in our imagination, and inwardly (we fear, sometimes audibly) exclaiming, “Heavens! how Talma would have given that passage!”

Some English friends of ours, who were near us, said they thought the play feeble, dull, and a bore. We confess we differ from them very strongly; and should certainly have attributed their opinion to the way in which the principal character was acted, if it had not been for their telling us they had read it. To be sure, it is in Alexandrine verse, which, to an English ear, is, beyond all things, revolting; but it is surely less so in comedy than in tragedy—for it is more easily overlooked in any other case than when it comes across, and thence mars, the full outpouring of a vehement passion. It is true, there is not much comedy in *L'Ecole des Vieillards* after the first half of the second act: but the verse in that part which is comic, is exceedingly graceful, easy, and pointed—and, afterwards, the energy of the sentiment is frequently such as to make one forget metre, rhymes, and all. That is, one forgets it in reading—and Talma, who, to use the words, though not specially applied to him, of one of his greatest admirers*—“savait adroitement sauver ou déplacer la césure” beyond any one who ever spoke Alexandrine verse, and thence rendered it less monotonous and jingling from his lips than from any others,—Talma would, we are sure, have made, for the moment, the most bigoted Englishman totally unconscious that he was actually speaking Alexandrines.

We shall not say how M. Minvielle spoke them—but we shall just give a sample of the tact and *finesse* of the lines themselves, in the admirable scene of Danville's interview with his wife, on his return to Paris :—

Danville. Le jour de mon départ je t'avais confié
Cinquante mille francs; donne-m'en la moitié :
Il a besoin d'argent.

Hortense. Courez donc à la banque :
Je n'en saurais prêter, quand moi-même j'en manque.

Danville. Que me dites-vous là ?

Hortense. Ma bourse est aux abois ;
C'en est fait !

Danville. En deux mois ?

Hortense. Mais c'est bien long, deux mois.

Danville. Cinquante mille francs !... Comment, ma bonne amie...

Hortense. Vous ne me louez pas sur mon économie ?

Danville. Ah ! parbleu ! c'est trop fort.

Hortense. Chez moi je n'ai voulu

Rien que le nécessaire, et pas de superflu.

Danville. Comment donc, s'il vous plaît, nommez-vous ces dorures,
Ces cristaux suspendus, ces vases, ces figures,
Ce fragile attirail dont on n'ose approcher,
Et ses meubles si beaux, que je crains d'y toucher ?
Est-ce utile ? parlez...

* M. Jouy.

Hortense.

C'est plus, c'est nécessaire.

Cet appareil pour vous n'a rien que d'ordinaire.

Vous voulez devenir receveur-général ;

Logez-vous donc au ciel, et logez-vous très-mal ;

Qui parlera de vous ? qui vous rendra visite ?

L'opulence à Paris sert d'enseigne au mérite.

Étalez des trésors si vous voulez percer ;

Une place est de droit à qui peut s'en passer.

Ma mère me répète : Eblouis le vulgaire ;

Qu'on dise : il est très-riche, il est millionnaire ;

Demandons tout alors, et nous aurons beau jeu.

J'ai voulu par le luxe en imposer un peu.

Je dis un peu ; beaucoup, je me croirais coupable ;

Un peu, c'est nécessaire et même indispensable.

Danville. Voilà quelques motifs qui sont d'assez bon sens ;

Mais au moins ces diners d'eux-mêmes renaissans,

Ces éternels diners, qu'une fois par semaine

Un bienheureux lundi pour trente écus ramène,

Je les crois superflus.

Hortense.

Erreur ! Quoi ! vous traitez

Mes diners du lundi de superfluités !

Mais rien n'est plus utile, et sur cette matière,

Vous êtes, mon ami, de cent ans en arrière.

Il faut avoir un jour, fixé pour recevoir

Ses prôneurs à dîner, et ses amis le soir :

De nos auteurs en vogue il faut avoir l'élite ;

On en fait les honneurs aux grands que l'on invite.

Aussi je vois souvent plusieurs des beaux esprits

Dont je vous ai là-bas adressé les écrits :

Ils parlent, on s'anime, on rit, la gaieté gagne,

Et l'on a ces messieurs comme on a du Champagne.

Notre siècle est gourmand, on peut blâmer son goût :

On fronde les diners, et l'on dîne partout.

Mais n'en donner jamais, pas même un par semaine,

C'est un solliciteur vouloir qu'on vous promène.

Qui, vous solliciteur ? vous êtes candidat ;

Vous ne demandez rien, vous acceptez. L'Etat

N'a pas dans ses bureaux de puissance intraitable

Pour l'heureux candidat qui la courtoise à table ;

Protégés, protecteurs au dessert ne font qu'un :

Mais ne me parlez pas d'un protecteur à jeun.

Recevoir me fatigue, et, pour être sincère,

C'est un mal, j'en conviens, mais un mal nécessaire.

After a few more items thus felicitously explained, the good man begins to melt—and even to accuse himself for his hard heartedness. She takes advantage of this, and proceeds thus, triumphantly:—

Hortense. De votre argent je veux vous rendre compte :

Vous ne savez pas tout ; je veux, pour votre honneur,

Justifier en vous ce mouvement d'humeur.

La lecture vous plaît ; d'un cabinet d'étude

J'ai su vous préparer l'aimable solitude.

Il me coûte un peu cher ; mais vos auteurs chéris,

Rangés autour de vous, en convrent les lambris.

Le Duc, qui vous protège, est plein de complaisance ;

Il m'a de son jardin cédé la jouissance,

Pour qui ? pour vous, monsieur, ne convenez-vous pas

Qu'un jardin a pour vous de merveilleux appas ?

J'ai pris soin de l'orner ; sous son ombre tranquille

Vous vous reposerez du fracas de la ville.

On ne fait rien pour rien ; mais qu'importe le prix ?

Vous aurez la campagne au milieu de Paris.

Votre orgueil conjugal jouit de ma parure :
 J'ai fait des frais pour lui, c'est complaisance pure.
 J'ai choisi les couleurs que vous aimez le mieux,
 Les bijoux dont l'éclat flatte le plus vos yeux ;
 De tout ce qui vous plait je me suis embellie,
 Et rien ne m'a coûté pour vous sembler jolie.
 Mes crimes, les voilà. Voyons, recommencez,
 Courage, grondez-moi...mais non, vous faiblissez,
 Le repentir vous prend, et, si je ne m'abuse,
 Vous sentez que vous seul avez besoin d'excuse ;
 Demandez-moi pardon d'un injuste courroux,
 Et vous l'aurez, méchant, car je vau mieux que vous.
Danville. Oui, tu vau mieux cent fois. Pardonne, mon Hortense,
 En vain l'âge entre nous a mis quelque distance,
 Tes procédés pour moi me la font oublier,
 Et devant tant d'amour je dois m'humilier.

Throughout the whole of this scene, the acting of Mademoiselle Mars was distinguished by a brilliancy, a grace, a fascination, which almost made it cease to be a wonder how she made the worse appear the better reason ; and the whole of the weakness of the character which follows, was given in beautiful gradations, and with admirable truth. There are, we fear, some proceedings of Hortense, which are positively *unamiable*—the last quality forgiven in a woman on the stage—but she softened these points down so charmingly, that her reformation at the end of the play came less startlingly upon the audience, than the (in this instance) want of skill in the author would make it. Still, the part is not nearly so prominent as we had imagined it to be—and, as we had no longer Talma in Danville, we had no consolation when she was off the stage.

It remained for the latter part of the play for us to behold her full powers. Hortense has given, perhaps, some encouragement to the Duc d'Elmar, in society—but, on his presuming upon it, to press matters farther, she repulses him with indignation. He is discovered, however, by Danville, in a situation which rouses his suspicions to fury, and he challenges him. The following are very fine lines:—

Le Duc. Cette lutte entre nous ne saurait être égale.

Danville. Entre nous votre injure a comblé l'intervalle :

L'agresseur, quel qu'il soit, à combattre forcé,

Redescend par l'offense au rang de l'offensé.

Le Duc. De quel rang parlez-vous ? si mon honneur balance,

C'est pour vos cheveux blancs qu'il se fait violence.

Danville. Vous auriez dû les voir avant de m'outrager.

Vous ne le pouvez plus quand je veux les venger.

Le Duc. Je serais ridicule, et vous seriez victime.

Danville. Le ridicule cesse où commence le crime,

Et vous le commettrez ; c'est votre châtiment.

Ah ! vous croyez, messieurs, qu'on peut impunément,

Masquant ses vils desseins d'un air de badinage,

Attenter à la paix, au bonheur d'un ménage.

On se croyait léger, on devient criminel :

La mort d'un honnête homme est un poids éternel.

Ou vainqueur, ou vaincu, moi, ce combat m'honore ;

Il vous flétrit vaincu, mais vainqueur plus encore :

Votre honneur y mourra. Je sais trop qu'à Paris

Le monde est sans pitié pour le sort des maris ;

Mais dès que leur sang coule, on ne rit plus, on blâme,

Vous, ridicule ! non, non : vous serez infâme !

The duel takes place, and Danville is disarmed. He thus informs Hortense of what has passed—

Danville.

Je fus crédule,

Et je ne le suis plus ; je sais tout, j'ai surpris

Celui de qui l'affront me condamne au mépris.

J'en ai voulu raison, et j'ai fait peu de compte !

D'un vain reste de sang dont je lavais ma honte.

Hortense. Vous, Danville ? Ah ! d'effroi tout le mien s'est glacé !

Danville. Ne vous alarmez pas, le Duc n'est pas blessé.

Hortense. Ah ! monsieur !

The manner in which Mademoiselle Mars pronounced these words, " Ah ! monsieur ! " was one of the very finest things we ever heard on the stage. The horror and shame, at her husband supposing it possible that *such* was the ground of her alarm, were rendered with a power and beauty of expression that were nothing short of *great*. And in the *éclaircissement* and reconciliation at the end, her manner reverted to her previous softness and grace, with the exchange of a dash of melancholy, for the gaiety which had been her characteristic in the early part of the play.

M. Armand, who played the Duc d'Elmar (and the lover also in the second piece) is the original representative of the part at Paris. He has some animation, and a good deal of grace and *manner*—but he is getting too old, and consequently too visibly made up, for this *emploi*. He bears considerable resemblance to the thinner heads of the King, as represented on the new sovereigns.

Laporte acted Bonnard, the old-fashioned friend of Danville. He seemed to us to mistake the character totally. It is that of a kindly-hearted, but formal and somewhat stiffly-exact old man ; whereas M. Laporte makes it a jolly, joking sort of bachelor, which mars, as we humbly conceive, the points of contrast which the character is introduced to bring out. The truth is, that this part is altogether of too high a pitch for Laporte. He has been rather spoiled in this country, and he is apt to go farther than his powers can fairly carry him. In lively, lying, greedy, gossiping valets, he is quite at home. We saw him play a part of this kind in an exceedingly amusing piece, called ' *Le menteur Véridique*,' admirably the other night. But he is altogether on the surface. He has no depth, no elasticity. He consequently fails, not only when he attempts anything like high comedy, but any of Potier's parts. We saw him, lately, in the ' *Bourgomestre de Sardam*,' and we scarcely could believe it was the same character in which Potier had been so exquisite. But if M. Laporte would confine himself to his line, he would be excellent ; for, as far as he goes, nothing can be more lively, nimble, good-humoured, and entertaining.

The piece which followed was ' *Valérie*.' (It will be seen we are speaking only of the first night's performance ; for Friday's will be too late for us to notice.) Here Mademoiselle Mars excited more applause than in the play ; and, certainly, nothing could be more perfect than the way in which she played the part—that of a blind girl who is restored to sight by her lover. But we think we could name one or two persons who could play this nearly, if not quite as well. Miss Kelly and Jenny Vertpré both could, we are convinced,

produce a great effect in it. But neither they, nor any actress we have ever seen, could play the highest line of Mademoiselle Mars's characters. Her delightful merit in these is, that she does not in the least lose the reality of nature, while she displays the most perfect grace and elevation of demeanour. In 'Valérie' she drew tears from many; and, certainly, her entrée after she is restored to sight made even us critics give a strong gulp, and bite our nether lip somewhat more fiercely than was pleasant, to avoid a similar catastrophe.

We shall, of course, continue to see Mademoiselle Mars, again and again during her stay. It is probable we shall talk a little to our readers upon the subject next month. If her success have been what it ought to be, we shall wish to say something about her; and if the English, as we have to fear, do not thoroughly appreciate her, we shall indulge ourselves in a few words of abuse of their barbarism

MORNINGS AMONG THE COBWEBS,

Or Extracts from, and Reprints of, curious and long-forgotten publications of former days, with Biographical and Illustrative Notes.

No. I.

NEWS FROM THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

In which is shewn their several sorts of passions,
Containing news from all our neighbour *nations*.

A POEM (a).

You that delight in wit and mirth,
And long to hear such news
As comes from all parts of the *Earth*,
Dutch, Danes, and Turks, and Jews,
I'll send ye to a rendezvous,
Where it is smoking new;
Go hear it at a *Coffee-house*,
It cannot but be true.

There battles and sea-fights are fought,
And bloody plots display'd;
They know more things than ere was thought,
Or ever was betray'd.
No money in the Minting-house
Is half so bright and new;
But coming from a *Coffee-house*,
It cannot but be true.

Before the Maryes fall to work,
They know who shall be thinner;
They there can tell ye what the *Turk*
Last Sunday had to dinner;

Who last did cut *De Ruitter's* corns,
 Amongst his jovial crew ;
 Or who first gave the *devil* horns,
 Which cannot but be true.

A *fisherman* did boldly tell,
 And strongly did avouch
 He caught a shoal of mackerel
 That parley'd all in *Dutch*,
 And cry'd out *yaw, yaw, yaw, Myne Heer* ;
 But as the draught they drew,
 They stunk for fear that *Monck* (b) was there,
 Which cannot but be true.

Another swears, by both his ears,
Monsieur will cut our throats ;
 The *French King* will a girdle bring,
 Made of flat-bottomed boats,
 Shall compass *England* round about,
 Which must not be a few,
 To give our *Englishmen* the rout,
 This sounds as if 'twere true. (c)

There's nothing done in all the world,
 From *monarch* to the *mouse*,
 But every day and night 'tis hurl'd
 Into the *coffee-house*.
 What *Lilly* or what *Booker* (d) can
 By art not bring about,
 At *Coffee-house* you'll find a man
 Can quickly find it out.

They'l tell you there, what lady-ware
 Of late is grown too light ;
 What wise man shall from favour fall,
 What fool shall be a knight ;
 They'l tell you when our sayling trade
 Shall rise again and flourish,
 And when *Jack Adams* (e) shal be made
 Church-warden of the parish.

They know who shall in time to come,
 Be either made or undone,
 From Great *St. Peter-Street* in *Rome*,
 To *Turnbull-Street* in *London* ;
 And likewise tell, at *Clerkenwell*,
 What *w*—— hath greatest gain ;
 And in that place, what brazen face
 Doth wear a golden chain.

At sea, their knowledge is so much,
 They know all rocks and shelves ;
 They know all councils of the *Dutch*,
 More than they know themselves ;

Who 'tis shall get the best at last,
 They perfectly can show,
 At *coffee-house*, when they are plac'd,
You'd scarce believe it true.

They know all that is good or hurt,
 To damn ye or to save ye ;
 There is the *colledge* and the *court*,
 The *countrey*, *camp*, and *navie* ;
 So great a *universitie*
 I think there ne'er was any;
 In which you may a scholar be
 For spending of a penny.

A *merchant 'prentice* there shall shew
 You all and every thing ;
 What hath been done, and is to do,
 'Twixt *Holland* and the *king* ;
 What articles of peace will be,
 He can precisely shew ;
 What will be good for *them* or *wee*,
 He perfectly doth know.

Here men do talk of everything
 With large and liberal lungs,
 Like women at a gossiping,
 With double tyre of tongues ;
 They'll give a broadside presently,
 As soon as you're in view,
 With stories that you'll wonder at,
 Which they will swear are true.

The drinking there of Chocolate
 Can make *fool* a *Sophie* :
 'Tis thought the Turkish *Mahomet*
 Was first inspir'd with *coffee*,
 By which his powers did overflow
 The land of *Palestine* :
 Then let us to the *coffee-house* go,
 'Tis cheaper far than wine.

You shall know there what fashions are ;
 How perrywiggs are curl'd ;
 And for a penny you shall hear
 All novells in the world.
 Both old and young, and great and small,
 And rich and poor you'll see :
 Therefore let's to the *coffee* all,
 Come all away with me.

NOTES.

(a) Copied from a broadside, bearing the following imprint : "*London*, printed by *E. Crouch*, for *Thomas Vive*, at the Cock in *St. John's Street*, 1677. With allowance." The poem would appear to have been popular for some years, as there is an amended edition of it, from the same press, and published by the same bookseller, then removed to "*the Angel, without Newgate*," in 1672.

Coffee was first introduced into England, in 1652, when Daniel Edwards, a Turkish merchant, brought home with him a Greek servant, named Pasqua Rosee, who understanding the method of roasting and making it, opened a shop for its sale, "at the signe of his owne Head, in *St. Michael's Alley* in *Cornhill*." One of his original shop-bills, headed, "*The virtue of the COFFEE drink*. First publicly made and sold in England, by *Pasqua Rosee*," now lies before us ; and from it we extract, for the information and amusement of our readers, the following specimen of the many wonderful qualities attributed to the newly-imported beverage.

"The quality of this drink is cold and dry ; and though it be a drier, yet it neither *heats*, nor *inflames*, more than *hot posset*.

"It so closeth the orifice of the stomach, and fortifies the heat within, that it's very good to help digestion ; and therefore of great use to be taken about three or four o'clock after noon, as well as in the morning.

"It much quickens the *spirits*, and makes the heart *lightsome*.

"It is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it, and take in the steam that way.

"It suppresseth fumes exceedingly, and, therefore, good against the *head-ach* ; and will very much stop any *defluxion of rheums*, that distil from the *head* upon the *stomach*, and so prevent and help *consumptions*, and the *cough of the lungs*.

"It is excellent to prevent and cure the *dropsy*, *gout*, and *scurvy*.

"It is very good to prevent *miscarrying in child-bearing women*.

"It is a most excellent remedy against the *spleen*, *hypochondriac winds*, and the like.

"It will prevent *drowsiness*, and make one fit for business, if one have occasion to *watch* ; and, therefore, you are not to drink of it *after supper*, unless you intend to be *watchful*, for it will hinder sleep for three or four hours."

The decoction thus announced as a remedy for all ills, soon gained so extensive a reputation in England, (where it was known and used for five years before its introduction into France, in 1657, by the celebrated oriental traveller Thevenot,) that in 1660 its consumption was so large as to attract the attention of financiers, driven to every plausible expedient for raising money ; and by the 12th of Charles the Second, chapter 24, section 15, a duty of fourpence was imposed upon every gallon of coffee made and sold, to be paid by the maker. This was one of the new excise duties, granted to the king in lieu of the emoluments he derived from those oppressive vestiges of feudal

tyranny, the court of wards and liveries, tenures *in capite*, and by knights' service, and the purveyance of provisions for his household. Three years after this first introduction of coffee upon the statute-books, the increase of houses for its sale had been so great, that, by the act passed in 1663, "for the better ordering and collecting the duty of excise, and preventing the abuses therein" (15th of Charles the Second, chapter 11, section 15), express provision is made for the licensing of all coffee-houses at the quarter-sessions, under a penalty of five pounds for every month during which any person should retail coffee, chocolate, sherbet, or tea, without having first procured such licence from the magistrates. This purported to be a mere financial arrangement, for the protection of the revenue, but the facility afforded by these coffee-houses, for that freedom of political discussion which the Stuarts ever dreaded and opposed, and which is the burthen of this satire, induced Charles, in 1675, to issue a proclamation for shutting them up, as seminaries of sedition; though the illegal act of arbitrary power was, in the course of a very few days, recalled. The only consequence of so precipitate and ill-advised a measure was, as usually happens with most attempts at the exercise of unconstitutional power, the increase of the very mischief it was intended to suppress, as, from that time to the revolution, coffee-houses multiplied so rapidly, that when Ray, the celebrated naturalist, published his "*History of Plants*," in 1688, he represents it as a very probable calculation, that the coffee-houses in London were, at that time, as numerous as in Grand Cairo itself; whilst similar places of accommodation were to be met with in all the principal cities and towns in England.

(b) George Monck, the celebrated Duke of Albemarle, was no less distinguished as a naval than a military commander, and at the time this poem seems to have made its first appearance, the popular attention of admiration would have been principally directed to him in the latter capacity, since it was mainly owing to the desperate and even rash courage of Albemarle, that the English fleet, under the joint command of Prince Rupert and himself, reaped the chief glory in the memorable, but indecisive engagement of four day's duration, with the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter (to whom allusion is made in the preceding stanza of this poem) and Van Tromp, which took place in the month of June 1666; whilst to him also justly belonged, and was at the time ascribed, much of the merit of the glorious victory obtained over the same admirals, at the mouth of the Thames, on the 25th of July following.

(c) This satire, as still more evidently appears from the tenth stanza, must have been published in the early part of the year in which it bears date; and whilst preparations were making for an attack upon the coast of England, which, on the 10th of June, 1677, issued in the capture of Sheerness, the burning of our ships of war in the Medway, close to the docks at Chatham, and the advance of the Dutch fleet up the Thames to Tilbury Fort and Gravesend, so as to threaten the very capital, and to require the sinking of ships for its protection, so near London as Woolwich and Blackwall. But this national disgrace (the

greatest, perhaps, that England ever sustained since her dastardly monarch, John, laid her crown and territories at the feet of the Pope, and consented to hold them as his vassal) having accelerated the negotiations for peace then carrying on, all hostilities between France and Holland, as his ally, and this country, were terminated by the treaty signed at Breda, on the 10th July, 1667. Such a change in the state of affairs, so soon after the first publication of this satire, led to the omission of a stanza, the unexpected conversion of which, from an insulting taunt, into a sober prediction, would render its retention any thing but pleasing to the feelings of Englishmen, on its republication in 1672.

(d) William Lilly and John Booker were two of the most celebrated astrologers and fortune-tellers of the 17th century, and were both of them (the former more especially) consulted, not only to direct, by the course of the stars, to the recovering of stolen goods, but to the time and the seasons most propitious to the great undertakings both of the king and the parliament, in the civil wars. Lilly, after having been more than once applied to by the confidential friends of Charles I. (and there is good reason to believe by the express direction of that unfortunate monarch himself,) to fix, by his acute knowledge, on a proper place for the king's concealment, received from the parliament party, with whom he was also at the same time in correspondence, a pension of £100 per annum. Even Fairfax, the presbyterian general of the parliamentary army, sent for him and Booker, to assure them that, though he understood not their art, he "did not doubt they both feared God, and, therefore, had a good opinion of them." That art was called also into active exercise, by those under whom Fairfax held his authority, as these two astrologers were sent in company to Colchester, to encourage the troops during the siege, as they did by promises of success, which it required no knowledge of the stars at that time to give with confidence. Nor stopped the credulity of the age with generals and legislators; for even monarchs did honour at least to one of these pretended interpreters of the will of heaven from the course and appearance of the stars that gem the sky, as the King of Sweden sent Lilly a gold chain and medal valued at £50, in acknowledgment of some respectful and favourable notices of him and his kingdom in Merlin's Almanac, which that astrologer established, and edited for thirty-six years. Lenthall the speaker, Elias Ashmole, Archbishop Sheldon, and Bulstrode Whitelocke, were also the friends and patrons of an impostor, who not only pretended to read the fate of men and empires, in the heavenly bodies, but to hold familiar converse with angels, and "call up demons from the vasty deep." To a son of Lord Commissioner Whitelocke, he bequeathed an estate at Hirshaw in Surry, (where he died from a paralytic stroke in 1681.) purchased at an expense of near two thousand pounds, which sum he had made so early as 1652, by preying on the credulity of the public, having come originally to London from Diseworth, in Leicestershire, the place of his birth, in the humble capacity of a servant to a mantua-maker, (or as we should say, a tailor,) in St. Clement's Danes, whose widow he afterwards married.

Booker, the contemporary, and for some time the friend and companion of Lilly, was a native of Manchester, but migrating to London, was successively clerk or shopman to a haberdasher in Laurencelane, a writing-master at Badley, in Middlesex, and clerk to the sitting magistrates at Guildhall. He acquired also such reputation in the mathematical sciences, of which that of the celestial intelligences was, in those times, held in the greatest—perhaps, indeed, in well-nigh exclusive—estimation, that he was appointed licenser of all books published in that department of knowledge—if knowledge it can properly be called. With all his skill, he seems not, however, to have been so successful in life as his quondam friend Lilly, from whom we learn that “he had a curious fancy in judging of thefts,” (a fancy, by the way, for which the lucky acquittal of a jury saved said Lilly from losing his ears, on an indictment preferred against him at Hicks’s hall, in 1655,) “and as successful in resolving love questions,” *i. e.*, in plain English, he was as notable a conjuror and as great a cheat as any gipsy fortune-teller that was ever sent to the house of correction, or the treadmill, as “an incorrigible rogue and vagabond.” He was, indeed, suspected, and even charged as such, in his lifetime, in a curious pamphlet, published by George Wharton, originally an associate of his, but who adhering to the royal cause when Booker and Lilly deserted it, became their chief astrologer, and was at the restoration rewarded for his services, prophetic and others, (for he was a poet, a soldier, a gentleman of fortune, spent in the king’s service to boot,) by being made Treasurer and Paymaster of the Ordnance, and created a Baronet. The title of this sideral philippic is “*Mercurio Cœlico Mastix*; or an Anti-Caveat to all such as have heretofore had the misfortune to be cheated and deluded by that great and traitorous impostor John Booker, in an answer to his frivolous pamphlet, entitled, *Mercurius Cœlicus*, or a Caveat to all the People of England.” So at least it is given in the invaluable work of Mr. Granger, (vol. iv. p. 65,) but we have searched for it in vain in the collected writings of its alleged author, published in 1683, under the title of “*The Works of the late most excellent Philosopher and Astronomer, Sir George Wharton, Bart.*,” collected into one entire volume. By John Godbury, Student in Physic and Astrology.” Booker died in April, 1667. His books were afterwards sold to Elias Ashmole, the celebrated founder of the Museum bearing his name at Oxford; who, as Lilly informs us, and we may readily believe of such a collection, gave for them to the widow “far more money than they were worth.”—(Mr. William Lilly’s History of his Life and Times, 1715, p. 29.)

(e) John, commonly called Jack Adams, was one of the lowest and most ignorant of the astrologers who swarmed in England about the period of the civil wars. In giving an account of a rare and curious print of him, by Sherwin, which has been copied by Caulfield, the indefatigable but caustic Granger introduces him as “Jack Adams, professor of the celestial sciences at Clerkenwell-green,—a blind buzzard, that pretended to have the eyes of an eagle.”—(Biographical History of England, v. p. 305.) The print, the description of which is thus prefaced, is a sort of caricature, with a satirical inscrip-

tion in Latinized English doggrel, addressed to "Jacko Cunning-manissimo." That this cunning man attained the object of his ambition in being made churchwarden of the parish in which he lived and the poem giving rise to this brief reference to him was first printed, may fairly be inferred, from the alteration in the reprint of that poem in 1672, which reads,

'And when *Jack Adams* first was made
Churchwarden of the parish.'

TIM BOBBIN.

THIS famous Lancashire pastoral—for such it is—has been just reprinted, with an interpretation. The new edition contains, besides, some poems of the whimsical author of 'Tim Bobbin,' and is ornamented by five plates, from the pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank, of which anon. Of the author of 'Tim Bobbin' not much is known, but a brief account of him will be found in 'Aikin's Manchester.' His name was John Collier, and he was born in Lancashire, on the 16th of December, 1708. The exact place of his birth is not ascertained,—for both Warrington and Mottram claim that honour—so we must be content to leave it in the same predicament as the native city of Homer. His father was a clergyman, in humble circumstances, and he was bred a weaver. But, speedily becoming disgusted with such an employment, and being a man of respectable education, he gave it up, and opened a small school at Rochdale, in Lancashire, where he died on the 14th of July, 1786, in his 78th year. These are the principal events of his noiseless life. He was a good-humoured, clever, and convivial fellow, and was much liked and respected in his own little circle. His 'Tim Bobbin' will prove to those who can understand it, that he was a man of considerable powers of humour.

It is a dialogue, in seven scenes, between a Lancashire clown, servant to a farmer, and a female fellow-servant, in which poor Tom Williams details a series of most hapless adventures which had befallen him. The day before yesterday, he informs us, he had been sent with a cow and calf to Rochdale, and, as ill luck would have it, he took his dog, Nip, with him. When he got within a mile of Rochdale, he stopped at an ale-house door, when a mare kicked the calf in the head, and killed it. He succeeded, after some difficulty, in selling the hide to a butcher, for thirteen pence, and contrived, by much persuasion, to get the person, to whom he was sent, to agree to take the cow off his hands, without the calf. The villany of the butcher must be related in his own words:—

"*Tho.* I went and bought two pounds of salt and an ounce of black pepper for our folks, and went towards home again.

"*Mary.* With a fearful heavy heart, I'll uphold you.

"*Tho.* Aye, aye, that's true—but what will you say, when I tell you he never buried the calf; but sold her at Oldham that morning, for twopence halfpenny a pound!

"*Mary*. Say! why by my troth it was fair cheating; but it's just like their rascally tricks; for there's not an honest bone in the hide of never a greasy tyke of 'em all.

"*Tho*. Indeed, *Mary*, I am of thy mind; for it was right wrong; but I think in my guts, that rascals in the world are as thick as wasps in a humble-bee's nest.*"

It is impossible not to assent to the truth of this last assertion. It is as good as any thing in Rabelais.

Tom is next the victim of a waggish trick, played on him by some boys, who persuade him to go owling with them; but his misfortunes soon thicken. To understand what follows, our readers must know that a *bandyhewit* is a password in Lancashire, given to a dog, when a trick is about to be played upon his owner. When a gull, on April day, for instance, has been persuaded to offer a bandyhewit for sale, the person to whom he applies sends him to another, and so on.

"SCENE III.—*The First of April.*

"*Thomas and Mary.*

"*Tho*. MISFORTUNES come on me as thick as lightning.

"*Mary*. Odsblood! not through Nip, egad!

"*Tho*. Through Nip!—ay, through Nip: and I would her neck had been broken in nine places when she was whelped for me, (God forgive me, the dumb creature does not hurt neither,) for I had not decently washed and dressed, and limped into the lane again, but I met a fattish-looking fellow in a blackish wig; and he stood and stared at Nip: quoth he, honest man, wilt thou sell thy dog? Said I, my dog's a bitch, and so is never a dog in the town: for, by my troth, *Mary*, I was as cross as two sticks.

"*Mary*. Egad, but you were bobbbersome, and answered roughly too much.

"*Tho*. But dog or bitch, said the fellow, if I had known of her three days since, I'd have got thee twenty shillings for her, for I see she's a right staunch bandyhewit, and there's a gentleman that lives about three miles off, that wants one just now. Now, *Mary*, to tell the truth, I'd a mind to cheat (God forgive me!) and sell him my sheep-eur for a bandyhewit; though I no more knew than the man in the moon what a bandyhewit was. Why, said I, she's primely bred, for her mother came from London, though she was whelped at my mas-

* We subjoin the *Lancashire* of this, as a specimen; but we shall do so only in this instance; for we really think it too recondite, to be intelligible so far south as the latitude of London:—

"*Tom*. I went on bowt two peawnd o sawt, on on eawnce of black pepper for eawr fok, on went toart whoam ogen.

"*Mea*. With o feafoo heyvy hbart I'll uphowd'o.

"*Tom*. Eigh, eigh, that's true—boh whottle to sey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berriit kawve! boh sowl it et *Ovudum* that oandurth, for two pence haw penny o peawnd!

"*Mea*. Say! why be meh troth it wur fere chkeoting; but it's meet like their rascotly tricks; for there's not an honest booaan ith' hoyde o newer o greasy tyke on um aw.

"*Tom*. Indeed, *Meary*, I'm eh thy mind; for it wur reet rank; boh I think eh meh guts ot rascots ith' ward ar on thjck as wasps in o hummo-bee-neest."

ter's; and though she's as good as any in Englandshire, I'll sell her if my price comes.

"*Mary.* Well done, Thomas!—What said he then?

"*Tho.* Why, quoth he, what dost ask for her? She's worth a guinea and a half in gold, said I; but a guinea I'll have for her: quoth he, I gave a guinea for mine, but I would rather have thine by a crown; but if thou'lt go to the justice—justice hem—let me see,—But I forget how he's named (but a great matter on him, for I think he's a piece of a rascal as well as the rest) he'll be glad of the bargain.

"*Mary.* That was clever, indeed; was it not?

"*Tho.* Ay, middling. Then I asked him what way I must go? And he told me; and away I set, with my heart as light as a feather, and carried Nip under my arm; for now thou must understand I was afraid of losing her, ne'er doubting but I should be *rich enough* to pay my master for the *calf*, and have somewhat to spare.

"*Mary.* Odds-fish! but that was brave; you are in no ill luck now, Thomas.

"*Tho.* But thou'lt hear: it was a weary way to it; however, I got there by three o'clock; and before I opened the door I covered Nip with the rag I dry my nose with, to let him see how I stored her. Then I opened the door, and what the deuce do'st think, but three little tiny bandyhewits, as I thought them, came barking as if the little stinkers would have worried me, and after that swallowed me alive. Then there came a fine fresh-coloured woman as stood as stiff as if she'd swallowed a poker, and I took her for the she-justice, she was so mighty fine; for I heard Roger Jackson tell my master, that the she-justices always did most of the work. However, I ask'd her if Mr. Justice was at home; she could not open her mouth, to say aye or no, but simpered, and said, *Yes!* (the dickens yes her, and him too.) Said I, I would you to tell him I would fain speak to him.

"*Mary.* Egad, but you was bold; I should have been timorous; but let's know how you went on?

"*Tho.* Why, well enough, for they may nip and cheat as bad as any other clerks, and they'll not meddle with thee; but thou must not cross nor teize them, for they ar'nt to be vexed.

"*Mary.* But how went you on? Was the justice at home?

"*Tho.* Aye; and came slap, and asked me what I wanted? Why, said I, I've a very fine bandyhewit to sell, and I hear you want one, sir. Humph! said he—a bandyhewit!—Prithee, let's look at it? Aye, said I, and I pulled the handkerchief from off her, stroked her down the back, and said, she's as fine a bandyhewit as ever ran before a tail.

"*Mary.* Well done, Thomas—you could not have mended that, if you had it to do again; but you're fit to go out in faith.

"*Tho.* She's a fine one, indeed, said the justice; and it's a thousand pities but I'd known of her yesterday: for a fellow came, and I bought one not so good as this by half-a-guinea; and I'll uphold you, you'll take a guinea for this. And that I'll have, if I could light of a chapman, said I. She's richly worth it, said he, and I think I can tell thee where thou may part with her, if he is not fitted already.

"*Mary.* Dear me, but that was a good-natured justice—was he not?

"*Tho.* Aye, Mary—thou talk'st like a silly dunce: for, take my word for it, nothing that's good for any thing can come of it when a man deals with rascally folk; but, as I was telling thee, he named a fellow that lived about two miles off him (but the devil forget him, as I do); so I must go back again to Rochdale. So I got Nip under my arm again, made a scrape with my foot, and bid the justice good night, with a heavy *heart* thou mayst be sure; and, but as I thought I could as well sell her in this other place, it would certainly have broken.

"*Mary.* Lord bless us! it was like to trouble you mightily!"

While on this sage expedition poor Tom fell into a stream, by missing his footing on a slippery plank, that supplied the place of a bridge across it; and, independent of the fright and the wetting, lost his salt and pepper, which sadly annoyed his person, by making it smart "os if fivve hundurt pissmotes wur eh me breechus," [as if five hundred pismires were in my breeches.] By this time night was coming on, and he did not well know his way, which was pointed out to him by a gentleman, with a name *plus quam* Hispanic.

"Up spoke I—Who's that? A lad's voice answered in a crying din,—'*Aye, lawk, do not take me! do not take me!*' No, said I, I'll not take thee, by Our Lady; whose lad art thou? Why, said he, I am John's o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marrion's o'Dick's o'Nethon's, o'Lall's o'Simmy's in the lanes, and I am going home. Odds, thinks I to myself, thou'st a long name in thee: and here, Mary, I could not but think what long names some of us have, for thine and mine are moderate; but this lad's was so much longer, that I thought it cut mine into one half.

"*Mary.* Prithee now, tell me how these long names happen?"

"*Tho.* Um—m—n, let me see! I cannot tell well, but suppose it is to know folks by."

After many fearful adventures, he succeeds in getting into an ale-house, where he determines on stopping. A tumult occurs here, which is described with a graphic fidelity quite equal to Fielding himself, quite at home in inns and public houses as that great novelist is universally acknowledged to be. Tom took no part in the fray, for throughout the whole he displays no fondness whatever for fighting; but quietly "called for something to eat, and a pint of ale; and she brought me some pork and raw turnips, and as fine veal and ham as need to be touched: I crammed Nip now and then with a luncheon, but Tom took care of the other, every bit; for I ate like a Yorkshire-man, and cleared the table.

"SCENE V.—*Shot, and no Money.*

"*Thomas and Mary.*

"*Mary.* Well done, Thomas! you'd sure need no second supper, for you eat so much that you took the profits from it, I hear.

"*Tho.* True; so I sat and rested myself, and drank my pint of ale; but as I had not well quenched my thirst, I called for another, and took that in too, for I was as dry as soot; and as it was too late to go any where with my bitch, poor Nip, I asked the landlady if she could let me rest all night; she told me I might, if I would.

Said I, I'll go now, if you'll go with me. I go with thee, say you? what, art thou afraid of ghosts, or thou'rt not weaned yet, and cannot sleep without the breast? 'Sflesh, said I, what art thou talking of? I want to go to bed. Ho, ho, if that be all, said she, Marg'ret will show thee. So Marg'ret lighted a candle, and showed me a large room, and a bed with curtains forsooth! I thought Marg'ret was confused, and lingered long in the chamber before she left it, and I suspected that she longed for a bit of pulling and hauling; but somehow I was so tired and bashful, that I was in no humour for caterwauling, so I said nothing to her; but I have forethought myself since, for she was no dirty one, I'll assure thee, but as nice a lass as Sarah at Richard's, every bit.

"*Mary.* Marry come up! like enough, why not? Is Sarah at Richard's so handsome?"

"*Tho.* Aye, she's moderately. However, when she was gone, I took off my wet shoes and hose, and my wet clothes, and got in; and in truth, Mary, I never lay in such a bed since I was christened.

"*Mary.* O dear, Thomas, I should have liked to have been with you; I warrant you'd sleep soundly?"

"*Tho.* Nay, I cannot say that I did, for I was much troubled about my calf: besides, I was afraid of our folk seeking me, and my master beating me when I got home; it's true, my carcass was pretty easy, but my mind might as well have lain in an ant's hole, or on a heap of holly or gorse, for it was one o'clock before I could close my eyes."

Worse remains behind. The quart d'heure de Rabelais—the season for paying the bill—the unpleasant operation which made even the author of 'Pantagruel' himself look melancholy, was at hand, and poor Tom is in a sad scrape.

"As I was putting on my wettish clothes, I thought I'll know how my shot stands before I'll spend more of my brass at my breakfast: so I called, and the landlady came, and cast it up to thirteen-pence! So, thought I to myself, it's a plaguy deal; what *destruction* have I made here! I could have found myself a whole week with us for that money. I shall not have one farthing to spare of my 'Hide silver:' and now I was in as bad a case as could be, wasn't I now?"

"*Mary.* No, marry! not you: if you had made away with more money than you had, you might have talked.

"*Tom.* I find thou can'st tell true to a hair, if thou wilt, Mary; but, by the mass! when I came to grope in the bottom of my pocket to pay her, I was woundily frightened, for the devil a ha'penny had I! and whether I had lost it in the brook or with scrambling over the ditch banks, I no more knew than the man in the moon, but gone it was! I stared like a wild cat and was nearly motionless: at last I told her I had lost my money! Said she, what do you mean, man? you are now putting Yorkshire on me; that tale will not suit me, for you are like to pay it somehow. Said I, but it's true, and you may feel in my breeches if you will. Thou art some mismannered jackanapes, I'll uphold thee, said she: nay, nay, I'll not feel in thy breeches, not I. Well, said I, you are like to have nought, without you'll take my woollen gloves, and my clout, I had carried the salt in. Those will not do, said she, they are not both worth above two groats. I have

nought else, said I, without you'll have my snuff horn, and I'm loth to part with it, because Sarah at Richard's gave it me last Christmas. Let's see them, said she, for thou art some arrant rascal, I'll uphold thee. So I gave them to her; and still this fat fussock of a woman looked as black as thunder when I'd done."

Escaped from this virago, he proceeds to sell his dog; but alas! every one is supplied, though they all knew some other person who is in want of the very animal. At last, even Tom begins to perceive that they were making of him "the big'st neatril ot ever wur made sin Kene kilt Ebil," (the biggest natural that ever was made since Cain killed Abel;) and was departing in a great rage, when a rabble of boys, who had watched his motions, surrounded him. In the fray he is pelted with dirt, and escaping, with difficulty, he finds on getting out of the town that he had lost Nip! This was a sad calamity; so without having had "bit nor sope, (sup.) nor cup o sneeze, (pinch of snuff,) he set out for home, with a perfect certainty of being thrashed by his master for losing his calf and his dog.

On the way he meets a kind-hearted fellow, who, taking compassion upon him, allows him to ride his horse. This, however, is the greatest misfortune of all, for the good Samaritan turns out to be a Yorkshire horse-stealer; and, in a short time, Tom is seized by constables and brought before a justice. Appearances are strongly against our hero, and the whole examination is most capitally described; but here his former stupidity saves him: the justice happens to be the very man to whom he had offered his bandyhewit, and at the hour when the theft was committed. He gets, however, an insight into the mode of administering the law, for the constable and magistrate happening to go out, the clerk "called me on one side, and proffered to bring me clear off for half a guinea. Says I, 'Man, if I knew a halter must make my neck as long as a gander's neck to-morrow morning, I could not raise half a guinea! for hanged or not hanged, I have not one halfpenny to save my neck with.' 'But,' says he, 'will you give your note for it?' 'I'll give no note, not I; for I'd as good be hanged for this job, as steal to be hanged for that, and I have no other way of raising it but stealing, as I know of.'

"*Mary.* Good Lord, have mercy! more rogues and more; now out upon all such cunning chaps for ever, and a day longer, say I."

The reflections upon law, which follow, have been often made upon the administration of the Great Unpaid. Tom suspects that even justices are not much better than their clerks.

"But yet, *Mary*, I think in my guts there's mouses' nests, or knavish tricks among some of them, as well as other folk; or why should this same clerk of his, when he perceived I was innocent, proffer to bring me off for half a guinea? Had not this a strong savour of fair cheating; nay, downright biting of poor folk? And dost thou think that justices do not know when these tykes play a hundred worse tricks than this in the year? Besides, *Mary*, I heard that false fellow Dick o' Jem's at old Harry's say, that he knew some of them that went snacks with these caterpillars, their clerks; and, if so, should they not

be horsed on the same back, and whipt with the same rod as their clerks; hears thou me?

"*Mary*. No, no, not they, marry: for if such things must be done correctly, and as they ought to be, the bigger rogues should have the heavier smacks, and more of them, ye know, Thomas. But great folks often do what they will with little ones; right or wrong, what care they."

Tom's réception by his master is most tempestuous. On hearing of his losses, he flings a poker at Tom, which, missing him, breaks the cream-jug that was standing by the fire, into which it spills the cream, and brings down a batting-staff upon a child in the cradle. The child immediately begins to yell, and under cover of the tumult, Tom escapes to a neighbouring barn, where he sees ghosts, and meets various adventures, for which we refer the curious to the book itself.

As a picture of manners, this is a curious little work; it is also valuable to the glossarist. The great intercourse between all parts of England, and many other circumstances, have gone far towards eradicating the more remarkable dialects, and those who are acquainted with English etymology know that those dialects throw much light upon the *origines* of our language. We cannot compliment the glossographer of this work. He does not know much of his business, for he sets down as antiquated and obsolete some of the commonest words of our tongue, as *agog*, *anon*, *canker*, *doff*, *quandary*, &c., and a hundred others in short, which are in daily use, and in no way peculiarly connected with Lancashire. He makes no attempt to trace the etymologies of his words, and appears, indeed, to have no safer guide than Todd's Johnson. With the usual custom of commentators, he carefully shuns a really difficult word: "*flaskert*," page 32, for instance, is interpreted by the very intelligible word "*flaskered*;" for "*bandyhewit*," page 27, we are referred to the glossary, *where it is not to be found*—on "*shad wrynot*," we are informed that it is a proper name, a cant term, &c. &c. In the hands of a real master of the language, a glossary to '*Tim Bobbin*' might be made both curious and instructive; in the hands of the gentleman who attempts it here, it is a total failure.

But if the glossarist has failed in his department, the artist has triumphed in his. Cruikshank's five plates are equal to any thing he ever executed. The prim, falbala'd justice's maid, as stiff as if she had swallowed a poker, chuckling quietly at the gaby countenance of poor Tom, with his bandyhewit under his arm, is excessively comical. Tom's figure in the plate where he is groping out of the stream, is rather too close a resemblance of Liston, in Mawworm, but the execution is admirable; and nothing can exceed the figures of the two clowns in the fourth plate, while gaping after a ghost. Cruikshank is inexhaustible, and we are happy to hear that he is now most busily occupied, and much more profitably than before.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE.

7th. THE French *Globe* is exceedingly angry with us for insinuating that it is necessary to understand English to be able to appreciate Shakspeare—and that making the most egregious blunders in three of their English quotations out of four, is something approaching to *primâ facie* evidence, that their knowledge of that tongue cannot be very extensive. In the *Globe* of the 29th of last month appears the following article, with reference to our notice, in our diary for the month of April, of their critique upon *Virginius* :—

“ Nous lisons à l’instant même, dans le dernier numéro du *London Magazine*, une critique amèrement nationale du compte que nous avons rendu de la représentation de *Virginius*. Nous concevons que quelques Anglais soient vexés, comme ils l’avouent, que nous admirions Shakspeare autrement qu’eux, et ne nous prosternions pas devant les admirables changements qu’on y a faits. Mais la mauvaise humeur ne donne pas le droit d’être injuste. Le *London Magazine* l’est étrangement à notre égard ; ils nous taxe d’ignorance pour un faute d’impression qui se trouve dans une de nos citations. Pareil petit malheur n’est pourtant pas rare dans les revues Anglais, et notamment dans le *London Magazine*. Sans chercher bien loin, nous lisons dans ce même numéro ce vers, plus célèbre assurément qu’aucun de ceux de M. Knowles :

Le raisonner tristement s’accrédite,
travesti de cette manière :

Le raisonneur tristement l’accrédite.

Un raisonneur de cette force devrait au moins se montrer plus indulgent. Loin de là, il fait grand bruit de ce que nous avons dit que Colmann et Mathurin ont été, depuis douze ans, avec M. Knowles, les soutiens du théâtre Britannique, quoique nous n’ayons attaché à ces mots aucune acception malveillante ou restrictive. Le *London Magazine* nous apprend magistralement que Colmann, depuis vingt ans, n’a écrit qu’une pièce pour la scène ; ci qui nous importe assez peu, si ses pièces forment encore aujourd’hui la majeure partie du répertoire moderne. Le *London Magazine* eût bien fait de nous apprendre quels sont ces noms si supérieurs à ceux de Colmann, de Knowles, et de Mathurin, dont un étranger est si coupable de n’avoir pas parlé. Le vrai tort que nous ayons eu, c’est de nous être servi, par excès de courtoisie, d’une expression qui pourrait faire croire que, depuis douze ans, le théâtre Anglais s’est soutenu. Le très national *London Magazine*, n’a pas agi fort sagement en attirant l’attention des étrangers sur ce côté si faible de la littérature de son pays. Nous ferons incessamment connaître l’état actuel du théâtre en Angleterre ; et ce ne sera pas notre faute si nous sommes forcés, dans cet exposé, de faire une large part aux illustres traducteurs du *Jeune Mari*, de *Trente ans ou la Vie d’un Joueur*, et de tous nos opéras comiques et mélodrames qui sont, depuis quelques années, sinon les soutiens, du moins les pourvoyeurs les plus habituels du théâtre Britannique.”

That our spirit is not *national*, in the narrow and unworthy sense which the writer in the *Globe* insinuates is, we think, quite apparent from the space which we devote to foreign literature, and from the tone in which it is reviewed:—indeed, as that department of the Magazine is in the hands of literary foreigners of eminence, belonging to the various countries of Europe respectively, it would be somewhat strange if an exclusive English spirit could be traced there. Our placing this department in such hands, speaks sufficiently for that by which *we* are actuated. So much for the “critique amèrement nationale.”—Next, we are vexed because they admire Shakspeare differently from us, and because they do not prostrate themselves before the alterations which have been made in him. Indeed!—We shall believe the knowledge of English possessed by the *Globe*, to be still less than we had thought, if they give this meaning to the following sentence—which is in comment upon the exposure of the most gross and ludicrous errors of quotation:—“And these people pretend to admire Shakspeare! This is what vexes us: if they would but abuse him we should not care, but their admiration is too much.”—Now here is not one word, that we can find, concerning the alterations made in preparing Shakspeare’s plays for the stage—in their opinion concerning which, as it happens, we chance for the most part to agree. Neither is our spleen excited by their admiring Shakspeare “autrement que nous”—but from their affecting to launch out into his praise, when they have just proved, by their specimens of English, that their comprehension of his writings must be most limited indeed. We are displeased at this, because it affords a ready handle to the old *classique* party in France to sneer at the ignorance of Shakspeare displayed by those who pretend to admire him. As for our taxing the writer in the *Globe* with this ignorance, “pour une faute d’impression que se trouve dans une de ses citations,”—it is rather too entertaining: we said, in the article upon which he comments,—“One slip or so might be an error of the press, but the press cannot be always wrong,”—and so we say still. Every one who knows the hurry and confusion of getting a certain quantity of matter through the press to a given hour, will be most ready to make every allowance on the score of mis-prints. But as here the errors are the rule, and correctness is the exception, we cannot believe that the blame rests with the compositor or the corrector. We gave some tolerable proofs of this in the slight notice which has called forth so angry an answer; but the same system seems to be continued throughout. In the criticism on Kean’s *Othello*, there are only three English quotations, of which two are as follows: they talk of *Othello* having loved, “no wisely but too well,”—and they quote, with blame for its suppression, the concluding couplet of *Othello*’s part as the play was written:—

“I kist thee, ere I kill’d thee. No way but this,
Killing myself to die upon a kill.”—

We leave such instances as this to our readers’ judgment.

The *Globe* next, and very rightly, if it could make out its case, attempts to retaliate, and says that we ought not to be so severe upon typographical errors, for that such things happen, not rarely, in English reviews and in the *London Magazine* itself. And they then

point out what they choose to represent as a mis-quotation on our part. The way in which they have done this bespeaks either ignorance or bad faith: they have cited only the line itself—and not the context, which would have shewn that the line was purposely altered to meet the sense of the immediate passage—a practice universally adopted and permitted. It is this:—"The French imagination, which was so brilliant and ingenious in the days of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

Qui, portant dans ses mains le myrte et le laurier,
Le luth du troubadour, la lance du guerrier,
Varioit, comme Iris, ses couleurs et ses charmes;

leaving the field open to that accuracy of reason which leads the genius of man forward in the process of experiments, observation, and calculations—

Le raisonneur tristement l'accrédite,

and Professor Cuvier is one of those learned men who have given it the most extensive letters of credit."

This, we think, will scarcely be considered as ignorance; which, by the way, would be strange, as these articles chance to be written by a Frenchman.

The *Globe* next takes us to task for ridiculing their assertion that Colmann, Knowles, and Mathurin, are not the "soutiens du theatre Britannique." [Here, by the way, they contrive to mis-spell two names out of three.] We had said that Colman had written only one, and that not a successful, piece during the last twenty years: they retort that it does not matter, if his pieces even now form the major part of the stock-list. Certainly, granting the *if*; but it happens that, with perhaps the exception of this year, when the Poor Gentleman has been revived for Matthews and Liston, there are not any of Colman's pieces acted three times in the season. As for Maturin, he never had but the single play of Bertram on the stage—his other pieces were all damned—and Bertram has not been in the *répertoire* for the last ten years at the very least. It may, perhaps, have been acted for a benefit or so, but that is all. They apprise us they did not say this maliciously. We never thought they did—but we quoted it to shew their extreme ignorance of the existing state of our stage.

As to what that state *is*, (for we are not, by any means, "bitterly national") we are not going to defend it in the least. We have, it is true, some dozen or two of pieces of Shakspeare, and Fletcher, and Massinger, and Otway, and Southerne, and a comedy or two still lingering of Farquhar and Vanburgh, and those of Sheridan; and these, the tragedies especially, go far to make up an admirable list. But it never increases. One grows tired of the constant repetition even of *Macbeth* and the *School for Scandal*; and nothing new arises to serve as substitutes. The new pieces which *are* produced, are, as the *Globe* very truly says, translations from French melodramas and vaudevilles, —the former sometimes rendered well enough to give a few touches of pathos when admirably acted—but the latter nearly always robbed of the grace, lightness, and gaiety which confer so much charm upon that style of French composition. We do not pretend to stand up for these "illustres traducteurs," in the very least degree; and we beg to an-

nounce to the *Globe* that they cannot oblige us more than by lashing these gentry to their hearts' content, if they think such very small things worthy of the whip. It is the ample admixture of Opera—in the *executive* department of which our theatres are now crowded with talent—that enables our managers to fill their bills; and even these are, as dramatic compositions, the most wretched productions. We admit fully the miserable ebb to which dramatic writing has fallen in England at this time, which we are the more surprised at, and the less ashamed of, from the fact of there never having been a period at which her general literary powers were so strong and so distinguished. But we cannot admit that the stage itself is low, as long as there remain the productions of the illustrious persons we have enumerated above, and such people as our more prominent actors to play them.

For the rest, we are really sorry to quarrel with the *Globe*, which we frankly admit, because we really believe it to be a sound, sensible, and very instructive paper. But though not “*amèrement national*,” we are still English enough not to be able to see Shakspeare “die upon a kill,” without making a wry face at such a proceeding, and entreating the operators not to try any such extraordinary experiments upon him for the future.

10th. Heavens and earth! my Lord Archbishop, what a homily is this! We have not heard of any recent apoplexy undergone by his Grace, but really his brother of Grenada's celebrated composition could not smack of it more. The Archbishop of Tuam we always knew to be a bigot and an aristocrat—but we had by some means fallen into the monstrous hallucination that he was a man of sense, approaching even to a man of talent. Oh! yes—we recollect now how this outrageous error became impressed upon our mind,—we heard him spoken of by some of his own relations. We have a respect for the amiable mis-judgment which arises from the *glamour* of affection, but really there ought to be some bounds to it. We fear it will be very long before we shall be able to forgive the outrageous error into which, in our innocence, we have been led. “He begged to refer their Lordships to Moses”—on the Catholic Question! Whether or not the Catholic inhabitants of these countries are to be admitted to a civil equality with their Protestant brethren, is to be judged of from the maxims which Moses desired the children of Israel to write on their door-posts, or rather from the fact of his having so desired them! There certainly were many schisms during the sojourn in the wilderness; but we never heard of there being any Orangemen or Catholic Associations—we cannot find any traces of Jewish Mr. O'Connells and Sir Harcourt Lees. Again,—his Grace seems to have favoured the house twice with the repetition, verbatim, of the whole of the second commandment. The “laughter,”—“shouts of laughter,”—“continued laughter,” “coughing,” &c. &c., which the newspapers maliciously represent as having been the accompaniments of the Archbishop's speech, seem to have made no impression whatever upon his nerves. On he goes with the imperturbability of dulness, unshaken, unmoved. He brings the second commandment forward in proof of what scarcely would, we think, have been questioned—the prohibition, namely, of idolatry. He

then, in the year 1828, proceeds to stigmatize the Catholic reverence of the images of the Virgin, &c., as idolatry, and brings in the immediate and necessary *sequitur*, that they should not be emancipated! His Grace next goes on to say that Catholics should not be admitted to an equality of civil rights, because—they believe in purgatory! “I could go on,” exclaimed the Archbishop—“I could go on about purgatory for hours!” If he had, he would most undoubtedly have negatived the proposition he was arguing to support, by realizing its existence.

Seriously—if one can be serious upon such an exhibition—it is a little *too* much to hear the Catholic Question argued upon the ground of abstract doctrines of belief, at this time of day. The more enlightened of the bench of Bishops must have been upon thorns while this pudding-headed prelate was making himself such a mountebank. We do not in the least exaggerate—we are convinced many a real mountebank would give his ears to produce as much laughter by his absurdities, as that which those of his Grace of Tuam excited last night.

16th. Really these Bow-street magistrates seem to think themselves beyond all the ties, legal and social, by which all other persons consider themselves bound. We had occasion, two or three months back, to comment upon some of the outrageous proceedings of Sir Richard Birnie; and now Mr. Halls, whom we had believed to be more a gentleman than his notorious colleague, comes forward to assert his right to an equal rank in violence and brutality. The following is reported in this morning's papers—and in those we have seen, without any variation. The account we give is that of the *Times*.

“BOW-STREET.—On Saturday, *William Murrell*, a hackney-coachman, was charged on suspicion with having assisted three other men, who are not as yet in custody, to rob Mr. John Birley, an elderly, respectable gentleman, residing at present at the Hummums Hotel, Covent-Garden, of his purse, containing sixteen sovereigns.

“Mr. Birley, who is afflicted with deafness, stated that he had no evidence to produce against the prisoner, and it was for that reason that he had not attended until sent for to the hotel where he resided.

“Mr. Halls observed, that having advanced a charge of felony against the prisoner, and having caused him to be locked up all night, it was the duty of Mr. Birley to have attended without being sent for. The liberty of his Majesty's subjects was not to be thus trifled with. Mr. Birley must state his charge.

“Mr. Birley stated, accordingly, that on Friday night he went to Vauxhall, and returned between twelve and one o'clock in the prisoner's coach to the Hummums, on arriving at which the prisoner opened the door of the coach to let him out. Three men were standing around the prisoner. On demanding to know the amount of the fare, the prisoner asked for five shillings, upon which the complainant offered him four shillings, and held his purse in his hand ready to pay him that amount. While disputing about the legal fare, Mr. Birley said that one of the men who were looking on struck him a violent blow on the hand in which he held the purse. The purse fell to the ground, and another of the three men ran away with it, followed by

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his two companions. They were out of sight in a moment. Believing that the prisoner had acted in concert with the thieves, Mr. Birley said he gave him in charge of a watchman.

"Mr. Halls observed, that if no stronger evidence could be produced, the prisoner must be discharged.

"Mr. Birley.—I certainly suspect the man, at the same time I have deemed it right to keep nothing back.

"Mr. Halls told the prisoner that he was discharged.

"Mr. Birley.—Then I presume, Sir, that I may go also.

"Mr. Halls.—Yes, Sir, you may go.—(In a louder and more angry tone, the magistrate added)—You may go, Sir.

"Mr. Birley then walked towards the door, and without appearing to consider what he did, put on his hat in the office and in sight of the bench.

"Mr. Halls.—Take off your hat, Sir!

"The old gentlemen who, as we before stated, was afflicted with deafness, walked on, without uncovering his head.

"Mr. Halls (in a considerable rage)—Knock off his hat, officer; we'll teach him to respect the bench.

"A patrol named Goodison, in obedience to the order of the magistrate, made a blow at Mr. Birley's hat, but missed it. Mr. Birley by this time had reached the steps leading into the yard outside of the justice-room, when the officer repeated his blow, and Mr. Birley and his hat rolled down the steps into the yard.

"Mr. Birley, who we understand is a gentleman possessing considerable property near Manchester, expressed his determination to bring an action against the magistrate for this wanton outrage upon his person."

We most sincerely hope that this gentleman will adhere to his resolution, and that he will prosecute both him who ordered the assault, and him who committed it. The officer appears to have been a fitting slave to execute the commands of this cad—he misses his first blow—and, resolving not to throw away a second, he secures its taking effect by knocking man as well as hat down the steps into the yard. And this outrage was committed in the presence of a magistrate, and virtually by his orders!—for though they extended only to the hat, yet it does not appear that he in any degree reproved his cowardly savage of a satellite when he extended their execution to its elderly wearer also. Mr. Halls, if the reports be correct, exclaimed, "Knock off his hat, officer; we will teach him respect to the bench!" A very likely way, truly, to teach respect to the bench, to turn the office into a bear-garden, and to attack his Majesty's subjects à la Belcher. And this an old man too!—Fie, fie—Oh, fie!—Really, if these people will not conduct themselves, we will not say like gentlemen—but like decent citizens, they ought to be removed from their places. For, it is absolutely a disgrace to London, as professing to be the polished capital of a highly-civilized country, to have at the head of its police, and constantly and conspicuously before the eyes of the public, persons whose behaviour would seem to have been learned among the common street-ruffians, who are brought before them for examination. Truly may we say with Lear,—“Look with thine ears: See how yon justice

rails upon yon simple thief. Hark in thine ear—Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?"

17th. We have, in an earlier part of the month, talked of one Archbishop being a ninny—we little thought that, before the end of it, we should have to stigmatize another as a — we had written a very ugly word, but, as we have no sort of desire to come into hostile contact with the Court of King's Bench, we will leave our readers to complete the sentence for themselves. Disgraceful things are, alas! often done in public life—but so disgraceful a thing as that which was perpetrated last night in the House of Commons, we really should have thought to be almost beyond political profligacy in its worst days, and those days we had hoped were passed. The good old times of George Rose and Henry Dundas have scarcely ever presented anything so brazen as this. It appears that there is, in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury for the time being, a certain sinecure office of the value of about 13,000*l.* a year—that of Principal Registrar of the Prerogative Office at Doctors' Commons. This was granted by the late Archbishop to its present holder, with a reversion. Now this sinecure, being an undoubted and undisputed one, comes among the class of those which, according to the recommendation of the committee appointed some years back, to investigate sinecures, should be abolished on the death of those who are interested in them by possession or reversion. Well, one would think this has little enough to do with the present Archbishop of Canterbury who cannot well have anything to say to an office which is to be abolished—and which, even if it were to continue, his Grace has, according to the ordinary rules of mortality, no sort of chance of coming within many years of seeing vacant. The Archbishop of Canterbury, has, most undoubtedly, nothing at all to do with it;—but he wishes to have—and he sets about it thus:—He is the Duke of Rutland's uncle—the father of the Speaker of the House of Commons—his family return a vast number of members of Parliament. The firm and upright Duke of Wellington wants the support of the great borough-holders—and he is obliged, firm and upright even to obstinacy and tyranny though he be, to bend pliantly before them, and do the dirty work they chuse to bid him. The Mannesres, in this instance, bid the ministry bid their retainers to pass a bill giving the Archbishop of Canterbury power to grant *another* reversion of this office—that is, to appoint *now* a person to succeed the person who is to succeed the present holder! As for robbing the public, there is little new in that, though it is seldom done so barefacedly as in this instance—but supposing that the public is to be robbed, and that this useless office is to be profligately continued,—even in that case, the present Archbishop of Canterbury had no shadow of claim to appoint to a reversion. It is neither more nor less than being allowed to rob his successor, in order that the Duke of Wellington may have the support of the Rutland interest in parliament.

18th. We have seldom read a more extraordinary proceeding than the following:—An inquest sits upon the dead body of a woman—and the coroner sends the case to the jury to decide upon *no evidence at all.*

Some of the Jury very naturally remonstrate upon so singular a course of proceeding; but they are out-voted in the first instance, and are talked out of their opinion in the second. The report is from the *Times* :

“Coach Accident.”

“On Saturday last an inquisition was holden at the London Hospital, Mile-end-road, before J. W. Unwin, Esq., on view of the remains of Maria Smart, a female thirty-five years of age, who came to her death under the following circumstances:—

“The Rev. Mr. Simpson, a clergyman of the Established church, residing at 42, Gloucester-street, Commercial-road, stated, that on the night of Thursday, the 5th instant, at about eleven o’clock, the deceased, who lived with him as servant, was brought to his house. She was in a state of stupor and insensibility at the time, occasioned, he understood, by her falling from the roof of one of the Blackwall stages. Previous to her being brought home, she was taken to the King’s Arms Public-house, where she was attended by Mr. Bockham, a Surgeon, in Ratcliffe. He understood from the persons who brought her home, and who had witnessed her fall, that she was rather intoxicated at the time. She had lived in his service about eighteen months, and was habitually given to drink.

“Coroner—Did you understand that the coachman was at all to blame?

“Mr. Simpson.—Not at all, Sir. I was told that the unfortunate, occurrence, which was quite accidental, took place near to the King’s Arms public-house, in consequence of one side of the coach being on a raised part of the road, and the deceased being intoxicated fell off. In reply to some further questions from the coroner and jury, Mr. Simpson said, that he understood the coach, which belonged to Mr. Harber, was driven by a person named Robinson, and that Mr. Morris, the landlord of the King’s Arms public-house, and several other persons, had witnessed the accident.

“James Curling, a pupil of the hospital, deposed, that the proximate cause of the deceased’s death was an extravasated flow of blood on the brain, and that it was caused by a fracture of the skull. There were also other injuries on her person which accelerated death.

“This being all the evidence to adduce, the coroner summed up, and in the course of doing which he observed that there could be no doubt on the minds of any person present but that the deceased’s death was occasioned by accident, proceeding in a great measure from intoxication. He therefore would recommend the jury to return a verdict to that effect.

“Several of the jury here expressed themselves dissatisfied with the evidence that was adduced, and said, that, in point of fact, none had been given by which they could be at all guided as to their verdict. They also complained very much that none of the persons mentioned by Mr. Simpson, and who alone could give them legal testimony, were summoned.

“The coroner replied that it was but seldom indeed that they could, at that institution (the London Hospital), procure even so much evidence as on the present occasion. There did not, however, appear to him to be anything suspicious in the case, and he would, therefore, put it to the jury, whether it was not a case of accidental death.

"The majority of the jury being of this opinion, they presented a verdict to that effect; but those of them who hesitated, again impressed on the coroner, that there was not a tittle of legal evidence before them, it being only hearsay. After some argument, the dissentients withdrew their opposition, and signed the inquisition."

We agree with Mr. Unwin, that this was not a case of suspicion; but we repeat that it was a monstrous breach of his duty to let the case go to the jury, when literally there was not one iota of evidence to inform them how the injuries described by the surgeon had been inflicted upon the deceased. Mr. Simpson's story was perfectly clear and simple—but it was only what he had been informed—it was not evidence at all. We do not in the least degree wish to insinuate that the coachman was to blame—but somebody who was present ought to have been brought forward to say so. There is not, as far as we can see, much harm done in this particular case—but public officers, especially judicial ones, should never be suffered to tamper with their duty without being smartly reminded of it. For when once coroners take it into their heads to desire juries to give verdicts upon no evidence at all, in indifferent cases,—they may continue the principle in instances in which political or individual interests are concerned. This is not pretty, Mr. Unwin.

— If this inquest have acted in an extraordinary manner in giving a verdict at all, that at Windsor on Lord Mount Sandford has acted in one ten times more extraordinary in giving the verdict they have done. We have been, indeed, by no means pleased with the manner in which this business has been conducted throughout. The matter has been investigated, not as its being a man killed by a man, but a lord killed by a cobbler. We are the farthest in the world from desiring to impute the remotest blame to the unhappy young nobleman who has come to his death in this dreadful manner. He appears, indeed, to have been one of the very few persons present to whom no blame can be attached. But we are far from thinking that the gentlemen whom, unhappily, he joined, and for one of whom he was mistaken, are so blameless. It appears that the affray originated by some of the gentlemen encouraging two men who had quarrelled to fight—which they would not do, upon which the gentlemen called them cowards. Some of the crowd, not relishing these epithets, proceeded to disprove the taunt—and thus the fight began. In its course, Brinklett, against whom the preposterous verdict of wilful murder has been found, was knocked down, and, as he says, trampled on. He got up, and attacks the first man he sees, who chances to be the unhappy Lord Mount Sandford. That this attack was carried into ferocity and brutality is perfectly true—but that it was done in the heat of blood, and without the possibility of malice prepense, is so manifest, that we cannot understand how twelve men could be found to return such a verdict. One part of the coroner's conduct was, if not illegal, which we suspect it was, shamefully unjust. The man Brinklett admitted that he had attacked Lord Mount Sandford, and added, "But let me state how I had been treated first."—The coroner would not hear him. Now it is quite obvious that the degree of provocation he had received

would have everything to say as to the state of mind in which he was at the time—which, of course, is the principal question in deciding the degree of crime. One other point, also, we wish to mention. Language has been too weak to express the horror and indignation of all who are reported to have spoken on the subject, at the atrocity of Brinklett in kicking Lord Mount Sandford after he was down. We do not wish to gainsay this. But on the last day of the inquest, Mr. Ranger, a shopkeeper in Windsor, after giving his evidence with regard to the affray as relating to his Lordship, adds that Mr. Gascoyne, of the Life-Guards knocked him down, and kicked him twice, as he lay on the ground. No one says one word in comment upon this;—nay, in some of the reports—in that of the Windsor paper itself, by the way,—the evidence about the kicks is omitted altogether. In the report, however, in the *Morning Chronicle*, which is given in the first person, and in the most detailed manner, Mr. Ranger is made to say,—"After that, Mr. Gascoyne took hold of me by the hand, and struck me in the throat, and knocked me down, and kicked me twice when I was down." Upon this no remarks are made by any of those so indignant at the similar outrage. *Dant veniam corvis*—if the latter half of the line be not applicable.

We hope we shall not be mistaken as wishing in any degree to palliate the ferocity of these street-rows. On the contrary, we hold them to be so bad, that we think it always most reprehensible for gentlemen to be found in them. If, in this instance, they had not interfered with the quarrelling men at first, it is very probable that this horrible accident would never have occurred; and one cannot but consider it doubly lamentable that it should have befallen one who appears to have been completely well-conducted throughout.

23d. The meeting for the establishment of "The King's College London," is a most remarkable event. Our readers will find an article on this subject in another part of the present number, from the pen of a valued correspondent. We confess we are not inclined to be quite so charitable as he is, with regard to the motives which have actuated the high-church party, in establishing a college in London of their own. It would take a great deal more than this—which is so obviously to be accounted for on very different grounds—to make us believe that they do not *hate* the diffusion of education with the bitterest and most venomous hatred. The ink can scarcely yet be dry with which the organs of this very party proclaimed that *any* college or university in the metropolis was not only unnecessary but mischievous—when, *one* being on the point of opening, they announce a second!

Great and most wicked pains have been taken to represent the London University as irreligious; some of the more silly of the Tory papers have even overshot the mark so far as to call it atheistical. Their own plain statement might, we think, have saved them from this. They say, our object is to give education, in its broadest sense, to *all*; if we singled out any one sect of religion,—whether the Established Church, or any of the Dissenting Communions—and made conformity with *that* the *sine quâ non* of admission, we should obviously confine our instructions to the persons professing that particular creed.

To obviate this, we do not purpose to give any religious instruction at all: we do not intend that our University should have colleges for the residence of the students, like those of Oxford and Cambridge: they will live either with their parents, or with persons whom their parents may single out to place them with. *There*, in their homes, they will attend religious worship, and obtain religious instruction, according to their creed. We leave that entirely to private choice and guidance. We profess to teach merely temporal learning—and shall not interfere in spiritual matters at all.

And how is it at Oxford and Cambridge themselves? There are undoubtedly divinity lectures;—but with reference to the practice of religion, we defy any university-man to deny that the attendance at chapel is totally in reality, and very, very nearly directly acknowledged to be, no more than a *roll-call*. Its almost professed object is nothing more than that, as a student must be at so many of these ‘chapels,’ out of the fourteen in the week, he cannot be absent for any great length of time without its being discovered. We confess we cannot see any very great degree of piety in such an arrangement as this,—or that it is any strong evidence of infidelity to allow the young men to attend to their religious duties at home, instead of bringing them to chapel, as soldiers come to muster, or Eton boys to an “Absence.”

One would think there was nothing irreligious in the plan adopted by the London University; and yet, to hear the outcry that has been made, one would suppose that a Professor of Infidelity was the first that it had appointed. Now this outcry has been raised by persons who, in point of fact, care next to nothing about religion—but have the very strongest care about *the Church*. And it has been from this feeling that the King’s College has sprung. The Church well knows the degree of *power* as well as wealth which it derives from its connection with Oxford and Cambridge. Those institutions, notwithstanding their No Popery petitions, have never thoroughly undergone the Reformation. Their regulations are, to this hour, in the main, monastic. All the chief offices of power and of emolument can be held only by churchmen—and, even that most Catholic regulation, the celibacy of the clergy, is still kept up with regard to the Fellows. In a word, it is in the two Universities that the Church still rears its head, armed with much of its old influence—and displays that influence in its usual products of bigotry, hatred of improvement, and close and constant clinging to old abuses. Look at the course of education followed at Oxford and Cambridge, in this the nineteenth century, and these terms will be considered pale and weak, as applied to the poor antiquated mummery of the system.

Accordingly, when the University was first projected in London—to communicate *real* learning, with the rapidity and force belonging to the improvements of our time,—the high-church party exclaimed, first, that it was needless—and, secondly, that it betrayed a most culpable carelessness of the morals of youth, to dream of establishing an University in this wicked town. We are not going to argue this point with them; we shall say nothing of what the morals of Oxford and Cambridge *are*, or whether young men are not more likely to be kept in order under their father’s roof, or that of his representative, than under

the college-system at our Universities. We only state that the Tory people talked thus, at the time of the London University being first proposed. As to its being needless, they *now* think a *second* required; and, as to the wickedness of London, the King's College is to be in the heart of it, as well as its predecessor.

The real motive of this sudden out-break of high-church fondness for education is this: they argue thus:—"We hate education—but as it is impossible to stop it, we will try to get as much of it as we can into our own hands, that it may do as little harm [that is, good] as possible." They, therefore, set on foot "the King's College, London," which is to be conducted on the principles of the United Church of England and Ireland! (We think they might have spared themselves the associations which the latter word, as thus applied, cannot but excite.) The Bishops unite, almost as one man, in its support—and it is quite evident that any follower of a certain order of the great, who hopes for preferment for self and sons, must now make an exception from his general abuse of education, in favour of "King's College, London." It is here, we think, that the only fear of failure rests. The institution is manifestly the immediate offspring of the Church. All the protégés of Deans and Bishops will naturally be sent thither; from them, and such as them, it must expect the great body of its scholars. Now these persons look to Chaplaincies and livings—and how are they to get ordained unless the College can grant degrees?—and that power, most assuredly, parliament will never give it. Here will be the hitch: unless, indeed, the Bishops agree to admit into orders those who produce the certificate of the College, in despite of their present rule, most rigidly adhered to, to ordain no one who is not a graduate of one of the two Universities. This step would be *un peu fort*; but there is no saying what the Right Reverend Bench may not do.

For the rest, we are glad of the establishment of this College—High-church, Tory, and exclusive as it is. It is a great point gained to have driven the old Tories into any step for the promotion of education, feeble, cramped, and in fetters, though the step be. They have, by so doing, committed themselves to the recognition of a *principle*—from the deductions immediately derived from which they may, probably, hereafter desire, and not be able, to shrink. The King's College can in no degree hurt the London University—to which we must look for the real diffusion of learning. It either will, under the ostensible purpose of teaching, impart as little *knowledge* as possible, and thus be no rival of its predecessor at all—or it will really teach, and thus be at once its competitor and colleague in the noble purpose for which *this* was established—the enlightenment and improvement of the human mind.

27th. There was a debate in the House of Lords, last night, which merits peculiar attention. In the course of it, there was another instance displayed of the grasping, rapacious, and unchristianly haughty spirit of the High Church party in the Church of England, from the mouth of its worthy organ, the Bishop of Chester. On Lord Haddington presenting a petition from the Presbyterians of Lower Canada, on

the subject of the lands reserved for the Clergy, by an act of the 31st of the late King, Lord Harrowby is reported to have spoken as follows :—" As there was no question before their Lordships but that the Petition be laid on the table, he would not have said one word on the subject, had the name of Lord Grenville not been mentioned. It happened that he had repeatedly held conversations with his Noble Friend (Lord Grenville) on this very subject; and he had not only learned from him, but he had been desired by him to declare, in the most public manner possible, that the 31st of the late King was drawn up by him in conjunction with Mr. Pitt; that they had endeavoured to make it as perfect as possible; and they thought they had succeeded in manifesting a decided intention, as it certainly was the intention of the leading members of the Government at that period, when they introduced the bill into Parliament, that these reserves were not to be for the exclusive benefit of the Church of England; but that it was to be left to the discretion of his Majesty's Government to give them to any Protestant Church. He had nothing further to say; he had received a commission from his noble friend to make this declaration publicly, and he did not think that he could choose a more suitable occasion than the present."

Upon this, up jumps the Bishop of Chester, and begins by giving Lord Grenville, very courteously, the lie;—for how otherwise are we to construe the first sentence of his speech?—" it was very extraordinary, if such was the intention of the framers of the bill, according to the declaration just made, that it should not have been mentioned at the time. It was very remarkable that no notice was taken of their intention at the time the act passed." Lord Grenville had just made, through the medium of Lord Harrowby, as strong and explicit a declaration as words can frame; and then the Bishop of Chester begins to argue about probabilities, and cites a fragment of Mr. Pitt's speech, upon one particular portion of the Act, as evidence of the general intention. We cannot have much doubt as to which our readers will attach the most credit to—Lord Grenville's positive and solemn assertion; or the Bishop of Chester's argumentation about probabilities. Moreover, the expression used throughout the Act is, that these lands are reserved "*for the maintainance and support of the Protestant clergy.*" The Bishop of Chester, however, starts the monstrous proposition, "as appearing to him on the face of the Constitution," that "whenever provision was made for a Protestant clergy, except the act related to Scotland, it must be understood to mean, that the provision was made for the Episcopal clergy of the Church of England." This is really too much. We should like to know whether the church of Scotland be not a Protestant Church?—we should like to know whether it be not to the full, and in every respect, as much an *established church* as the Church of England? It is the most monstrous, arrogant, and impudent assumption for any clergyman of the Episcopal Church, be he bishop or be he deacon, to assert any, even the slightest, superiority to, or temporal distinction from, the clergy of the established Presbyterian Church of Scotland. If they assert the right of a national church in their own instance, they cannot withhold them from their Scottish brethren.

The two churches are in every respect *pari passu* : they are equally established by law, equally recognised as the national churches of different parts of the realm. What possible right, then, has this ex-Quarterly Reviewer to assume that the term "Protestant" applies solely to the Episcopal church?

We cannot further forbear quoting the powerful and admirable answer of Lord Lansdown to this grasping prelate :—

"The Marquess of Lansdown was not desirous of entering fully into the incidental discussion of this subject, which was one of great magnitude and importance, more especially as he understood there was a Committee of the other House engaged in a very accurate investigation of all the questions connected with and arising out of this subject. But he could not hear it said by the Right Reverend Prelate, from whom he had the misfortune entirely to differ, that whenever, in wording an Act of Parliament, the Legislature of this country named the Protestant Clergy, it must be understood that the Protestant Clergy of the Episcopal Church of England only was meant. This was not, as the Right Reverend Prelate had stated, the Legislature of England only connected with the Church of England. It was the joint Legislature of England and Scotland united together in perfect parity, and not in a state of dependency, on the part of Scotland, either as to her Government or as to her Kirk, but on the same principle that was eloquently stated by Mr. Pitt, when he was recommending the union with Ireland—a perfect union, on the principle of perfect equality. So far from its being recognised by the Legislature that because the Kirk of Scotland was established in that country by the Articles of Union, it was on that account to be considered as limited and confined to Scotland, the Legislature had always acted on a principle directly the reverse. Not many years had elapsed since, on the very ground that it was not confined to Scotland, and that the Colonies and dependencies of the United Kingdom were as connected with Scotland, and with the Kirk of Scotland, as with the State and Church of England, when it was thought expedient to provide an establishment for the Clergy of the Church of England in the East Indies, it was also thought expedient to make provision for an establishment of the Clergy of the Kirk of Scotland. So little did the Legislature then consider the Church of England entitled to such monopoly in all its Colonies and dependencies, for which the Right Reverend Prelate contended."

But, in this particular instance of Canada, the fact is, that the great majority of Protestants are Presbyterians. The population is composed of Roman Catholics and Presbyterians—and the Episcopalians are comparatively next to none. To endow, therefore, a Church with lands and revenues, which has scarcely any followers—and to leave that in which they abound without any, would, we think, be a proceeding rather too outrageous to *institute* at this time of day. That there is nothing extraordinary in continuing it, when it exists, the instance of Ireland can shew ; but it is rather too much to begin upon these days ; for though the Serjeant-Major is at the head of the government, it is the nineteenth century still ; and that the Bishop of Chester will be made to learn.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

No. III.—THE SPANISH LADY.

It was not in chronological order that I obtained the stories of the originals of the various portraits from Mr. St. John. It was according as the mood of the moment led me to be curious about one style of physiognomy rather than another, that I begged for, not *le mot de l'énigme*, but the enigma to the *mot*. But there was one style of physiognomy which delighted me at all seasons and in all moods—and on which I could gaze for hours without weariness. It was displayed in a female portrait of about the date of the middle of the seventeenth century: it was only a head, and was almost the smallest picture in the gallery—but its execution was in every way admirable:—at first I took it for a Murillo—but I was told that it was by Velasquez, his master. But, even without the foreign style of the painting, and my subsequent knowledge of who the painter was, I never could for a moment have mistaken the country of the original. It was a lady of between eighteen and twenty—lovely as the day—but of a loveliness so decidedly and strikingly *Spanish*, that it seemed almost as though it were a fancy-piece composed of a reunion of all the most marked and exquisite points of the national beauty. The complexion was dark, and yet of that singular and incomparable clearness which gives an effect still more delicious to the eye than the most perfect and pearl-like fairness. The hair, jet-black, was parted plainly on the brow, and gave an air to the countenance which would have been almost haughtily commanding, if it had not been for the deep, sad, almost subdued, expression of the full eyes. On those eyes, indeed, have I stood gazing, in the gallery at Arlescot, for hours, with ever-increasing enjoyment—so large, so finely-formed, so full of the emanations of a lofty and sensitive soul touched with sorrow—I have looked on them, *into* them, till, as my own eyes have filled with tears, I have started as fancy has almost made me believe that tears were rising into *them* also.

I have said that the picture consisted of the head only—but I always, in my imagination, filled out the portrait to a full-length. And so thoroughly convinced did I become at last that the figure which I had, from certain (probably fancied) indications, attached to this beautiful bust, was the exact counterpart of the reality,—that if I had been shown an original full-length picture, taken from the life, and it had differed from the form which my mind had drawn, I should still have considered *this* the right one, and that the portrait was, from some unknown cause, in error. Fortunately, however, my ideal delineation was never put to the test. No other portrait of the lovely Spaniard was known to exist, and I was at liberty to complete her figure untroubled.

I imagined that she was rather small, and *svette*—delicate, perhaps, in health, as well as in formation—for it was *impossible* that that eye could accompany robustness. And then, a hand, an arm, a foot, such as fairies might have envied! I used to sit before the picture, in-

dulging in these reveries, till I absolutely worked myself up into a rage against the painter for not introducing into it one of the matchless hands, which, small as the canvas was, would have been possible. She might have been raising her hand to her mouth, to her head:—Plague take the fellow!—I used to exclaim,—why should he insist that her hands were out of the picture?—And that hair!—the face is so nearly a perfect full one, that I see it only on the brow—for it is but little raised—whereas, cast it loose, and it would reach the knee.

The meaning of all this was, as it is probably highly unnecessary to state, that I had fallen desperately in love with the picture; and, consequently, the first concerning which I begged information, after the great founder, Sir Eustace,—for, even on *this* account, I dared not postpone him to any one,—was that of the Spanish Lady.

"In the first place," I said to St. John, "I am curious about her, because she is one of the most lovely beings upon whom my eyes have ever rested. In the next, I am certain that there is some very romantic story attached to her. It is a Spanish portrait of a Spanish lady: how came it here? And those eyes—tell me the history of those eyes—what gave them that strong contrast of expression equally with the almost severe brow, and the almost playful mouth?—the lower part of the face (I care not for your knowing the *facts*, I have studied that matchless page, her countenance, till I know the *spirit* of her story even better than you)—the lower part of the face bespeaks archness, animation, wit;—the eye-brow and forehead bid you beware presuming too much upon those qualities—while the eyes!—the Niobe at Florence is a statue, and therefore the eyes are colourless, in fact, non-existent,—but if the statue were to be copied as a picture, the eyes of that Spanish lady are those which the painter would choose to complete it!"

"Ah?" exclaimed St. John, "you really *have* studied that picture minutely. I myself"—and he sighed as he smiled sadly,—"*have* once had my ideas of beauty as well as another; and although, perhaps, the *style* of that of your fair Spaniard be not exactly what I have admired the most, yet I have not made that gallery my study for so many years, without having had my own thoughts on the subject of those very eyes;—they certainly are beautiful."

"Beautiful!" I exclaimed,—"*divine! Style! What signifies style? Nothing can equal that!*"

"Some things," rejoined St. John, "I think may. But you need not be so eager on the subject; for I pledge you my word the lady has been dead two hundred years. I do know her story, and that from some peculiar circumstances, most fully. And I, also, have my own little theory touching the eyes, and their contrast with the other parts of her countenance, which I have perceived as well as you. I think I have formed an ingenious, and, I believe, a true solution of that singular fact."

"The devil you have!" I ejaculated, forgetting my friend's vocation, in the impatience of the moment.

"Pray be calm," he interrupted, "I do assure you the lady is dead, centuries ago, and therefore you cannot marry her; and if she were alive she would not have you. Did you observe how the picture was hung?"

"I have; and my mind has sometimes misgiven me on the subject. I have sometimes doubted that cavalier-looking fellow, whose full length hangs above her."

"You were right. That tall, handsome, Sir Herbert, with the courtly air, and the love-locks of Charles I.'s time, has, indeed, much to say with her history. And that scarf of black silk, by which her portrait is suspended from his, indicates, by its colour, the character of the connexion."

"Tell me—tell me how they came together; what chance made them meet—tell me——"

"I shall tell you nothing," said Mr. St. John; "but here"—going to his bureau where he kept his manuscripts—"here is her story, at length, in my best style; read it, and judge for yourself."

THE STORY OF THE LADY OLIVIA DE CASTRO.

It is strange, and often lamentable, to consider the influence which public events have upon private fortunes. I do not now speak of the widows made by war, or of the other many and dreadful sufferings which that awful scourge inflicts upon humanity. The stream of the public destinies carries upon its bosom many a private shallop; sometimes aided by its current, and adorned by its course of beauty, but far more often, after a long succession of perils, wrecked and utterly destroyed.

Who, but a soothsayer, would have seen any connection between the fortunes of Herbert Meynell, the son of an English Knight and dame, born and bred in England,—and those of Donna Olivia de Castro, the daughter of a Spanish Grandee, whose only migrations had been between her father's castle in Old Castile, and his palace at Madrid? And yet these two persons fixed the fate of each other's lives. And what brought them together? The course of public events.

Sir Herbert Meynell's father had been one of those gentlemen, of knightly families, who bought the hereditary knighthood, which James I. constituted for pecuniary purposes, under the title of baronet. He was a favourite of the King, and his son was bred up very much about the person of Prince Charles. Sir Herbert was thus, at the period of his father's death, which happened in the year 1620, when he was about two-and-twenty years old, far from being the coarse, uninstructed, unmannerly bumpkin, which the mere country gentlemen of England almost universally were at that day. He had been bred about the court, and among the best even there. He had great natural advantages, and he had cultivated them, whether of body or of mind, to the utmost. Accordingly, at the time that he succeeded to the very large property of his father,—another advantage of the extent of which he was fully conscious,—he was one of the most accomplished gallants of the court—in which he fixed his residence. Coming from the midland, he had family connections with the Lord of the ascendant, Buckingham; and, although not by office one of his retainers, he was constantly about his person, and was considered as one of his most favoured followers.

Accordingly, when that most extraordinary expedition, the Prince's journey to Spain, was resolved on, Sir Herbert was singled out as one

of the galaxy of noble and gallant persons who were to go direct to Spain, and form the retinue of the Prince during his residence at Madrid. Buckingham had originally wished that he should accompany them; but, as their escort was literally limited to three—Sir Francis Cottington, Sir Richard Graham, and Endymion Porter—this was found to be impossible. He went out, however, with Lord Denbigh, Lord Kensington, Lord Cecil, Lord Howard, and the other young nobles who formed the court of the Prince at Madrid.

Never, perhaps, was there more youth, beauty, wit, wealth and rank, congregated together than in this *cortège*. The Duke of Buckingham, whose eminence itself had originally arisen from his advantages of person, was, at this time, in the very zenith of manhood, and an unparalleled course of continued success had added all the *vis vitæ*—the animation, buoyancy, and brilliancy—which are the usual attendants on good fortune. The young noblemen who had followed the prince to Madrid, were the very *élite* of the court. They had been singled out with reference to their shewy and imposing qualities; and, though the Prince himself already indicated that cold and reserved temper, which afterwards proved of so much detriment during the course of his ill-fated life, yet it could scarcely have been possible for Francis I. or Henri Quatre to have gathered around him a retinue more distinguished for grace, vivacity, and *l'air de Cour*.

But, even among these, Sir Herbert Meynell stood prominent. He was, at this time, scarcely five-and-twenty. Tall, graceful, and athletic in form—with the eye of a falcon, yet a smile soft, sweet, and penetrating as that of a woman; bred, too, under the eye of Buckingham, with this model of courtly grace and gallantry constantly in view, no wonder that he had imbibed much of that exquisite manner, which even his enemies admit Buckingham to have possessed, and still less wonder that he should also have contracted some of those vices which even his best friends have never denied. Such was Sir Herbert Meynell, at the time that he arrived at the Court of Spain, in person and outward manner; what he was in heart, the following narrative will probably shew:—

It was in the month of May, 1623, that a bull-fight was held at Madrid, for the purpose of displaying this national exhibition to the Prince of Wales. Splendidly as these shows were always got up, especially when honoured by the royal presence, the magnificence was redoubled on the present occasion, as may very naturally be supposed. And, indeed, if the object were to display to the English prince an exhibition of Spanish character, no means so well calculated for the purpose could have been chosen. It went, indeed, a little farther than was, probably, intended; for *all* the points of that character that were displayed, were not, perhaps, quite in consonance with the ideas of the Prince.

Certainly, in those days, a public bull-fight might be considered as a condensation, upon one spot, of all the most prominent parts of the national disposition in Spain. The love of display—not the light, gay, and giddy feeling of the Frenchman—but more grave, more solid, I had almost said solemn—partaking rather of the nature of the tournament of old days than of the ball-room of modern times,—with such feelings did the Spanish cavaliers enter the arena, dressed splendidly,

but rigidly nationally,* and, casting up their eyes to the galleries, loaded with beauty, which stretched around the enclosure, above,—await with proudly-swelling hearts the signal which was to give them the opportunity of exhibiting their persons and their prowess to such fair beholders.

And these very beauties formed in themselves no trivial portion of the exhibition. The ladies of the court, accustomed to mix freely in society, were there very much as the belles of London or Paris go to the opera; but the great majority were persons who, exalted though they might be in rank, yet, living only in private life, were subject to the many and minute restrictions, which the modes of life, then prevalent in Spain, enforced. To these a bull-fight was a gala looked to with eagerness, and enjoyed with delight. With all the advantages of dress—placed too in a position conspicuous, yet, at the same time, not painfully so, from its being occupied by all alike, few things could be more dazzling than this circle of loveliness and brilliancy. The Spanish ladies are, or, at least, then were, peculiarly fitted for this species of exhibition. Less light, lively, and vivid than the French, they probably shone less in the ball-room or the *salon*; but their full, deep, Cleopatra-like order of beauty admirably became a position such as this, where they sat as the arbitresses and rewarders of the exertions of their *preux*. There is something in the repose of a Spanish woman's countenance, indicating, as it does, the slumber of profound, fervent, even fierce, passion beneath, which *impresses* the mind more than almost any other description of beauty.

Upon a foreigner, especially, this effect is strong, and the bold and loose gallants of the English court had not looked upon the fair Iberians unmoved; and, if report spoke truly, they had not failed to push the advantages of their position to the utmost. These advantages were many and great. Not only the romantic nature of the Prince's journey had tended to draw the curiosity of all Madrid upon himself and every one belonging to him; but, as they were foreigners, they were supposed to be, to a certain extent, privileged persons, and were held excused from many of those formalities and regulations of etiquette, which tend so much to throw impediments in the way of speedy acquaintance. It is possible, indeed, that this exemption was readily granted by persons who thought that there might be worse arrangements than for their daughters to accompany the Infanta to England, as the wives of the Prince's courtiers. At all events, there seemed to be a general understanding that the Englishmen were not expected thoroughly to conform to all the niceties of Spanish etiquette—an understanding to which the young ladies were very willing to accede, and the young gentlemen not at all. It may be supposed, indeed, that these last could by no means highly approve of such arrangements; and they hated their visitors, therefore, with a very cordial and hospitable hatred. Indeed, the chief enjoyment which the cavaliers promised to themselves in this bull-fight, was that, for once, they would be the sole objects of attraction, as their foreign rivals, of course, did not enter into the arena. "I wish to heaven they would,"

* Buckingham's wearing the French costume was one of the first things by which he gave offence at the Court of Spain.

muttered one of the combatants ; “ the world would then see the difference between a true Castillian and these northern savages.” Perhaps, it may not be considered quite a fair ground of contempt, that the foreigners did not understand this peculiarly Spanish exercise ; but, even in our days, the same spirit exists : an Englishman despises a Frenchman, because he cannot defend himself with his fists, and a Frenchman an Englishman because he cannot fight with a rapier.

The Spaniards, in this instance, had reckoned without their host. That division of the gallery in which the court sat attracted more eyes than ever court at bull-fight had done before ; and it was not unnatural to attribute this to the presence of the Prince, of Buckingham, and of the gallant retinue by which they were attended. The feats in the arena were as dangerous, as skilful, and as gallant as usual ; but the interest of the fair spectators in the vicissitudes of the fight was far less keenly excited. The cavaliers were furious, but it was quite natural—for bull-fights they saw frequently ; but princes-errant and their train formed a sight most unusual, indeed.

The Englishmen themselves, however, were warmly interested by the fine and daring spectacle which was passing before their eyes. As for its being cruel also, few people think the worse of any sport for *that*, even now. But then the very meaning of the term was not known by the great. Meynell alone saw but little of the fight. The bull made a splendid first rush, and as Sir Herbert was moving onward to get a fuller view of what would next happen, his eye lighted upon an object which put bull, and cavaliers, and matadores out of his head in an instant. It was a young lady of about eighteen. She was seated just outside the space enclosed for the court and its followers. Being a little in front of where Meynell had been standing, he had not observed her till, as he was moving forward, a part of his dress becoming hitched upon the rail, he turned back to disengage it ; and then his eyes rested full upon the loveliest face which, till then, they had ever beheld. The English court was, in the reign of James I., undoubtedly remarkable for the degree of beauty which adorned it. But Meynell felt in an instant that any thing so lovely as *this* he had never seen. A picture of this lady hangs in the gallery at Arlescot-hall ; but it is, in several respects, different from what she was at this time. There was health, as well as beauty, in the cheek ; and, in lieu of that deep and desolate sadness which strikes every one so vividly as existing in the eyes of that picture, there were the brightness and animation of an unclouded spirit, and the pride of a beauty, a noble and a Spaniard—mitigated and qualified, however, by an expression both of sensitiveness and kindly feeling. She was speaking at the moment Meynell first caught sight of her, and pointing out something in the arena, to a lady who appeared to be her mother. The sweet, soft, and musical tone of her voice—the beauty of her lips as they moved in speaking, and displayed, from time to time, the exquisite teeth within—the formation of the rounded and delicate arm, as it was outstretched in the act of pointing—and, almost above all, the hand itself that pointed—the whole picture, in short, struck Meynell with the keenest admiration and delight ;—he stopped short, and, after a few moments, drew near to the rail—and sat down within a few paces of this enchanting vision.

Sir Herbert had, undoubtedly, been, to use a homely but expressive phrase, somewhat taken a-back by the sudden view of a creature so inexpressibly lovely. But he was not a man to lose his self-possession—or, at least, not speedily to regain it—even under such circumstances as these. He looked, and looked again—to ascertain whether his first glance had deceived him: on the contrary, the more he gazed, the more he admired. His thoughts ran back to the memory of the English beauties whom he had wooed—but none could compare with this peerless Spaniard. He scanned the peculiar points of her national beauty, and thought them so many ingredients of perfection. The ideas which Byron has since put into such beautiful verse, filled his mind:—

—how much
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!
Who round the North for paler dames would seek?
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak!

Meynell was not a man to let his admiration long remain unknown to its object. "I will wait," thought he, "a little while for an opportunity to accost her—and, if it does not occur, I will make one." It did occur, however; and that speedily.

The combat had been going on for some time, eagerly gazed upon by the lady, but not in the least looked at by Sir Herbert, who, on the contrary, was occupied in watching the variations of her speaking face, as the events in the arena below fluctuated. On a sudden she turned pale as death, and uttered an exclamation amounting to a scream—and, at the same moment, there seemed to be a strong movement of anxiety and horror pervading the assembly. Meynell looked up, and saw that the bull was making a furious rush at a cavalier whose horse was desperately wounded, and who was himself hurt. From the incapacity of the horse to move quickly, the destruction of the rider seemed inevitable, and, just as he disappeared from the sight of Meynell, in consequence of coming too near to the gallery in which he sat for his eye to reach the ground,—it was evident that the cavalier was falling from his horse backwards, the bull having already reached and attacked it in front. The lady leaned back in her seat, and, covering her face with her hands, trembled violently. Meynell sprang forwards, and, with some little difficulty, reached the edge of the gallery. He was just in time to behold the rescue of the cavalier. The bull had already stooped to gore him, when one of his comrades, rushing in at full speed, wounded the bull, and drew him off to another part of the arena.

Meynell immediately returned to his previous seat, and, leaning over, said to the lady—"Calm yourself, Madam, he is safe."

She withdrew her hands from before her eyes, and, seeing the young Englishmen, whom she had observed spring forward at the moment of alarm, she answered, with the animation of still remaining fear, "Are you certain, sir? I saw that terrible animal close upon him!"—"Fair lady, I assure you, I saw the cavalier rise, and he was but slightly hurt; the gentleman, whom you see yonder on the chesnut horse, came in time to rescue him."

JULY, 1828.

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The conversation having once begun, Meynell took sufficient care that it should not drop. At first, he was rather hampered by his difficulty in speaking Spanish; and he complained of his being a poor Englishman, who had not been long enough in Spain to overcome his northern ignorance, in a manner which announced that he was one of the Prince's suite—a fact which, as he well knew, was at that moment more likely to forward him in his suit with any lady in Madrid, than if he had been a grandee of the first class. But he did not yet know Olivia de Castro, or he would have felt how little impression such things as that made upon her mind. She relieved him, however, on the score of language, by asking him whether he spoke French. "My mother," she added, looking towards her, "is a Frenchwoman, and her language is, consequently, as familiar to me as my own."

At this Sir Herbert was delighted; for he fully felt the exceeding disadvantage of having so faulty a weapon as a language which he imperfectly understood. "It is like fencing with one's left hand," said he to himself, "besides the chance of making some blunder, so ludicrous, as inevitably to cast ridicule upon the speaker. Any thing but *that* I could make head against—but once the idea of ridicule falls upon a wooer—the die is cast—it is all vain!"

The conversation now proceeded with animation. Donna Olivia was most curious about England, and the English—their habits, their modes of thinking—"And they are *all* heretics?" she asked, crossing herself.

"By far the greatest part," answered Sir Herbert; "but you see," he added; for he did not relish the tone in which she had spoken, or the look by which she had accompanied it—"you see that the animosities between Catholic and Protestant have all passed away. Here is our Prince come over, like a knight of the olden time, to woo the king's fair sister; and the Pope himself is about to give his sanction to their union."

"But still, he is a heretic;" said Donna Olivia, thoughtfully, and almost as though thinking aloud.

"Ah! sits the wind in that quarter?" said Sir Herbert to himself—"it is hard but I will trim my sails to meet it."—"He has been so bred;" he added aloud—"our religion is instilled into us in our youth, before we have means of judgment. We Protestants, indeed, have license to investigate; and if in so doing, we found we had been trained in the wrong, we should undoubtedly embrace the right."

"Aye! indeed!" exclaimed Donna Olivia—and her cheek kindled, and her eyes flashed, as she turned them upon Sir Herbert, as though to scan him minutely.

Meynell avoided the glance—but he saw it full well, and thoroughly read its expression. "I thought so," he said within himself—"that way lies my path, and it may lead me far."

It was little more than a month after the scene at the bull-fight, that the waning moon, as she shed her melancholy light upon the splendid garden of Don Guzman de Castro's palace, shone upon two figures who were seated in one of its rich alcoves. The lady's head was drooped upon her bosom, and she looked not towards her companion, who was leaning forward, and apparently speaking with great rapidity and earnestness.

"Is it not enough, Olivia," he said, "that you have weaned me from the faith of my fathers—would you make me also untrue to my Prince? No!—our marriage must be secret, it or cannot be at all. If it were known that Sir Herbert Meynell, the follower and friend of Buckingham, was married to the Donna Olivia de Castro, there would, in this court of form and etiquette, be an end of the Prince's negotiation at once. No, my love," he continued, softening his voice as he spoke—"our union must be secret. A few months passed, and I may own you to be mine in the face of the world—and carry you to my own country, where you will reign the queen of beauty in the court, and the mistress of my whole soul, and heart, and happiness, in our home."

"Then, why not wait till then?" said Olivia, in a low, faltering tone—as though, even when she asked it, she was quite aware of the answer her lover would make.

"Trifle not with me thus!" he exclaimed—"You know that in three days I shall have left Spain. I cannot assign to the Prince the real cause of my reluctance, and he has singled me out to bear letters to the King. I *must* go. And can I go without putting it beyond the reach of fate that you should be mine? Can I go, and leave you exposed to the constant solicitations of Don Guzman, that you should marry the Condé? How can I know how soon they may not be turned into commands, and enforced with every species of severity?"

"And could you doubt my truth, though they were?" said Olivia, turning her eyes full upon her lover's face, with a look that might have re-assured the soul of Othello, in his fiercest mood. But Meynell did not doubt. He knew full well, that though she had tendered to her the throne of the Spain and the Indies on the one hand, and that she were threatened with a dungeon on the other, the faith of Olivia de Castro, once plighted, would remain unbroken. Assurance was not his object, for he would not have doubted if he had gone; and, moreover, he was not going. His journey to England was a fiction, invented to serve the very purpose to which he was now applying it; for this crafty and corrupt courtier—this worthy pupil of his false and reckless master, Buckingham—heeded not the means, so the end were gained; nay, when the end was *such* as that for which he was now striving, it would truly have been cause for wonder if *any* means had seemed to him forbidden.

"Doubt you, dearest? No—" he answered; "doubt never can cross my breast with regard to *you*. But I know not what they do in Spain. I know only that strange things, such as we hear not of in England, *are* done. Fathers here have *power* inordinate, and they scruple little how they use it. Dearest, you must be mine before I quit Madrid. If not, I cannot go in peace—if not, I cannot go at all! Yes," he continued, as though he were wrought to a paroxysm of passion, "I will forfeit all—duty, country, friends—all! rather than leave you without having made you irrevocably mine!"

Five short weeks before, and Olivia de Castro had never seen Herbert Meynell. He now was master of her whole soul. He had begun by letting her have hopes that he might be won from his heretic faith, and that thus a soul might be gained for heaven. With consummate

art, had he led her on and on by degrees, feigning that his mind was more and more moved, while he assured himself of the reality that her's *was* so. They met almost daily. The religious motive which Meynell had, with the subtlety of the fiend, given her wherewith to deceive herself, blinded her at first: but long before the conversion was completed, she felt that her fate was fixed for ever—she felt that she *loved*—loved with that fierce intensity, that overflowing tenderness, that fixed unity, with which a soul like her's alone could love. Let not the reader smile at the short time that had sufficed to operate this. We all know—it is well if we have not experienced—that, in some situations, years are condensed into months, nay, weeks—feelings which would be spread over the whole life of the cold and the cautious, are often accumulated and compressed into one hour of intense sensation.

When Meynell saw that the blow was stricken, that her mind and heart were his beyond the power of recall, he allowed the work of proselytism to go on more rapidly; and her full fervent confession of unrepressed, irrepressible love was made, as she believed, *to a Catholic*. Still she hesitated: both the difficulties and the duties of her position hampered her; and it needed the feigned mission to England to hurry her into the fatal step of a private marriage.

That once secured, Meynell, of course, was no longer compelled to leave Spain. The almost delirium of joy with which she received the intelligence that he was to remain, touched, for a moment, the heart of this wicked and cruel man. For an instant, remorse stung him to the quick; and, as he pressed her to his bosom, and fondly kissed her brow, the truth hovered on his lips—he was on the point of telling her all. But the habits of evil years proved too strong for the repentant impulse of one moment;—he held his peace.

It was within a few days after this marriage that the picture which hangs at Arlescot Hall was begun. Velasquez did not know who the lady was that came, secretly, to sit to him; but, concluding it to appertain to one of the love-adventures so common at Madrid, he was contented with having to paint one of the loveliest faces that artist ever transferred to canvas, and made no enquiries. The picture was purposely made small for the object of portability. “It is only a head,” thought the great master, “but it is worthy of being, and it shall be, the finest that ever passed from my pencil.”

“What a radiant creature!” he exclaimed, one day, as he stood gazing on the unfinished work, at the hour he expected his sitter,—“that brow how noble!—those eyes how beaming with the fire of youth and health, and of a keen, deep, and all-pervading happiness also! How that spirit pervades the whole face, and gives it added life and brilliancy! This must be love,—happily-fortuned love!—nought else could shed such radiance upon such a countenance. Alas! how seldom is it thus! But so glorious a creature as this, indeed, deserves it!”

“The expression of the eyes was less bright to-day,” thought the painter, as he looked at the progress of the picture after the sitter was gone; “I did not much perceive it at the time, but I copied closely, exactly, the expression that *was* there, and certainly the countenance is a *little* clouded. It may have been error—I may have gazed upon those eyes, till, without a figure, they dazzled me, and the very

beauty of their light may have prevented my rendering it. I will be very careful next time."

He was so ; but the diminished brightness was, this time, beyond doubt. It was distinctly perceptible as she sat, and still more so in the portrait after she was gone. "The character of this piece is altering visibly," thought Velasquez, as he closely examined the picture : "this is not as it was. I had thought that I should have executed the most radiant countenance that my art has ever yet embodied, but this will not be so now. It is beautiful—most beautiful still !—perhaps, even more so than before ; but it is saddened and subdued. Alas ! it is as is wont ! Love's brilliant morning has become clouded over ere noon. Pray heaven a storm do not supervene ere sunset !"

And thus did the eyes of the portrait, from being faithfully copied from those of the living Donna Olivia, become sadder and sadder every day ; till, at last, when the picture was finished, they bore that look of desolation and broken-heartedness which is so remarkable in them still. And what could have changed the whole character of that speaking countenance in so short a time ? What could have reduced that heart from the delicious thrill, which accompanies accomplished love, to the dark, dreary, and desolate sensation which wrings it when it first discovers that even *that* is vanity ! Was it in the nature of man thus to wound a creature such as this—whose lofty soul had become softened, whose ardent affection had been kindled into a blaze, for him ! Yes, so alas, it was ! The cold-hearted, if not cold-blooded, follower of Buckingham, had already dashed the bloom from this fair flower—and it was drooping before his eyes.

The gradations by which Donna Olivia's misery came upon her, were very similar, in kind, with those through which her love had grown. Soon after their marriage, when the prize was won—when this lovely and gifted creature was irrevocably his—and his

"—joys were lodged beyond the reach of fate,"

Sir Herbert began to tire of the constant and minute hypocrisy that was necessary to keep up, in his wife, the belief that he really had become a convert to the Catholic faith. The first time a doubt of this crossed her mind was, probably, the bitterest moment Olivia had ever undergone. Her religious feelings were such as might be expected in a Spaniard of that age, with the addition that that Spaniard was a woman of the strongest feelings and passions, and that, up to that period, religion had been the only object they had had to feed on. And even when that supreme and paramount passion, love, had taken possession of her breast, it had been, as it were, introduced by the agency of religion : its progress had been accompanied by religious thoughts and anxieties ; and its climax had been almost simultaneous with the completion of the conversion which had gone on with its gradations. She felt, too, that this was her work—she felt that she had saved the soul of the man whom she adored. What, then, must have been her agony, when first his manner made her doubt whether his proselytism were real ! We, in these days, and of the Protestant faith, can scarcely understand the degree of exclusiveness which Catholics then attached to their creed. "He is a heretic—and, therefore, must he be damned eternally !" Such was the immediate and necessary con-

clusion to which every mind came, when once the, to them, awful fact was established, that he *was* a heretic.

As this doubt increased within Olivia's mind, her soul sickened, and her spirit drooped. The eternal salvation of him whom she loved almost as her own was in jeopardy; and as though this idea were not misery enough to crush her heart, she could not conceal from herself that he had played the hypocrite. "And yet—no," she thought, "that cannot be! he is too noble, too honourable, too true.—His love for me blinded his reason, and carried him forward beyond the reality! He *thought* that he believed—it was his overwhelming passion that deceived him!"

But, alas! she soon found that whatever that passion might have been, it now, undoubtedly, had no such violent influence upon his mind. He grew impatient and testy when she urged the subject of religion; and in his heat would say things which stabbed her to the heart's core, and lay there, corroding it into torture, while he, light, careless, and cold, had forgotten he had ever so spoken. Indeed, as the Prince's stay at Madrid drew towards an end, Sir Herbert's behaviour changed so completely as to open the eyes of the unhappy Donna Olivia at last. "He loves me no more—he never could have loved me!"—for Sir Herbert began to talk of the necessity of his accompanying the Duke of Buckingham on his return to England, and of the impracticability of Donna Olivia coming at the same time. It is strange that though this wounded every feeling of her sensitive nature, yet lofty and even haughty in mind as she had always previously been, she did not display, under her lover's coolness, the slightest tinge of that fierceness and violence which women of such temperaments usually shew under ill-requital. No—she was totally subdued, broken. She had staked all upon one cast, and lost it; and heart, and hope, and energy, and fire, were all gone at once.

Sometimes, even yet, she could scarcely believe her misfortune to be real. "Not love me!—it is impossible! When I think—aye, on what he has said on this very spot—it is impossible! I have become gloomy and depressed on the score of his religion, and that has made me fearful about all else. Love me! Oh! yes, yes!—it is impossible he should not!" And thus, by the repetition of the words, "it is impossible," she strove to make herself believe it was so indeed. "I will come to a full understanding this night, about the English voyage. If I do not accompany him, I shall not live to see him return."

As she resolved, so she acted. She again implored him that he should take her with him.

"Impossible!" he said—"the Prince goes wife-less from your shores—I am to sail in the same ship. It would seem a direct insult to his Highness that I should take a Spanish wife in his company, as though to shew that, though he could not thrive in his wooing, I could. No, no. Stay, Olivia, till the Infanta comes to England, and then avow our marriage, and come in her suite, to join me."

"Alas! Herbert—that will never be. You must feel that this match will never take effect. He is, as I said,"—and she sighed heavily at the recollection—"as I said to you the first day we met—he is a heretic—they never will come together."

or the cuisse of yesterday's green goose, specially preserved for the occasion. We have had a good night; a proper, but cautious admission of the outward air has prevented the temperature of our dormitory being more than 63°; we have had our morning bath; we are habited in our costume de matin, of which looseness is the prevailing characteristic;—no ligatures, no braces; the Indian "long-drawer,"—the only invention worth a farthing ever made in India,—clothing our nether man, and a light, cool dressing-gown, the upper. We read the debates, and the division has been strong; the broiled ham and the poached egg are both done to a bubble. With our last strawberry still in our mouth, we cut the string of the parcel—and the book has won half its battle by reaching us at such a moment!

The books, as we read them, go, most, into the receptacle above-mentioned, and the rest form a phalanx on a table set apart for that purpose, where they remain till we go to work at them towards the end of the month. That awful period has now arrived; we have had no stomach to it during the last few hot days—(we are writing on the 26th)—but, at last, it is necessary that we should go through our list, although it is but a comparatively short one.

The first we find to be the *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*. This ought to be a book of the very highest interest, and we took it up with the most eager expectation. Pah! It is nothing—absolutely nothing. It tells us no new facts—it reveals to us none of the secret wheels which worked the great machine of Napoleon's policy. We almost could have told M. Savary all that he tells us. To be sure, we are, as yet, only at the first volume, which ends with the Duc d'Enghien's death; and, perhaps, after the date when he became Minister of Police, the Duc de Rovigo may choose to be more communicative. The details of that fearful transaction, the putting the Duc d'Enghien to death, are given at very considerable length; but very nearly all this was published as long ago as 1823, in the form of an extract from the memoirs which are now given to the world.

The Duc de Rovigo's memoirs are wholly public. He was in the army from a boy, and, from very early life, attached as aide-de-camp, first, to General Desaix, and, after his fall, to Napoleon himself. One of the few interesting parts of the book, and of which the matter is comparatively little known, is the account of the expedition into Upper Egypt, under General Desaix. The following, we think, is worthy of extract:—

'General Bonaparte had signified to General Desaix his satisfaction at the conduct of his division, and instructed him to levy money and horses in the province of Faïoum. This order was punctually carried into effect, and afforded us the opportunity of visiting the famous Lake Mœris, which receives the waters of the canal that forms a junction with Joseph's Canal at the village of Illaon.

most revered preparation, denominated *Pâte à la diable*, concocted originally, we believe, by that respected vender of delicate comestibles, Mr. Hickson, of Welbeck-street. Some of our readers may, perhaps, share our good fortune in having eaten of devils prepared by the late Mich. Kelly: we can assure them that this pâte, merely applied to the subject to be devilled, produces, after due grilling, an effect equal to any ever brought out by that great artist.

'Those travellers must have been greatly mistaken who have pretended that this lake was formed as a reservoir for the overflowing waters of the Nile, which it afterwards discharged over the country during the drought. This opinion is probably maintained by people who have not had the advantage of personal knowledge.

'We certainly discovered near Illaon, on the right bank of the canal and of the road leading to Faouë, a very spacious basin, constructed of masonry, which was then full of water; it may be two hundred feet long, and of equal breadth. It is also more elevated than the surrounding land, and can only be filled by the waters of the Nile, when at its greatest rise; or by means of small flood-gates, which were opened for the double purpose of admitting the water, or of letting it out: they still answer the same purpose. This basin, however, cannot be the one alluded to by travellers. There is hardly a single mill in Europe, the pond of which, does not hold a greater volume of water; and the whole contents of the basin would hardly be sufficient to irrigate a few acres of land: it cannot, therefore, be the celebrated Lake Mœris, or the exaggeration of historians must have exceeded all bounds.

'I had the command of the first detachment of light infantry sent from Faouë to overrun the province. My attention was particularly attracted to the remains which it exhibited of its ancient state of civilization, and to the system of irrigation, which prevailed in as great perfection as in Italy.

'A multitude of little canals branch out in all directions from the town of Faouë, and carry their waters into every village of the province: each village has its canal, and keeps it in proper repair.

'When a village has excited displeasure, the flood-gate of its canal is closed, and it is deprived of water until the orders signified to it have been complied with. No other means of coercion could be productive of so prompt and effectual a result.

'The government of the province requires only the aid of one man to open or close the flood-gates.

'I believe I was the first person in the army who visited Lake Mœris; and this imposing sight convinced me that the canal of Faioum formerly ran through the mounds of sand which the winds had collected in heaps at the extremity of the lake, and that its waters discharged themselves into the Mediterranean through Lake Mareotis, in the vicinity of Alexandria. The winds constantly prevailing in that quarter have by degrees driven these sand-hills into the canal, and completely choked up the part beyond them, which is called at the present day *the Waterless River*, in which the inhabitants assured me that fragments of petrified boats were still to be seen.

'As the waters carried every year to this spot, by the rising of the Nile, found no longer any outlet, they must necessarily have overflowed, and formed an immense sewer, which has gone on constantly increasing, but which, being in the lowest ground in the province, could never lose its waters by other means than evaporation, under the burning sun of this climate.

'I do not think that the existence of Lake Mœris can be accounted for in any other manner.

'There is a small island, about the centre of the lake, upon which the inhabitants of the town of Faouë (the Arsinoë of antiquity) constructed their City of the Dead, and erected a temple, which is still in existence. Every opulent family had its tomb in it, with a sepulchral recess for each of its members. In those days, as at the present time, it was an object of constant occupation with the Egyptians to provide for their last home. The City of the Dead had, accordingly become as extensive as that of the living, and the dwellings were more or less alike in both. This City of the Dead could only be approached in a boat; and in all likelihood the boatman, who was at the same time the guardian of the tombs, went by the name of Charon, since the inhabitants of the province still give to Lake Mœris the appellation of Birket-el-Charon (the Lake of Charon).

'The funeral of the higher classes was attended with great pomp: the inferior ranks were buried with less display, and the family of the deceased, after embalming the body, carried it to a spot destined for the purpose on the border of the lake, near the place of embarkation, whence Charon removed it to his boat, and transported it across to the tomb appropriated for its reception. The boatman waited until several bodies had been brought down by the respective families, who never failed to place on each corpse the name of the deceased, and the piece of coin which accrued to Charon as his perquisite. Each family afterwards proceeded to the respective tombs on an appointed day, and rendered the last duties to their deceased relatives.

'The poor, who neither possessed a tomb, nor the means of being embalmed, were no doubt carried to the border of the lake by their relatives, who placed on their tongues the piece of coin claimed by Charon as his due previously to burying them. Nearly the same practice is still prevalent in Egypt, in all towns of sufficient extent to possess a city of tombs.

'The Egyptians have still the habit of hiding their money under the tongue: it appeared very extraordinary to us, on our first arrival, that a Turk, before he handed us any change, would spit out all the medins, which he kept concealed in his mouth, sometimes to the number of a hundred and fifty or two hundred, without either his voice or his powers of eating and drinking being at all affected by it.'

The account of the conspiracy of Pichegru, Georges and Moreau, is given at very considerable length. It was immediately connected with the slaughter of the Duc d'Enghien; all the proceedings relating to which undoubtedly form the most prominent feature of the present volume. We should not have said one word upon a subject so threadbare, were it not that, in a work of great talent and eloquence, of which we shall speak anon,* there is the expression of "the justly suspected assassinations of Pichegru and Wright." We really had thought that no surviving person, except perhaps Lord Eldon, believed in these exploded stories of the date of when Napoleon was the beast in the Revelations, and we know not what besides. Private assassination was, in the first place, totally in dissonance from every point and principle of Napoleon's character. But, even if it had been his pet crime, and constant practice, he had, in this instance, no motive for it on the face of the earth. We shall quote a passage from the 'Edinburgh Review' on this subject;—(Vol. 27, December 1816)—it is taken from the article, concerning the accuracy of which, with respect to some details he believed to have been known only to himself, Napoleon subsequently expressed his surprise to Mr. O'Meara:—

'That Pichegru or Captain Wright died otherwise than by their own hands, we have never seen a tittle of evidence to prove, or heard a reason that could bear examination. What possible motive could induce Napoleon to murder Pichegru in secret? The popularity of Pichegru with the army had been extinguished by absence and length of time, and utterly destroyed by his open and undisguised connexion with the enemies of his country. What difficulty was there in trying him by a special commission, and punishing him as a traitor leagued with the enemies of France—as a conspirator against her government, or even as a convict returned from transportation? Surely, the difficulty was much less in his case than in that of the Duke

* Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Buonaparte, suggested by the publication of Scott's Life of Napoleon; by W. E. Channing, LL.D. Boston, printed: London, reprinted, 1828.

D'Enghien, who had been brought into France by military force, and made amenable to the laws against emigrants, by an act not his own. We have heard it surmised that Pichegru was tortured in prison, to extort confession of his accomplices, and that to conceal the use of this execrable and illegal practice, which he would have made known on his trial, he was privately assassinated. But the body of Pichegru was publicly exposed after his death. Many went to see it, English *detenus* as well as Frenchmen; but no man pretends to have seen on it any marks of torture. That Captain Wright was most scandalously and cruelly used, we do not doubt. Captain Wright owed no allegiance to France; and, as the servant of a power at war with her, he was bound to obey the orders of his government, and land on her coast such persons as he was commanded to convey thither. But he was privy to their plots and conspiracies against her government. What duty owed he to her government? What offence did he commit against the laws of nations in aiding or abetting those who sought to overturn it? He was no spy, but an open enemy. When the Bourbons assisted our Pretender in his attempts against our constitution in Church and State, did we ever imprison or treat with harshness the Frenchmen employed in that service? When the fortunate issue of the battle of Culloden extinguished the last hopes of our exiles, were not the Frenchmen in the service of the Pretender admitted freely to capitulation, and treated like prisoners of war taken in Flanders or in Germany. But, though we consider the imprisonment of Captain Wright in the Temple as a mean and unjustifiable act of vengeance, and know that his treatment there was harsh and cruel, we believe that he died by no hand but his own. Why should we be forced, at this day, to call for proofs of these murders, if they were really committed? The jailors are still alive who had Pichegru and Captain Wright in their custody. Have they been examined? No single man could have mastered the gigantic strength of Pichegru. There must, then, have been accomplices in his murder. Can none of them be discovered? Mamelukes have been mentioned as perpetrators of the deed. There was but one Mameluke in the service of Napoleon, and he abandoned his master on his first abdication. Has this man made any confession of the murder in which he was employed? Is it from tenderness to the reputation of Napoleon that his enemies have made no inquiry into these facts? They have been long in possession of all the means necessary to trace and ascertain his guilt, if it were real. That they have not availed themselves of these means is a proof of their conviction, that no discoveries are to be made. They choose to leave a dark suspicion on his fame rather than institute an inquiry into the truth, which, they fear, would only tend to clear his reputation.

'When the death of Captain Wright was mentioned to him by Lord Ebrington, he did not at first recollect his name; but, when told it was a companion of Sir Sidney Smith, he said, 'Est-il donc mort en prison? car j'ai entierement oublié la circonstance.' He scouted the notion of any foul play; adding, that he never had put any man to death clandestinely, or without a trial. 'Ma conscience est sans reproche sur ce point. Had I been less sparing of blood, perhaps I might not have been here at this moment.'

We have purposely made this extract for the object, in addition to the cogent arguments which it furnishes to disprove the now obsolete (this was written in 1816) suspicions on the subject of these deaths,—of saying a few words about the service upon which Captain Wright was employed by our government. We can in no degree compare his case to that of the French officers at Culloden. Charles Edward came openly and publicly to contend for the throne of England. He did not come surreptitiously and in disguise to London, to assassinate George II. This, Georges, who was landed from Captain Wright's

ship, undoubtedly did. We do not mean to accuse our government of that day of absolute aiding in so foul a crime ; but we think they were guilty of the grossest *carelessness of life* in helping so notorious a ruffian as George Cadoudal to get to Paris, for the purpose of conspiring against the government. It is quite manifest what the means of *his* conspiracy would be ; and we really cease to wonder at so many Frenchmen believing, in those days, that the English were at the bottom of the plot of the Infernal Machine, when, so soon afterwards, they directly assist in conspiracies, liable and even likely to involve such consequences. We wonder that, in all that has been written concerning this celebrated conspiracy, so little notice has been taken of this circumstance. It is easy to let slip blood-hounds, but, when in full chase, it is quite another thing to get them back to hand. Whether Pichegru would have joined in the assassination of Napoleon is doubtful, but that his colleague, Georges, meditated it, is manifest.

We think, then, that there was, to say the least, a fair colour to treat Captain Wright differently from other prisoners of war. If he were ill-used in prison, that is quite another thing—and one in which Napoleon manifestly could have no concern ; for, we suppose, there are scarcely any people left mean enough to have the suspicion that he gave orders concerning the details of the prison management on purpose.

We now come to Dr. Channing's book. In the broad principles which he lays down, we agree without the smallest qualification ; and, in general, we go along with their application also. But occasionally, we think, he warps and strains them to get them to reach Napoleon. We think that, in many instances, he is unjust to the great subject of his analysis—but that, in most, he is fair and right—while, in all, his manner of judging is equally strong, severe, original, and ably-argued. His first great principle is *abhorrence of war*. We have had occasion in, we believe, every number of this Magazine that has been published under our guidance, to lift up our voice in support of this greatest and most neglected of moral duties. We have striven, and shall ever strive, to impress upon the minds of others, as it is irrevocably borne in upon our own, that every life taken away in a bad or a trivial cause is *murder*—no matter upon how large a scale those murders are carried on. We are delighted to have such a fellow-labourer as Dr. Channing. The following observations are, to our mind, admirable :

‘ It is also due to Napoleon to observe, that there has always existed, and still exists, a mournful obtuseness of moral feeling in regard to the crimes of military and political life. The wrong-doing of public men on a large scale, has never drawn upon them that sincere, hearty abhorrence which visits private vice. Nations have seemed to court aggression and bondage, by their stupid, insane admiration of successful tyrants. The wrongs, from which men have suffered most, in body and mind, are yet unpunished. True, Christianity has put into our lips censures on the aspiring and the usurping. But these reproaches are as yet little more than sounds, and unmeaning common-places. They are repeated for form's sake. When we read or hear them, we feel that they want depth and strength. They are not inward, solemn, burning convictions, breaking from the indignant soul with a tone of reality, before which guilt would cower. The true moral feeling in regard to the crimes of public men is almost to be created. We believe, then, that

such a character as Bonaparte's, is formed with very little consciousness of its turpitude; and society, which contributes so much to its growth, is responsible for its existence, and merits, in part, the misery which it spreads.

'Of the early influences under which Bonaparte was formed, we know little. He was educated in a military school, and this, we apprehend, is not an institution to form much delicacy, or independence of moral feeling; for the young soldier is taught, as his first duty, to obey his superior without consulting his conscience; to take human life at another's bidding; to perform that deed, which above all others requires deliberate conviction, without a moment's inquiry as to its justice, and to place himself a passive instrument in hands, which, as all history teaches, often reek with blood causelessly shed.'

Again :—

'We are willing to grant that war, abhor it as we may, often develops and places in strong light, a force of intellect and purpose, which raises our conceptions of the human soul. There is perhaps no moment in life, in which the mind is brought into such intense action, in which the will is so strenuous, and in which irrepressible excitement is so tempered with self-possession, as in the hour of battle. Still the greatness of the warrior is poor and low compared with the magnanimity of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. The martyr to humanity, to freedom, or religion; the unshrinking adherent of despised and deserted truth; who, alone, unsupported, and scorned, with no crowd to infuse into him courage, no variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, no opportunity of effort or resistance to rouse and nourish energy, still yields himself calmly, resolutely, with invincible philanthropy, to bear prolonged and exquisite suffering, which one retracting word might remove: such a man is as superior to the warrior, as the tranquil and boundless heavens above us, to the low earth we tread beneath our feet.

'We have spoken of the energies of mind called forth by war. If we may be allowed a short digression, which however bears directly on our main subject, the merits of Napoleon, we would observe, that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind, which takes in a wide country at a glance, and understands almost by intuition the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general, who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force; who supplies by skill, science, and genius, the want of numbers; who dives into the counsels of his enemy, and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast sphere of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power. But still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order; and accordingly nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, in large views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly great generals, away

from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanic taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking on general and great topics they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world, without adding one new thought on the great themes, on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult to these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose, the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford; who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exerted over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure; of the voice of power, in which, though dead, they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres; who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects, on which a powerful mind can be employed?

We shall add—although it is somewhat long—a part of Dr. Channing's recapitulation of the character of Napoleon:—we think it most ably conceived, (and it is quite original) and most powerfully argued:—

‘ Our sketch of Buonaparte would be imperfect indeed, if we did not add, that he was characterized by nothing more strongly than by the spirit of *self-exaggeration*. The singular energy of his intellect and will, through which he had mastered so many rivals and foes, and overcome what seemed insuperable obstacles, inspired a consciousness of being something more than man. His strong original tendencies to pride and self-exaltation, fed and pampered by strange success and unbounded applause, swelled into an almost insane conviction of superhuman greatness. In his own view, he stood apart from other men. He was not to be measured by the standard of humanity. He was not to be retarded by difficulties to which all others yielded. He was not to be subjected to laws and obligations which all others were expected to obey. Nature and the human will were to bend to his power. He was the child and favourite of fortune, and if not the lord, the chief object of destiny. His history shows a spirit of self-exaggeration, unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an oriental king to whom incense had been burnt from his birth, as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood, which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affections over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers, which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent

Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown.

'This insolent exaltation of himself above the race to which he belonged, broke out in the beginning of his career. His first success in Italy gave him the tone of a master, and he never laid it aside to his last hour. One can hardly help being struck with the *natural* manner with which he arrogates supremacy in his conversation and proclamations. We never feel as if he were putting on a lordly air, or borrowing an imperious tone. In his proudest claims, he speaks from his own mind, and in native language. His style is swollen, but never strained, as if he were conscious of playing a part above his real claims. Even when he was foolish and impious enough to arrogate miraculous powers and a mission from God, his language showed, that he thought there was something in his character and exploits to give a colour to his blasphemous pretensions. The empire of the world seemed to him, to be in a measure his due, for nothing short of it corresponded with his conceptions of himself; and he did not use mere verbiage, but spoke a language to which he gave some credit, when he called his successive conquests "the fulfilment of his destiny."

'This spirit of self-exaggeration wrought its own misery, and drew down upon him terrible punishments; and this it did by vitiating and perverting his high powers. First it diseased his fine intellect, gave imagination the ascendancy over judgment, turned the inventiveness and fruitfulness of his mind, into rash, impatient, restless energies, and thus precipitated him into projects, which, as the wisdom of his counsellors pronounced, were fraught with ruin. To a man, whose vanity took him out of the rank of human beings, no foundation for reasoning was left. All things seemed possible. His genius and his fortune were not to be bounded by the barriers, which experience had assigned to human powers. Ordinary rules did not apply to him. His imagination, disordered by his egotism, and by unbounded flattery, leaped over appalling obstacles to the prize which inflamed his ambition. He even found excitement and motives in obstacles, before which other men would have wavered; for these would enhance the glory of triumph, and give a new thrill to the admiration of the world. Accordingly he again and again plunged into the depths of an enemy's country, and staked his whole fortune and power on a single battle. To be rash was indeed the necessary result of his self-exalting and self-relying spirit; for to dare what no other man would dare, to accomplish what no other man would attempt, was the very way to display himself as a superior being in his own and others' eyes.—To be impatient and restless was another necessary issue of the attributes we have described. The calmness of wisdom was denied him. He, who was next to omnipotent in his own eyes, and who delighted to strike and astonish by sudden and conspicuous operations, could not brook delay, or wait for the slow operations of time. A work, which was to be gradually matured by the joint agency of various causes, could not suit a man, who wanted to be felt as the great, perhaps only, cause; who wished to stamp his own agency in the most glaring characters on whatever he performed; and who hoped to rival by a sudden energy, the steady and progressive works of nature. Hence so many of his projects were never completed, or only announced. They swelled however the tide of flattery, which ascribed to him the completion of what was not yet begun, whilst his restless spirit, rushing to new enterprises, forgot its pledges, and left the promised prodigies of his creative genius to exist only in the records of adulation. Thus the rapid and inventive intellect of Buonaparte was depraved, and failed to achieve a growing and durable greatness, through his self-exaggerating spirit. It

reared indeed a vast and imposing structure, but disproportioned, disjointed, without strength, without foundations. One strong blast was enough to shake and shatter it, nor could his genius uphold it. Happy would it have been for his fame, had he been buried in its ruins.

One of the striking properties of Buonaparte's character, was decision, and this, as we have already seen, was perverted by the spirit of self-exaggeration, into an inflexible stubbornness, which counsel could not enlighten, nor circumstances bend. Having taken the first step, he pressed onward. His purpose he wished others to regard as a law of nature, or a decree of destiny. It *must* be accomplished. Resistance but strengthened it; and so often had resistance been overborne, that he felt as if his unconquerable will, joined to his matchless intellect, could vanquish all things. On such a mind the warnings of human wisdom and of Providence were spent in vain; and the man of destiny lived to teach others, if not himself, the weakness and folly of that all-defying decision, which arrays the purposes of a mortal with the immutableness of the counsels of the Most High.

We cannot put down Dr. Channing's pamphlet, without repeating our high admiration of both his powers of mind, and his qualities of heart. He has achieved that most rare of all intellectual faculties—that of blending the most close and logical reasoning, with the kindest charities of humanity. He *proves* that good feeling and good sense are always on the same side—that right and expedient are almost convertible terms. We think America has greater cause to be proud of Dr. Channing than of any writer she has yet put forth.

What is next in the row? A translation of Holberg's "Journey to the World Under-ground." We expected to be entertained with it, for the translator tells us, in his preface, that it is very amusing as well as instructive. As it turned out, we certainly learned nothing from it, and it bored us to death.

Next comes "Ugolino, or the Tower of Famine; by Edward Wilmot, Esq." 'Ugolino' is undoubtedly a formidable undertaking after Dante, and the author duly apologizes for it in his preface:—

'The story selected as its groundwork differs in some material points from Dante's tale, the dramatis personæ being in one case a father and his four sons; in the other, a father, two sons, and two infant grandchildren: this is on the authority of Villani, who says, "the Pisans imprisoned the Count Ugolino, with two of his sons and two of his grandchildren, the offspring of his son, the Count Guelfo," &c. Besides this difference, in Dante's magnificent but rapid sketch, many points of minor interest have been omitted which are yet deserving of attention.

He also begs pardon for its resemblance to the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' grounded on the sole fact, that "the scene is laid in a dungeon"—this, we think, is something superfluous. No one ever accused Gay of copying the prison-scene in the Beggar's Opera from that in King Lear.

There are considerable felicity of poetical thought, and a good ear for versification, displayed in this poem. The following has struck our fancy much, and we think we shall give pleasure to our readers by placing the passage before them:—

'A father and two sons—and two
Whose tender years bid joy anew
Spring up within their grandsire's breast,
As to his heart the babes he pressed;

And felt the bliss without the pain,
 Which parent bosoms taste again,
 When in a new-born link they trace
 The lengthening glory of their race,
 And give to glowing fancy scope
 To cast the beams of evening Hope
 Athwart the misty vale of tears,
 And touch with gold the scroll of years,
 Which hangs between the setting ray
 And what may be another day;
 Vain dream! the branch, the fruit, the flower
 Were plucked at once—together thrown
 To wither on the prison stone;
 The father, sons, and infant fair,
 Were cast alike to linger there,
 Until they dropped off, one by one.

‘But dungeon air, both chill and damp,
 Tho’ proudest spirit it may tame,
 Will not extinguish the pale flame
 That trembles o’er life’s waving lamp;
 And they who once in pride disdained
 The very thought of being bound,
 And fettered to one spot of ground,
 Have lived to be in prison chained;
 Their very limbs have changed their mould
 To suit the rivet’s iron hold.
 A plant which from the sun’s bright ray
 Hath been immured for any length,
 Altho’ it lose its vigour’s strength,
 Altho’ the freshness of its green
 Be faded to a sickly white,
 Unlike its former verdant sheen,
 When tinted by the brush of light,
 Will still draw thro’ its pallid day;
 Thus, tho’ the captive’s cheek grows wan,
 And tho’ the hopeless spirit fade,
 Yet life will slowly linger on,
 While sickening in the dungeon shade.

‘Long time within the keep they spent,
 And use had almost taught content;
 The younger twain would e’en beguile
 The weary hours with infant smile,
 And with the ready art of youth
 Contrive some new and happy play,
 With such materials, tho’ uncouth,
 As may have chanced to find their way
 For purposes but little gay—
 Oh! who to see the rusty link
 Held in those tiny hands, could think
 That chains were e’er designed to kill,
 By lengthening out the griefs of man
 Unto the utmost of their span?
 These infants dreamed not of such ill,
 But sported with the bonds of woe,
 And, playing, saw no Ogress stare—
 The dreary future not to know
 Made Paradise of prison there.

'Twas night—the keeper went his round,
 And as the lamp streamed o'er his face,
 It showed a gleam of pity's grace;
 But mercy, when on such a throne,
 Bodes something ill it dare not own;
 And his lip uttered not a sound.
 He turned his head, that none might read,
 In starting tear, the purposed deed;
 He went—and now the dismal clang
 Of bolts thro' vaulted chambers rang;
 The hinges groaned—the grating lock
 Re-echoed thro' the cavern'd rock;
 The massy keys were then drawn out—
 But hark!—oh God!—the thrilling shock.
 Who heard not that unwonted splash?
 'Twas not the river's rippling dash,
 As it flowed by the bastion stout,
 Nor came upon the mind such doubt;
 But quick as an electric flash
 It curdled thro' the living blood—
 The keys were sunk in Arno's flood.

The following very sweetly-written sonnet is prefixed to a "Fragment," called the "Broken Heart:"—

SONNET.

'In infancy, her little hand would share
 Each baby gift; nor could she think the flower
 Or fruit were sweet, until the happy hour
 Of giving half away—in childhood fair
 She still pursued the same unselfish care,
 To twine her roses round some other's bower;
 And when at last her young heart felt the power
 Of trustful love, she deemed that others were
 As innocent; and thus her soul was given,
 Not with chill compromise, but whole and free,
 Forgetful of herself, alas! and heaven,
 Until she found that man's cold perfidy
 Can leave the unpitied victim in her tears
 To weep his hour of triumph through corroding years.'

Mr. Wilmot has, undoubtedly, great poetical taste, and considerable poetical talent. But poetry is not "the trick of the time," and of that he may rest assured. We shall be very glad, however, to see his hand again, whether in verse or prose.

The "Specimens of the Lyrical, Descriptive, and Narrative Poets of Great Britain" are remarkably well selected, and form a regular series of the progress of English poetry, from Chaucer to our own time. The introductory *Précis* on English Poetry, before the reign of Henry, VIII. is exceedingly nicely done; as are the biographical notices of the different writers. The following is a very lively picture of the state of literature under Henry VIII.:—

'A splendid epoch in European history was evolved by the almost contemporary reigns of the Emperor Charles V., Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England. Cruel, fickle, and brutally tyrannical as Henry

was by nature, and monster as he became when corrupted by power, and a long course of unrestrained and vindictive indulgence, there were in early and middle life scattered traits in his character not unfavourable to the encouragement of letters. Literature has now outgrown royal or noble patronage; but even the savage smiles of Henry were of importance to the infant muse. If his education was not judicious, it was more regular and learned than had been usual with former princes. He wrote verses—royally indeed—and he cultivated music as a science with a success that, had he been destined for a happy or a good man, might have entitled him to the place of organist in some obscure village of his kingdom. He had as much taste and accomplishment as gave zest and variety to the disguisings, mummings, masques, and pageants of his magnificent, though semi-barbarous court; and his handsome person, ostentation and splendour, attracted the nobility, and especially the female nobility, to court in greater numbers than had ever before been known. To the ladies, indeed, as is observed by Warton, Henry's politeness would have remained unimpeached had he not murdered his wives! Many accomplished foreigners were also attracted to his court. The intercourse with France became frequent and close; and, low and gross as were his individual tastes, Henry possessed in abundance that valorous ostentation which determines not to be outshone in outward show, and had a noble ambition to match or outvie in splendour those sovereigns whom he could not equal in policy or in elegance. The frequency of great and stirring events in the Sovereign's family must have kept imagination alive. No year passed without a royal progress, a marriage, the murder of one wife, and the coronation of another. Nor was his revengeful and brutal selfishness of that indolent and sordid kind which, if not quite so detestable in the individual, is even more corrupting and debasing in its influence. The frightful crimes and furious passions of Henry shocked and disgusted his courtiers. Many of them were high-minded men; and if some were base, subservient villains, few were parasites. His brutality was unlike the easy careless profligacy of Charles II., which enervated and seduced those around him.

But other favourable circumstances were at work. The art of printing, now generally practised, and the revival of classical learning, began about this time to form the great states of Europe in many leading points into one grand commonwealth of letters. The increase of wealth, and the diffusion of education among the inferior orders, the extension of commerce, and the growth of peaceful enterprise, were silently working out mighty effects. The intercourse of young Englishmen of the higher ranks with Italy, and their cultivation of Italian literature—which, under the fostering patronage of the family of Medici, had flourished, while that of France and England stood still, if it did not retrograde—were important circumstances; and, lastly, came the Reformation to rouse the dormant energies of national genius, and to excite in the mass of the nation that intellectual struggle which produced effects as glorious in literature as in the civil and religious condition of the people.

Besides Surrey, whose fine natural genius, and "noble, courtly, and lustrous English"—as it is styled by an ancient critic—did so much to widen the verge, and refine and harmonize the national poetry, England boasted at this time of several elegant versifiers, who, if they have left few poetical trophies, assisted powerfully in giving scope and variety to the language, and in diffusing a taste for polite learning. One of these was Sir Thomas Wyatt, differing in the character of his genius, but not much inferior to his friend Surrey. Another of this early constellation was Lord Thomas Vaux, whose few remaining productions possess an energy of thought, and a high though severe tone of reflection, which more than atone for their sombrous character and occasional harshness—

* * * * Harsh, 'tis true—

Picked from the thorns and briars of reproof;

But wholesome, well digested.

'To Lord Rochford, the unfortunate brother of Anne Boleyn, the universal favourite, and the grace and ornament of the court during his sister's short-lived elevation, some remaining verses are attributed, which, with a high degree of elegance, possess a pathos more heart-reaching than the most passionate strains of the gallant Surrey.'

This is certainly a book to be recommended; for, besides the merits of which we have spoken, it is beautifully printed, and wonderfully cheap.

We have been much interested by Mr. Denman's "Inaugural Discourse on the Opening of the Theatre of the City of London Institution*." It is somewhat grave in tone, as, perhaps, the occasion demanded; but it is throughout full both of that polished and powerful sense, and that amiable feeling, for which the Common Sergeant is so distinguished. The following passage appears to us to be exceedingly happy and appropriate:—

'Two peculiar circumstances occur to my mind, as happy auguries of the enduring and increasing grandeur of English Literature.

'The first is our community of language with the United States. Our own colonies, however distant and extensive, seem but to echo back our voice; but the inheritance of our language by the great North American Commonwealth, an independent, a powerful, and a rival nation; the attachment to our habits of thinking and speaking, on the part of one of the most civilized countries, if civilization depends on the diffusion of knowledge, and the protection of equal laws; the identity of education between our sons, and the multiplying millions of those boundless regions: the filial but formidable competition with which the offspring has awakened the admiration, and must stimulate the energies of her parent; all these things hold forth the auspicious promise of stability to the Literature common to both countries, as well as of peace, liberty, and happiness, to the Old World and the New.

'The other circumstance to which I advert, is the regular succession by which our literature has maintained its state, from an early period quite down to the present time. Its current, even at this point, so remote from its source, has betrayed no symptom of exhaustion, no danger of being swallowed up in the barren sands of the desert. Its unimpaired stream is still wonderful for depth and breadth, for clearness and power. Some flats indeed, some shoals, may be here and there detected, but so rare and partial, as scarcely to arrest our notice, and never to disturb our faith. To prove, by an appeal to living genius, how well the glory of former ages has been sustained in this, would be a pleasing but an endless task, and might by some be deemed an invidious one. But our sanguine hopes for the future are well justified by the consummation of the past, which shews Burke still in possession of the same commanding eminence attained by Bacon, and can trace the illustrious family of our poets, through an unbroken pedigree, from Byron back to Shakspeare.

'At the sound of that great name, I pause but for a moment. Not ambitious to break a lance with the long train of our eminent critics, who have exercised their talents in his praise, I will merely observe, that their eulogies always succeed in raising our estimation of the writers, but have as uniformly failed to do justice to their subject. A few simple facts record the praise of Shakspeare; the insatiable demand for his works—the swarming theatres, which

* An Inaugural Discourse, pronounced on the occasion of the Opening the Theatre of the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, in Aldersgate-street, on Friday Evening, April 24th, 1828. By Thomas Denman, Esq. Common Sergeant of London. London. Effingham Wilson, 1828.

find them ever new and delightful—the pride with which real dramatic genius aims at embodying his conceptions, while it disdains to receive its task from any meaner hand. His power is manifested in tears and smiles, in agony and rapture, on its first display to the sensibility of youth, in the tranquil delight of reflecting age, on the hundredth repetition: in the permanency imparted to our language by the richness, the strength, the ever varying graces of his style; in the gentle, yet generous spirit, the sympathy with all the kindly affections, the high feelings of magnanimity and honour, by which he has produced a lasting effect on the character of Englishmen.

‘I seek not “to gild refined gold,” but proceed to connect a very homely fact, yet not, I trust, unseasonable on this occasion, with that name, which is absolutely foreign to no literary discourse. Suffer me then to remind you that the immortal tragedies and comedies of Shakspeare were almost all composed in this Metropolis, without aid from the fastidious apparatus of literary leisure, but under the pressure of straitened means, and amidst all the distractions of an active and unsettled course of living. It was in London also, and when plunged in the engagements and agitations that belong to the office of Chancellor, that Bacon composed his greatest work, the *Novum Organon*: it was in London, busy, clamorous, crowded, commercial London, that Newton found opportunity to explore and lay open the deepest mysteries of nature.

‘In this city, in this immediate neighbourhood undoubtedly, perhaps on this very spot, Milton, a native of London, was able to produce the sublimest of all human compositions. His careful biographer, Mr. Todd, has so described the situation of his house, as to make it highly probable that we are now assembled on its site. It was then “a handsome garden-house in Aldersgate-street, situated at the end of an entry, that he might avoid the noise and disturbance of the street. Here he received into his house a few pupils, the sons of his most intimate friends, and he proceeded with cheerfulness in the noblest employment of mankind, that of instructing others in knowledge and virtue.” With what approbation would his free spirit look down on the work you have achieved! How congenial to his own profound and most liberal views of education, the business which now engages us! How gratifying to have foreknown, that the same scene in which a few were then urged by him to painful studies in certain branches of learning, would be eagerly resorted to by hundreds, as a theatre for teaching everything that science and letters can bestow!’

We feel great pleasure, also, in extracting the peroration, which gives the following flattering prospect of the Institution:—

‘The number of members now exceeds 600: and this ample total, sustained as it has been through a period of commercial distress, is perfectly sufficient to ensure the perpetuity and future importance of the Institution. It need not be stated, however, that the advantages which it holds out will increase with every increase of its numbers, and that every member who introduces a friend to share in its benefits, adds at the same time to the benefits enjoyed by himself. There is therefore every reason to invite the accession of additional members; and the Committee now do this with the greater confidence, as they feel that they can offer a full and assured equivalent for the subscription required. No means can be found in the metropolis, at once so efficient and economical as this Institution, for gratifying literary tastes, or for multiplying scientific acquisitions.

‘To all who contemplate the increasing knowledge, and the growing eagerness for improvement, which distinguish the present age, there will appear ample grounds for anticipating the steady advance of every institution destined to promote these grandest of all human objects. The desire for instruction will be more widely diffused as the facilities for procuring it are

augmented and brought into notice ; each successive acquisition will sharpen the wish for more ; and when the pleasure of growing knowledge and superiority has been once tasted,—when the feeling of self-esteem has been associated with intellectual advancement—the student will not only attach himself the more warmly to the Institution which has seconded his progress, but will become assiduous in communicating its benefits to others. The Committee therefore feel authorised in counting upon the interrupted increase of this Institution, as well from the improved tastes of the Metropolis and the exertions of their present members, as from the character of the Institution ; the rules of which provide ample securities that the funds of the Subscribers shall be devoted not only to their permanent benefit, but also to their immediate gratification.

To those parents who are introducing their sons into professions, and are seeking to protect them against the multifarious temptations of London, this Institution will be found peculiar suitable. By entering their sons as members of it, during early youth, and before other habits have been formed, they will materially contribute to form in them salutary and unexpensive tastes ; they will secure for them studious and rational acquaintances ; and they will teach them to render even their hours of leisure subservient to the acquisition of useful and estimable qualities. A parent who affords to his son the means of joining the Institution at his first entrance into life, while tastes and associates yet remain to be acquired, will take the most effectual means of guarding him against idleness and bad company, and of prolonging those habits of diligent study which early education so often inculcates in vain. To parents, to masters, and to all who guide the early habits of the London youth, this important consideration is earnestly recommended. They may be well assured that their assistance will only be needed to initiate a youth at first into the benefits of the Institution ; that he will quickly be induced to continue his subscription from his own means ; and that he will feel himself repaid for the sacrifice of expensive pleasures, as well by the example of his fellow-members, as by his growing sense of the dignity of their mutual object.

To this, and to every establishment, having for its object the cultivation and enlightenment of the human mind, we breathe most heartily the wish—Go on, and prosper.

What have we here ? A new Magazine !—Heaven defend us, “ will they stretch to the crack of doom ? ”—Oh, come—this is a relief : ‘The Law Magazine *,’ that will not stand much in our way ; for though we hope our Law Articles, which by the way are exceedingly good, are duly appreciated by the ‘ Profession,’ yet they are chiefly addressed to the laymen, among whom, we should think, no merely legal publication can be expected much to circulate.

It is somewhat remarkable, that every law periodical, which has yet been attempted, has invariably failed. The cause, however, is equally clear with the fact. To a deficiency of talent in the execution is to be attributed this result. For though a paper of this description could, heretofore, scarcely hope for a circulation much extended amongst those not connected with the law ; yet, that profession, boasting, as it does, of so large a body of members, would, were the work obviously of merit, undoubtedly of itself be capable of supporting a periodical

* ‘The Law Magazine ; or Quarterly Review of Jurisprudence :’ No. I, June, 1828, London : W. Benning.

peculiarly devoted to the consideration of subjects so interesting to themselves.

We confess we do not, from this first number of 'The Law Magazine,' augur very sanguinely of its success. This opinion, we hope, may, nevertheless, be ill founded; being fully convinced that a periodical of this title, if well conducted, might be of infinite service to the country at large, and would be particularly successful at a period, when, as we mentioned in our last number, "men are no longer content to regard law as a recondite mystery, of the merits of which no one but a lawyer is capable of judging: they feel that law is, or ought to be, made for universal use, and should be intelligible to ordinary capacities."

The 'Law Magazine,' in this its first number, takes occasion, more than once, to attack in a paltry, and apparently malicious, manner, that most eminent and estimable man, Mr. Butler. In the article entitled "A Biographical Sketch of Mr. Fearn, with some Observations on his Essay on Contingent Remainders, &c," they find some trivial faults with the *arrangement* of the text, and then indulge thus: "The last edition of this work, by Mr. Butler, is not, in our opinion, altogether worthy of his great abilities." This, together with the former remarks on Mr. Butler, we are now informed, may be thus translated: "Messrs. Hayes and Jarman are now editing a new edition of Mr. Fearn's Treatise on Contingent Remainders, &c." *Verbum sat.* This, however, we can inform them, will never sell, so long as there is a copy in the market bearing the impress of *Butler*. If the next number of 'The Law Magazine' is not better than this, a third, we fear, can never shew its face.

And now we have to bid our readers farewell, at the close of our first volume. We hope they will consider us to have acted up to our professions, which is the more likely seeing that we abstained from making too many at the outset. We have to return the Public our thanks for the very encouraging reception they have given to our efforts, which is the more gratifying as we know that the continuation of those efforts will be more perfect, and their effects, consequently, more powerful, as we go along. The instituting, and getting into order, the machinery of a new periodical, is far more difficult and vexatious than our readers may probably imagine: but we have now got into the full stream of our way; and we trust that we shall sail along with rapidity and good fortune.

END OF VOL. I.

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